

Not Sarah Cooper but

Rachel Cooper

Jeriah Cooper

In the year - 1868 &c

1507/32

A N E C D O T E S,

B O N S - M O T S, &c.

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A N E C D O T E S,
B O N S - M O T S,
A N D
C H A R A C T E R I S T I C T R A I T S
O F

THE GREATEST PRINCES, POLITICIANS,
PHILOSOPHERS, ORATORS, AND WITS
OF MODERN TIMES ;

SUCH AS

THE EMPEROR OF	LORD CHESTERFIELD
GERMANY	LORD MANSFIELD
KING OF PRUSSIA	DR. JOHNSON
PETER THE GREAT	VOLTAIRE
HENRY IV.	ROUSSEAU
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	STERNE
CHARLES XII.	DRYDEN
LEWIS XIV.	GARRICK
SIR ISAAC NEWTON	LINNÆUS, &c.
M. LAVATER	

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME CURIOUS PARTI-
CULARS, TENDING TO THROW NEW LIGHT
UPON THE CHARACTER OF SEVERAL NATIONS.

CALCULATED TO INSPIRE THE MINDS OF
YOUTH WITH NOBLE, VIRTUOUS, GENE-
ROUS, AND LIBERAL SENTIMENTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN ADAMS, A.M.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. H. CHAMBERLAINE,
P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN, J. PARKER,
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& M'ALLISTER, AND W. JONES.

M DCC LXXXIX.

ANECDOTES
OF
BONA-MOTS

CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT
AND VIVID

THE GREATEST MINDS OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE 17TH AND 18TH
CENTURIES
BY
THE
REV. JOHN JENNIS, A.M.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON
AND
OTHER
INTERESTING
CHARACTERISTICS
OF
THE
MIND
OF
THE
GREAT
PHILOSOPHER
BY
THE
REV. JOHN JENNIS, A.M.

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DUBLIN
PRINTED FOR
JAMES KNEELAND
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JAMES KNEELAND
IN
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DUBLIN

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is hardly any performance of this kind, of which many passages are not, in some degree, unfavourable to virtue. But in the following little work, every improper expression is rejected, and much instruction is blended with innocent amusement. Perhaps, indeed, no book, of the same price, contains a greater variety of curious and useful information.



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ANECDOTES, &c.

ANECDOTES OF JOSEPH II. EMPEROR
OF GERMANY, WHILE HE WAS IN
PARIS, UPON A VISIT TO HIS SISTER,
THE PRESENT QUEEN OF FRANCE.

RELATED BY CHEVALIER COUDRAY.

I. **T**HE present Emperor of Germany, during his residence in Paris, A. D. 1777, visited many persons of both sexes ; and he never favoured any one with this honour, who did not experience his bounty. Nor was he more liberal of his presents, than of the most flattering expressions, and most encouraging compliments. He often said to those, who were at pains to shew their respect to him, “ Be covered; you constrain
“ me; put on your hat, otherwise I shall take
“ off mine. Go not to the door with me ; your
“ time is precious. No compliment ; tell me
“ the truth, I seek to know it. Speak to me
B “ with

“with freedom; I love it. Disguise nothing; I wish to be informed.”

II. The Emperor, as on most other occasions, went incog. to see the menagerie at Versailles, accompanied by one person. The keeper told him politely, that it was not customary to shew it until a sufficient number of spectators were assembled. He waited with patience, and entertained himself with walking among the trees. The company assembled by degrees; the gates are opened; and the Emperor enters with the crowd. The keeper, at length, told the company, “Ladies and Gentleman, I entreat you to make haste; we expect the Emperor; and it will be necessary that every body go out, whenever he arrives.” The illustrious traveller made no reply, but continued to satisfy his curiosity. As he went out, he ordered his conductor to give ten louis to the keeper of the menagerie.

III. The following is an anecdote of his gaiety. He had gone to see the college of the four nations, which still borrows its name from Mazarin. Meeting with a school boy, he caressed him, asked him in what class he studied, and who he was? “Sir,” replied the boy, “I am Emperor.”—“Very well,” said his Majesty, give me your “hand.” He accompanied this pleasantry with a pension of twelve hundred livres, which were to be

be augmented in proportion as the young scholar advanced in his studies.

IV. It is related, that going to the coffee-house of the Regency, near the Royal Palace, in order to amuse himself with the game of chess, for which that coffee-house has been long famous, he was surprised at finding no body to play with him, and asked the reason: "Why," said the landlady, "it is the Emperor, who is just going to the Royal Palace. This misfortune has happened to me frequently. I shall not be able to sell any thing this morning. All Paris must see the Emperor; but it is surely natural to esteem those who do much good." Three or four persons came in; but all refuse to play, on account of the Emperor, who was expected. He himself continues alone in the coffee-room, converses with the landlady; and among other questions, asks her, whether she had herself seen the Emperor? She replied, that her situation of life had as yet deprived her of that advantage; but that she hoped so to contrive matters, as to escape one morning to see him at his hotel; because she knew that he was easy of access to persons of all conditions. The Emperor said nothing, in return for this civility, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a louis d'or of the present reign, and added, as he gave it her,

“ *There* is Lewis the Sixteenth ; and *here* is the “ Emperor.”

V. The Emperor once laid aside his *incog.* which, in general, he so carefully observed. While the queen was at play, he stood behind the chair of Madam A'Delaide, and had his hands placed on it, when the princess said to him, with a gracious smile, Sir, you begin to forget your *incog.*” He replied, with vivacity, “ one easily forgets it, Madam, when near to you.”

VI. This illustrious traveller had heard of the wonderful talents of the Abbé L'Epec who teaches people, born deaf, to speak, and to communicate their ideas to others. Accordingly he went to his house, in order to convince himself of the reports which he had heard, and which he supposed might be exaggerated. He conversed with him a long time, and asked several pertinent questions concerning his singular profession. Being fully satisfied by his answers, he enquired, whether there were no persons to whom he could communicate a secret so necessary and useful to humanity. The Abbé replied, that he had addressed himself to government, for obtaining two persons, properly qualified, in order to be instructed by him ; but that his demand had not been attended to. The Emperor assured him, that he would seek out two intelligent persons at Vienna, who should be placed under

under the Abbé's direction ; and after they were made acquainted with his wonderful art, should be then employed in the assistance of humanity. He then took leave, not permitting the Abbé to accompany him, adding these memorable words :—
 “ Your time, Sir, is too precious to be wasted in
 “ vain ceremony : you owe an account of it to
 “ God.” As he went out, he left on a desk two slips of paper, filled with twenty five louis' each. for the benefit of the indigent people whom the humane and virtuous Abbé keeps in his house. Next day, he sent him, by his master of horse, a gold snuff box, with his picture.

VII. The Emperor's generosity, while in France, was not confined to men of distinguished merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purse was always open, whenever he met with a proper, though obscure, object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-house, he asked for a dish of chocolate. He was simply dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without saying a word, and went into a small coffee-house, nicknamed the One-eyed. He asked for a dish of chocolate, and the landlord answered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on dif-

ferent subjects, when the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs. The Emperor wished her a good day, the ordinary salutation in France, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas!" replied the old man, "if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome man, who is fond of her ;—but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, asked for pen, ink, and paper. The girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed. *The Emperor gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.*

VIII. A similar adventure is related to have happened at Vienna, where the Emperor walks about on foot, and mixes with the crowd, in the same manner that he did at Paris. A child of nine years of age addressed him thus: "Sir, I have never begged, but my mother is dying ; I must have twenty pence to get a physician. We have not twenty-pence ; oh ! if your Majesty would give us twenty-pence, how happy should we be ?" The Emperor gave it, and asked the name and place of abode of the sick person. As soon as the boy was gone, the Emperor put on a cloak belonging to one of his attendants, went to the poor woman's house, prescribed for her, and retired. The child comes, in a minute after, with his twenty-pence and his doctor. The woman, surprised,

surprised, said she had already had a visit, and shewed the recipe. The doctor looks at it, and sees a note, with the signature of his Imperial Majesty, for a pension to her of fifty ducats.

IX. With such manners, and so much goodness of heart, it is not surprising that the Emperor should be adored in his dominions, and that all ranks of people should shew uncommon eagerness and curiosity to see and know him. In his journey to France, he stopped at a village situated near a forest. While dinner was getting ready, he walked out, with a single gentleman, to see the neighbourhood of the place, which was said to be curious. Travelling too far into the wood, they lost their way, and were wandering in search of it, when they perceived a long avenue which led to a castle. They resolved to follow it; and being arrived at the house, asked for the landlord. The servant told them he was from home, but shewed them into the hall that they might rest themselves, while they acquainted the landlady. After common compliments, she made dinner be served up, and begged they would permit her to leave them a little in order to see the Emperor. They answered, that, as they belonged to his Imperial Majesty's suite, they were sure he would not pass so soon. " You give me your word for

“ it, gentlemen, otherwise I should go and join
“ my husband.”

During the time of dinner, they spoke on different subjects, and a great deal of the Emperor. The lady extolled his talents and virtue, the eminent qualities of his heart and understanding. “ In a word,” said she, “ he is an accomplished
“ model of a perfect prince, and I die of curiosity
“ to see him. You have assured me, gentlemen,
“ he will not pass for two hours.” They answered again, “ That they were sure of it.”

At length it was necessary for them to be gone. and to unravel the plot. The Emperor took up the discourse, and said, “ Madam, you are very
“ desirous to see the Emperor.” Oh, yes, Sir,
“ he is so good a prince.” “ I can, in some measure, satisfy your curiosity :—here is a golden
“ snuff-box with his picture.” The lady accepts it, and sees the portrait of the illustrious stranger, whom she has within her house. Tears of joy and satisfaction run down her cheeks.—A mute panegyric,—but, on that account, the more flattering to the susceptible heart of the Emperor.

X. The Emperor is justly called the Titus of Germany. That worthy Roman lamented having lost a day ; and I am told, by unquestionable authority, that Joseph II. allows no day to pass at
Vienna,

Vienna, which is not distinguished by some act of bounty or humanity.

An old Austrian officer, who had but a small pension that was insufficient for the demands of his family, came to wait on the Emperor, explained his indigent condition, and entreated his compassion; adding, "that he had ten children alive." The Emperor, desirous to know the certainty of this affair, went to the officer's house in disguise, and, instead of ten, found eleven children. "Why eleven?" "It is a poor orphan," replied the soldier, "that I took into my house from motives of charity." The prince immediately ordered an hundred florins to be given to each of his children.

XI. At the house of Mr. Le Moine, one of the best statuaries in Europe, he saw a bust of the Countess of Barry. He asked, whether it was like her, and not too flattering? He saw likewise another bust, and asked whose it was. Le Moine replied, that it was the bust of Helvetius: "I am very sorry," said the Emperor, "that he is dead; I should have been happy to have seen, and to have conversed with him."

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF VOLTAIRE.

RELATED BY MR. SHERLOCK.

THE Marquis d'Argens, of Angoulême, gave me a letter to M. de Voltaire, with whom he is intimately acquainted. Every one recommended by M. d'Argens is sure to be received at Ferney. M. de Voltaire treated me with great civility. My first visit lasted two hours, and he invited me to dinner the next day. Each day, when I left him, I went to an inn, where I wrot down the most remarkable things that he had said to me.

He met me in the hall. His nephew, M. d'Hornois, counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, held him by the arm. He said to me, with a very weak voice, "you see a very old man, who makes
 "a great effort to have the honour of seeing you;
 "will you take a walk in my garden? It will
 "please you, for it is in the English taste. It
 "was I who introduced that taste into France,
 "and it is become universal; but the French
 "parody your gardens,—they put thirty acres in
 "three."

From

From his gardens you see the Alps, the Lake, the city of Geneva, and its environs, which are very pleasant. He said, "it is a beautiful prospect:" he pronounced these words tolerably well.

Sher. How long is it since you were in England?

Vol. Fifty years at least.

His Nephew. It was at the time when you printed the first edition of your *Henriade*.

We then talked of literature; and from that moment he forgot his age and infirmities, and spoke with the warmth of a man of thirty. He said some shocking things against Moses, and against Shakespeare:

Vol. Shakespeare is detestably translated by M. de la Place. He has substituted de la Place to Shakespeare. I have translated the three first acts of Julius Cæsar with exactness. A translator should lose his own genius, and assume that of his author. If the author be a buffoon, the translator should be so too. Shakespeare always had a buffoon. It was the taste of the age, which he took from the Spaniards. The Spaniards had always a buffoon; sometimes it was a god, sometimes a devil; sometimes he prayed, at other times he fought.

We talked of Spain.

Vol.

Vol. It is a country of which we know no more than of the most savage parts of Africa, and it is not worth the trouble of being known. If a man would travel there, he must carry his bed, &c. When he comes into a town, he must go into one street to buy a bottle of wine, a piece of mule into another, he finds a table in a third, and he sups. A French nobleman was passing through Pampeluna; he sent out for a spit; there was only one in the town, and that was borrowed for a wedding.

His Nephew. That is a village which M. de Voltaire has built!

Vol. Yes we are free here; cut off a little corner, and we are out of France. I asked some privileges for my children here, and the king has granted me all that I asked, and has declared the country of Gex free from all the taxes of the farmers-general; so that salt, which formerly sold for ten sols a pound, now sells for four. I have nothing more to ask—except to live.

Went into the library.

Vol. There are several of your countrymen. (He had Shakespeare, Milton, Congreve, Rochester, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Robertson, Hume, &c.) Robertson is your Livy; his Charles V. is written with truth. Hume wrote his history to be
applauded,

applauded, Rapin to instruct ; and both obtained their ends.

Sher. You know Lord Chesterfield?

Vol. Yes, I knew him; he had a great deal of wit.

Sher. You knew Lord Hervey*?

Vol. I have the honour to correspond with him.

Sher. As much wit as Lord Chesterfield, and more solidity.

Sher. Lord Bolingbroke and you agreed that we have not one good tragedy.

Vol. True; Cato is incomparably well written. Addison had much taste ; but the abyss between taste and genius is immense. Shakespeare had an amazing genius, but no taste; he has spoiled the taste of the nation ; he has been their taste for two hundred years; and what is the taste of a nation for two hundred years, will be so for two thousand. This taste becomes a religion ; and there is in your country a great many fantastics with regard to Shakespeare.

Sher. Were you personally acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke ?

Vol. Yes; his face was imposing, and so was his voice ; in his works there are many leaves and

* Now Earl of Bristol.

little fruit; distorted expressions, and periods intolerably long.

"There," said he, "you see the Alcoran, which is well read at least." It was marked throughout with bits of paper. "There are *Historic Doubts* by Horace Walpole," (which had also several remarks). "Here is the portrait of Richard III*. you see he was a handsome youth."

Sher. You have built a church?

Vol. True; and is the only one in the universe in honour of God*. You have churches built to St. Paul, to St. Genevieve, but not one to God.

This is what he said to me the first day. No connection must be expected in this dialogue, because I only put down the most striking things that he said. I have perhaps mangled some of his phrases; but, as well as I can recollect, I have given his own words.

The next day as we sat down to dinner, he said, "We are here *for liberty and property*. This gentleman† is a Jesuit; he wears his hat. I am a poor invalid; I wear my night-cap."

I do not immediately recollect why he quoted these verses:

* The inscription was, *Deo crexit Voltaire.*

† Father Adarn.

"Here"

" Here lies the mutton-eating king,
" Whose promise none relies on,
" Who never said a foolish thing,
" Nor never did a wise one*."

But, speaking of Racine, he quoted these two;

" The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
" Drawn to French wire would through whole pages shine†."

Sher. The English prefer Corneille to Racine.

Vol. That is, because the English are not sufficiently acquainted with the French tongue, to feel the beauties of Racine's style or the harmony of his versification. Corneille ought to please them more, because he is more striking; but Racine pleases the French, because he has more softness and tenderness.

Sher. How did you find the English language?

Vol. Energetic, precise, and barbarous; they are the only nation that pronounces their A like E.

He related an anecdote of Swift. " Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant in Swift's time, said to him, the air of this country is good." Swift fell down on his knees, " For Good's sake, Madam, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it."

* Lord Rochester on King Charles II.

† Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse.

He afterwards said, that “ though he could not
 “ perfectly pronounce English, his ear was sensi-
 “ ble of the harmony of their language and of
 “ their versification ; that Pope and Dryden had
 “ the most harmony in poetry; Addison in prose.”

Vol. How have you found the French ?

Sher. Amiable and witty. I only find one
 fault with them ; they imitate the English too
 much.

Vol. How ! do you think us worthy to be ori-
 ginals ourselves ?

Sher. Yes, Sir.

Vol. So do I too ; but it is of your govern-
 ment that we are jealous.

Sher. I have found the French more free than
 I expected.

Vol. Yes, as to walking, or eating whatever he
 pleases, or lolling in his elbow-chair, a French-
 man is free enough ; but as to taxes——Ah ! Sir,
 you are happy ; you may do any thing ; we are
 born in slavery, and we die in slavery ; we cannot
 even die as we will, we must have a priest.

Speaking of our government, he said, “ the
 “ English sell themselves, which is a proof that
 “ they are worth something. We, French, do
 “ not sell ourselves, probably because we are
 “ worth nothing.”

Sher. What is your opinion of the Eloise ?

Vol.

Vol. It will not be read twenty years hence.

Sher. Mademoiselle l'Enclos has written good letters.

Vol. She never wrote one ; they were written by the wretched Crebillon.

“ The Italians,” he said, “ were a nation of brokers ; that Italy was an old wardrobe, in which there were many old cloaths of exquisite taste. We are still,” said he, to know, whether the subjects of the Pope, or of the Grand Turk, are the most abject.”

With regard to the English, he observed, when I see an Englishman subtle and fond of law-suits, I say, there is a Norman, who came in with William the Conqueror !” When I see a man good-natured and polite, “ that is one who came with the Plantagenets ;”—a brutal character, “ that is a dane ; for your nation, as well as your language, is a medley of many others.

After dinner, passing through a little parlour, where there was a head of Locke, another of the Countess of Coventry, and several more, he took me by the arm, and stopped me——“ Do you know this bust * ; it is the greatest genius that ever existed. If all the geniuses of the universe were assembled he should lead the band.”

* It was the bust of Newton.

It was of Newton, and of his own works, that he always spoke with the greatest warmth.

Voltair's house is convenient, and well furnished. Among other pictures is the portrait of the Empress of Russia, and that of the King of Prussia, which was sent him by that monarch, as was also his own bust in Berlin porcelain, with the inscription IMMORTALIS.

His arms are on his door, and on all his plates, which are of silver. At the desert, the spoons, forks, and blades of the knives, were of silver gilt. There were two courses, and five servants, three of whom were in livery. No strange servant is allowed to enter.

He spends his time in reading, writing, playing at chess with father Adam, and in looking at the workmen building in his village.

The soul of this extraordinary man has been the theatre of every ambition. He wished to be an universal writer ; he wished to be rich ; he wished to be noble ; and he has succeeded in all.

His last ambition was to found a town ; and if we examine, we shall find that all his ideas tended to this point. After the disgrace of M. de Choiseul, when the French ministry had laid aside the plan of building a town in Versoix, in order to establish a manufactory there, and to undermine the trade of the people of Geneva, Voltair demanded

manded to do at Ferney, what the French government had intended to do at Versoix.

He embraced the moment of the dissensions in the republic of Geneva, and, by fair promises, he engaged the exiles to take refuge with him, and many of the malcontents followed them thither.

He caused the first houses to be built, and gave them for a perpetual quit-rent. He then lent money, by way of annuities, to those who would build themselves; to some on his own life, to others on the joint lives of himself and Madam Denis.

His sole object seemed to me to have been the improvement of this village. That was his motive for asking an exemption from taxes. That was the reason, why he endeavoured every day to inveigle workmen from Geneva, to establish there a manufactory of clock-making. I do not say that he did not think of money; but I am convinced that it was only a secondary object.

On the two days I saw him, he wore white cloth shoes, white woollen stockings, red breeches, with a night-gown and waistcoat of blue linen flowered, and lined with yellow. He had on a grizzle wig with three ties, and over it a silk night-cap embroidered with gold and silver.

Twelve years ago he had his tomb built on the side of his church fronting his house. In the church,

church, which is small, there is nothing extraordinary, except over the altar, where there is a single figure in gilt wood, without a cross. It is said to be himself; for it is pretended that he always had an idea of founding a religion.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

I. **A** Catholic Priest was prosecuted in the court of King's Bench for having said mass. Many witnesses appeared against him. Lord Mansfield, who presided then in that court, said to the informer, the principal witness: "You are sure that this man is a popish priest, and that he said mass?"—The man answered, "Yes." The judge replied, "you know then what a mass is?"—The witness was confused and silent. Lord Mansfield, then addressing the jury, said, "To find this man guilty, you must have full proof that he said mass; and it must be proved to you, that it was the mass which this man said, when the witnesses saw him performing acts, which they took to be the mass. You must judge for yourselves, whether your
"conscience

“conscience is entirely satisfied on this point.”

The jury asked the witnesses, and asked each other, what were the ceremonies that constituted a mass; and not being able to obtain a satisfactory answer, they acquitted the prisoner.

What a happiness to meet with so wise a judge! But it is an unfortunate circumstance, when a judge is obliged to be wiser and more humane than the law.

II. The following anecdote is more interesting still; for, in exhibiting a new proof of the wisdom and superior intelligence of lord Mansfield, it throws some light on the spirit of the multitude in general, and particularly on the character of the English people, when even in their passions they are spoken to in the name of the law.

This great magistrate being in one of the counties, on the circuit, a poor woman was indicted for witchcraft. The inhabitants of the place were exasperated against her. Some witnesses deposed, that they had seen her walk in the air, with her feet upwards and her head downwards. Lord Mansfield heard the evidence with great tranquillity, and perceiving the temper of the people, whom it would not have been prudent to irritate, he thus addressed them: “I do not doubt that this woman has walked in the air, with her feet upwards, since you have all seen
“ it;

“ it; but she has the honour to be born in Eng-
 “ land, as well as you and I, and, consequently,
 “ cannot be judged but by the laws of the coun-
 “ try, nor punished but in proportion as she has
 “ violated them. Now I know not one law that
 “ forbids walking in the air with the feet up-
 “ wards. We have all a right to do it with im-
 “ punity. I see no reason, therefore, for this
 “ prosecution ; and this poor woman may return
 “ home when she pleases.” This speech had
 its proper effect. It appeased the auditory, and
 the woman retired from the court without
 molestation.

ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

I. **P**ETER was no more than twenty-five
 years of age, when he was seized with an
 inflammatory fever, which brought him to the
 brink of the grave. The consternation was ge-
 neral ; and public prayers for his recovery were
 made in all the churches. In these alarming cir-
 cumstances, the chief judge came to his majesty,
 according to an ancient custom, and enquired
 whether it would not be proper to give liberty to
 nine malefactors, who had been condemned for
 murders

murders and highway robberies, in order that those criminals might address their prayers to heaven for his recovery. The Czar commanded the judge to read aloud the heads of the accusations against those men. The judge obeyed; and when he had finished, the Czar, with a weak and faltering voice, thus addressed him: "Dost thou think, that in granting impunity to these wretches, and impending the course of justice, I should do a good action, and that God, to reward it, would prefer the prayers of murderers and wicked men, that have forgotten even *Him*? Go, I command thee, and execute, to-morrow, the sentence pronounced upon these criminals; and if any thing can obtain from heaven the restoration of my health, I hope it will be this act of justice!"

The orders of the Czar were executed. His health grew better every day; and, in a little time, he was perfectly recovered.

II. The Czar was persuaded that true greatness did not consist in magnificence and ostentation. He considered the prodigality of certain courts as a very great evil; and he would observe that there was not a country in the world, in which these superfluous expences might not be employed to the comfort of the people, and in augmenting the power of the state.

One

One day, William the Third, King of England, having asked him how he liked London—"Extremely well," answered the Czar. "I have been particularly pleased to see a simplicity, neatness, and modesty of dress, in the richest nation of Europe."

III. Peter was not only occupied in works of great public utility, but he consulted also the pleasures of the people he subdued. When he had taken Revel, in Estonia, he made some large gardens as a public walk for the inhabitants. When these gardens were finished, he went to see them. but, to his great surprize, found nobody in them. He enquired the reason of the centinel at the gate: "Because," answered the soldier, "we permit no one to enter." "How so!" returned the angry Czar. "What blockhead has given you these orders?" "Our officers." "And what folly is this?" Do these fellows imagine, that "I have made these gardens, at such a vast expence, for myself alone, and not for the pleasure of the whole city?"

IV. Peter the great caused many foreign books to be translated into the Russian language, and among others, "Puffendorf's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe." A monk, to whom the translation of this book was committed, presented it, some time after, to the Emperor,

Emperor, who, turning over the leaves, changed countenance at one particular chapter, and turning to the monk, with an indignant air, : " Fool," said he, " what did I order thee to do ? Is this a " translation ?" Then referring to the original, he shewed him a paragraph, in which the author had spoke with great asperity of the Russians, and which the translator had omitted. " Go, instantly," said he, " and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects that I " have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

V. Notwithstanding the violence of his temper, Peter had a humane and feeling heart. He ever evinced the greatest esteem and veneration for Charles the Twelfth, and shed tears when he was informed of his death. He retired to wipe them away, and returning, exclaimed, " Ah ! my dear " Charles, how I pity thee !"

VI. On his first visit to London, the day after having spent the whole morning in examining the magnificent hospital at Greenwich, he repaired to St. James's, to dine with King William. The latter asked him how he liked the hospital ? " I " like it so well," answered the Czar, " that if " I were to advise your Majesty, it would be to " make it the residence of the court, and not " to give up this palace to the sailors."

VII. The Czar, contrary to the custom of other princes, kept no huntsmen. He had verdures to attend, not to the preservation of the game, but of his oaks. So far from taking any delight in hunting, he could not bear the idea of what the poor animals must suffer. Being at a country house, in the province of Moscow, a neighbouring gentleman, who was a great sportsman, thought to oblige his Majesty much by inviting him to a hunting party. The monarch thanked him with politeness, but declined the offer. "Hunt, gentlemen," said he, "hunt as much as you please. Make war upon wild beasts. For my part, I cannot amuse myself that way, while I have enemies abroad to fight, and obstinate and untractable subjects at home to reform."

VIII. The Czar lost his son, whom the Empress Catherine brought him in 1714, in the twentieth year of his age. His sorrow on this occasion was so violent, that he not only shed a torrent of tears, but fell into a dangerous state of despondency, which might have had serious consequences, if the tender sollicitude of his consort, and the wisdom of Prince Dolgoroukow, had not found means to recover him from his stupor.

He had shut himself up in his closet, and refused admittance to every one for three days and nights.

nights. During all this time he remained stretched out on a couch, without eating or drinking. Nothing was capable of drawing him from his retirement ; all public business was suspended; the letters and representations of his generals did not reach the sovereign : and the war, then at its height, was carried on without a plan, and almost without any determined object. The senate, the admiralty, and board of war, no longer knew what they were about ; and a gloomy silence prevailed throughout the court. Catherine alone, notwithstanding her own affliction, grew alarmed at the excessive grief of her husband, and the fatal consequences it might produce.

It was in vain that she knocked at the door of his closet, and called to him: he would answer no one, not even her. She retired weeping, not knowing what to think of his situation. Necessity, however, and her genius, furnished her with an expedient to make her way into his apartment.

She sent during the night for the senator Dolgoroukow, who was much esteemed and respected by the Czar. She represented to him the danger to which herself and the whole empire were exposed by the situation of the Emperor, and begged him to advise some means of saving the state, by drawing her husband from the retirement in which he had buried himself.

At his return home, Dolgoroukow sent a sealed order, in the name of the Empress, requiring the senators to meet the following day. He pointed out to them the critical situation of the state, and the desire of the Czarina,—begged them to find out means to put an end to the Czar's despondency,—and for that purpose requested them to accompany him to court.

The senate approving his ideas, repaired to the door of the Emperor's closet. Dolgoroukow knocked, but obtained no answer. He knocked again still louder, called the Czar, and told him that Dolgoroukow was there, with the whole senate assembled, to communicate to him affairs of the utmost importance. Peter rising and approaching the door, the senator called to him in a still louder voice, and assured him that there was no time to lose;—that he must absolutely open the door, or that they should be obliged to break it open, and to take him out of his apartment by force, as the only means to preserve his crown.

On hearing this, the Czar opened the door, and seemed surprized at seeing the whole senate assembled. "What is the matter?" said he. "Why do ye come to disturb my repose?"

"Because your retirement," replied Dolgoroukow, "and your excessive and useless sorrow, are the cause of the disorder that prevails in the state;—"

“ state;—are the reason that a thousand favourable circumstances are lost to your country ;—
 “ that the war, as well by sea as land, is no longer to our advantage;—that commerce no longer flourishes ;—and that our enemies take
 “ courage, and threaten the empire.”

These remonstrances struck the Emperor, who promised to banish his grief, and appear in the senate the following day. He also went with them to the Czarina, to whom, after embracing tenderly, he said, “ We have afflicted
 “ ourselves enough ; let us no longer murmur
 “ against the will of God.”

He kept the senate to dinner, and, recovering his spirits by degrees, returned to his former occupations, and the following day went as usual to the senate and admiralty.

IX. The circumstances which led to the death of this illustrious Prince are but little known. They were somewhat similar to those which occasioned the loss of the excellent prince Leopold of Brunswick. The Czar had just recovered from a very dangerous indisposition, when he undertook a voyage down the Neva, in order to inspect the progress of a new canal. A cutter, with several soldiers on board, struck on the sands at some distance, and the vessel, which he immediately dispatched to their relief, grounding also, the Czar,

impatient of the delay, jumped into the sea up to his knees, notwithstanding the waves were very boisterous, and, by his own exertion and example, extricated the soldiers from their perilous situation. He had them conveyed to the houses of some peasants on the shore, where they were treated with all the tenderness of humanity. The next day the Czar was seized with a violent fever, attended with an inflammation in the bowels. He was immediately conveyed to Petersburgh, and after a painful illness of two months, expired on the 25th of January 1725:

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF PETER THE GREAT.

RELATED BY MR. COXE.

IN the cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, in Petersburgh, are deposited the remains of Peter the Great, and of all the successive sovereigns, excepting those of Peter II. buried at Moscow, and of the late unfortunate Peter III. interred in the convent of St. Alexander Newski. The tombs are of marble, and in the shape of a square coffin; and, one only excepted, have an inscription in the
Russian

Russian tongue. When I saw them, they were covered with gold brocade, bordered with silver lace and ermine.

I viewed, not without a peculiar kind of veneration and awe, the sepulchre which contains the body of Peter I. who founded the greatness of the Russian empire; the sternness, or rather ferocity, of whose disposition, neither spared age nor sex, nor the dearest connections; and who yet, with a strong degree of compunction, was accustomed to say of himself, "I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself." A royal historian has justly observed of Peter, that he covered the cruelties of a tyrant by the virtues of a legislator*. We must readily allow, that he considerably reformed and civilized his subjects; that he created a new navy; that he new-modelled and disciplined his army; that he promoted the arts and sciences, agriculture and commerce; and laid the foundation of that glory which Russia has since attained. But, instead of crying out in the language of panegyric,

"Erubescce, Ars! hic vir maximus tibi nihil debuit:

"Exulta, Natura! hoc stupendium tuum est.

Blush, Art! this hero owed thee nothing:

Exult, Nature! for this prodigy is all thy own.

GORDON'S LIFE OF PETER.

* Hist. de la Maison de Brandebourg.

We may, on the contrary, venture to regret, that he was not *taught* the lessons of humanity; that his sublime and unruly genius was not controuled and improved by proper *culture*; nor his savage nature corrected and softened by the refinement of *art*. And if Peter failed in enlightening the mass of his subjects as much as he wished, the failure was principally occasioned by his own precipitate temper; by the chimerical idea of introducing the arts and sciences by force; and of performing in a moment what can only be the gradual work of time; by violating the established customs of his people; and, in contradiction to the dictates of sound policy, requiring an immediate sacrifice of those prejudices which had been sanctified by ages. In a word, his failure was the failure of a superior genius wandering without a guide; and the greatest eulogium we can justly offer to his extraordinary character, is to allow that his virtues were his own, and his defects, those of his education and country.

BON MOT OF LOUIS XV.

IT is dangerous to have a quarrel with a wit. On the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a member of that Society. The ancient Bishop of Mirepoix opposed Voltaire, under a pretence, that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read Ane, or As, for Ancien, or Ancient, and this joke passed from Paris to his correspondents in the courts abroad. Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King that he was laughed at for a fool in foreign courts. "Oh!" said Louis, "that is a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass; my Lord."

BON MOT OF DR. ROSE.

RELATED BY DR. RUTHERFORD.

IT was an annual custom with Dr. Johnson's bookseller (whose name I have forgot) to invite his authors to dine with him; and it was upon this occasion that Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Rose of Chiswick, met, when the following dispute happened between them on the pre-eminency of the Scotch and English writers.

In the course of conversation Dr. Warburton's name was mentioned, when Dr. Rose observed what a proud imperious person he was. Dr. Johnson answered, "Sir, so he was; but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan."

Dr. Rose, after enumerating a great many Scotch authors, (which Johnson treated with contempt,) said, "What think you of David Hume, Sir?"—"Ha! a deistical scribbling fellow."

Rose. "Well, be it so; but what say you to Lord Bute?"

Johnson. (With a furly wow, wow!) "I did not know that he ever wrote any thing."

Rose,

Rose. "No! I think he has written one line
"that has outdone any thing that Shakespeare, or
"Milton, or any one else ever wrote."

Johnson. "Pray what was that, Sir?"

Rose. "It was when he wrote an order for
"your pension, Sir."

Johnson, quite confounded, replied, "Why,
"that was a very fine line to be sure, Sir."

Upon which the rest of the company got up
and laughed, and hallooed; till the whole room
was in a roar.

BONS MOTS OF LOUIS XIV. AND WILLIAM III.

RELATED BY SIR J. DALRYMPLE.

I. **L**OUIS XIV. was told that Lord Stair was
one of the best bread men in Europe. I
shall soon put that to the test, said the King;
and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him,
as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass
and go in. The other bowed, and obeyed. The
King said, "the world is in the right in the
"character it gives. Another person would
"have troubled me with ceremony."

II. King

II. King William having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, was told that his Lordship was quarrelsome in his cups. He laughed and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he hastened to the palace and threw himself upon his knee. “No apologies,” said the King; “I was told you had no fault in the world but one, and I am glad to find it is true, for I do not like your faultless people.” Then taking him by the hand he added. “Make not yourself uneasy. These accidents, over a bottle, are nothing among friends.”

BONS MOTS OF CHARLES II. SAN- TEUIL, COUNT MUNICH, AND OTHERS.

I. **K**ING Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, when he was going to lay his sword

sword upon his shoulder, our new knight drew back, and hung down his head, as if out of countenance ; “ Don’t be ashamed.” says the King, “ I have the greatest reason to be so.”

II. Santeuil, a celebrated writer of Latin hymns, in France, during the last century, having once a confessional dress on, a lady, who took him for a confessor, fell upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself. The penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession ; and when she found the confessor quite silent, she then asked him for absolution, “ What ! do you take me for a “ priest ?” said Santeuil,—“ Why then,” said the lady, quite alarmed, “ did you listen to me ?” —“ And why,” replied Santeuil, “ did you speak “ to me ?”—“ I’ll this instant go and complain “ to your prior,” said the enraged female.”—“ And I,” said the poet, “ will go to your husband, and give him a full account of your conduct.”

III. Count Munich, prime minister of Russia, was condemned to suffer death by the Empress Elizabeth, but received a pardon on the scaffold ; and, instead of being beheaded, was banished into Siberia.

On

On the accession of Peter III. he was relieved from his captivity ; and, after an exile of twenty-five years, was restored to his former honours.

Soon after his return to Petersburg, a person who had maliciously informed against the officer who had shewn him much attention in Siberia, sought an early opportunity of waiting upon him, threw himself at his feet, and craved his forgiveness. " Go," said the old man, " were my heart like yours, perhaps I might seek for revenge ; but as I am out of your reach, you have no reason to be afraid."

IV. An anecdote of the same kind is related of the Emperor Adrian. After his elevation to the imperial dignity, meeting a person who had formerly been his most inveterate enemy : " My good friend," cried he, " you have escaped, for I am Emperor."

V. A gentleman in King Charles the Second's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court in soliciting a place, and after a thousand promises seemed as far off as ever, at last resolved to see the King himself.

Being introduced, he told his Majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and asked for a place just then vacant. The King hearing his story, told him the place was just given away. Upon
this

this the gentleman, making a very low obeisance to the King, thanked him several times. The King, observing what singular marks of gratitude he shewed, called him again, and asked why he thanked him in so extraordinary a manner, when he had denied his suit. "I did it for that very reason, if it please your Majesty," replied the gentleman: "Your courtiers have kept me here these two years, and gave me a thousand put-offs; but your Majesty has saved me all that trouble, and graciously given me an answer at once."—"Thou art a good fellow," says the King: "Thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty."

VI. A few days after the Rye-house Plot, Charles II. was walking in St. James's-Park, without guards or attendants; the Duke of York afterwards remonstrated with him on the imprudence of his conduct. "Take care of yourself, brother James," replied the King: "Don't make yourself uneasy about me; for no man will kill *me*, to make *you* king."

VII. When Dr. Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take the fools!" he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor."

ANECDOTES OF DR. YOUNG.

I. **A**S the Doctor was walking in his garden, at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, the servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend. As persuasion, however had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when, finding resistance was in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
 "And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven.
 "Like him, I go; but yet to go am loth;
 "Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
 "Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind;
 "His Eve went with him: but mine stays behind."

II. The strongest tint in the complexion of the human character, may be sometimes formed by a circumstance or event, apparently casual; which by forcibly impressing the mind, produces
 a lasting

a lasting association that gives an uniform direction to the efforts of the understanding, and the feelings of the heart.

Dr. Young's poem, entitled, "The Night Thoughts," contains the tenderest touches of nature and passion, and the sublimest truths of morality and religion, intermixed with frivolous conceits, turgid obscurities, and gloomy views of human life. It was written under the recent pressure of sorrow for the loss of his wife, and of a son and daughter-in-law, whom he loved with paternal tenderness. These several events happened within the short period of three months, as appears from the following apostrophe to Death :—

" Insatiate archer ! could not *one* suffice ?

" Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my peace was slain ;

" And *thrice*, e'er *thrice* yon moon had fill'd her horns."

But though time alleviated this distress, his mind acquired from it a tincture of melancholy, which continued through life, and cast a sable hue on his very amusements. He had an alcove in his garden, so painted as to seem, at a distance, furnished with a bench or seat, which invited to repose ; and when upon a nearer approach the deception was perceived, this motto, at the same time presented itself to the eye :—

" *Invisibilia*

"Invisibilia non decipiunt."

"The things unseen do not deceive us."

III. The following witty allusion bears the marks of a similar turn of thought. The Doctor paid a visit to Archbishop Potter's son, then Rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge. This gentleman lived in a country where the roads were deep and miry; and when Dr. Young, after some danger and difficulty, arrived at his house, he enquired, "Whose field is that which I have crossed?"—"It is mine," answered his friend.—"True," said the poet, "Potter's field, to bury strangers in."

BON MOT OF A CLOWN.

RELATED BY LORD SHAFTESBURY.

A Clown once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at an university. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants, when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better. "For that matter," replied the clown, "I a'n't such a fool neither, but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion."

Nature

Nature herself dictated this lesson to the Clown, that he who had the better of the argument would be easy and well-humoured ; but he who was unable to support his cause by reason, would naturally lose his temper and grow violent.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING DRYDEN.

MR. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects ; such as the finess of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of stile, &c.

After some *débate*, it was finally agreed that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and place it under the candlestick.

Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned to him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other. The man most tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorset, who,

who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny.

In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen, and I believe each and every one of you, will approve my judgment."

I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq. or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact,

“fact, reason and argument’ surpassing every
“thing.”

The company all readily concurred with the bard, and each person present was forward to express a due admiration of his Lordship’s penetration, solid judgment, and superior abilities, with which, it is probable, Mr Dryden, *that great judge upon such occasions*, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

SINGULAR ANECDOTES OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

RELATED BY COUNT ALGAROTTI.

I. **C**OURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this Monarch’s character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, and intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or to take the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what
had

had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin.

The queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, "I thank you madam, I am not hungry."

They thought that he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, tho' the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table, at last perceived it; For Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, as he knew he intended no injury.

II. At another time when he had the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman, who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the Prince more calm, he intreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. "A blow," replied Charles, "I don't remember any thing of it. I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to the ground."

III. Charles

III. Charles, who sometimes traversed the greatest part of his kingdom without any attendants, in one of his rapid courses, once underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse; but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off.

Entering the stable, he here found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprised of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable.

Upon asking the King, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, "I took the horse, because I wanted one; for you see," continued he, "if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself."

This

This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behind hand with him; and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural, to see arms in the hands of a subject against his King.

Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they, at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, said, "Thou art a brave fellow, and I will take care thou shalt be provided for."

This promise was afterwards fulfilled; for the King made him a captain.

IV. A certain particular, in the anecdotes of Charles's life, is worthy to be known, which is, that he sometimes recommended to the chaplains of his army, in the sermons which, among the Lutherans, are preached to the soldiers, to take the following text:

"Manete in vocatione, in quâ vocati estis."

NEW ANECDOTES OF HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, A.D. 1787.

I. **T**HE ignorance of those whose situation required them to be otherwise, shocked Henry greatly. He rallied them with keenness, and no less spared those who affected ill placed knowledge. He did not approve that the Cardinal de Bourbon, of whose theological knowledge he had no high opinion, should assist at the assembly of the bishops, appointed to instruct: "Cousin," said he to him, "if this business was to be determined between us two, although I am no great divine, and you are a Cardinal, I should not be afraid to enter the list with you, and perhaps the victory would at least remain doubtful. But let us leave it to these gentlemen, who know more of the matter than either you or I."

II. One of Henry's taylor, all on a sudden, turned lawyer, and being advised to present the King with a book filled with regulations and schemes, which, he pretended, were necessary for the good of the nation; Henry took it, and having read a few pages, which fully disclosed the
D folly

folly of its author: "Friend," says he to one of his valets, "go and bring hither my chancellor, "to take measure of me for a suit of clothes, "since here is my taylor wanting to make "laws."

III. But he disguised his reproaches with a kind indulgence, and even corrected by a delicate method of praising, with regard to those who had in other respects, good sense and useful talents. He would, laughing, say sometimes, "With my "constable, who knows not how to write, and "my chancellor, who does not understand Latin "there is nothing that I am not able to under- "take."

IV. Henry read with pleasure every thing that was published concerning his operations, for under his reign, every one enjoyed free liberty of speaking, writing, and printing; and truth, which he sought after every where, came in her turn, even to the throne to seek him. The greatest compliment which can be paid to kings, is to believe them worthy to attend to her voice. Unhappy must that reign be, where the history of it is obliged to conceal its author. L'Etoile relates, that Henry having read the book called the *Anti-Soldier*, asked his secretary of state, Villeroy, if he had seen this work, and upon his replying in the negative: "It is right you should see it," said he, "for

“ for it is a book which takes me finely to task;
 “ but is still more severe on you.”

V. He was desired to punish an author who had written some free satires on the court : “ It
 “ would be against my conscience,” said this
 good Prince, “ to trouble an honest man for
 “ having told the truth.”

VI. Henry sometimes took the liberty of laughing at pedants; he hated cold and prolix preachers and did not love triflers. One day, seeing a bad poet pass by in a coach and six, on his return from Savoy, where he had made a fortune; “ Never,” said he smiling, “ would this man have got
 “ such a fine equipage in France, as that which
 “ draws him.”

VII. A poet once presented himself to the King, with a confidence which exceeded his poetical talents ; but the King, not knowing either his person or his writings, asked him what was the nature of his occupation ? “ Sire, I make
 “ anagrams, but I am very poor.” “ I believe
 “ so indeed,” said Henry, “ for you have made
 “ choice of a bad trade.”

VIII. The evening before the battle of Ivry, Henry wrote to the fair Gabrielle, “ If I am con-
 “ quered, you know me well enough to believe I
 “ shall not fly ; but my last thought shall be of
 “ Heaven, and the last but one shall be of you.”

IX. In times of greater tranquillity he wrote her this charming billet : “ I write you, my best
 “ love from the foot of your picture, which I
 “ adore merely because it was drawn for you:
 “ not that it resembles you ; of this I must be a
 “ competent judge, having painted you in all per-
 “ fection in my soul, in my mind, in my eyes,
 “ and in my heart.”

X. In another letter he thus expresses himself:
 “ My beauteous love, two hours after the arrival
 “ of this courier, you will see a cavalier who
 “ loves you much. They call him King of
 “ France and Navarre, which are certainly ho-
 “ nourable, though very painful titles. That
 “ of being your subject is infinitely more de-
 “ lightful. All three together are good; and let
 “ what will happen, I have resolved never to
 “ yield them to any one.”

XI. Henry made a noble distinction from the usual history of kings. The honestest man in the kingdom was his best friend. But the severity of Sully gained him many enemies; for a good minister will always be opposed by bad men. They were continually forming plots against him. Sully sometimes complained of it to the King: “ My
 “ friend,” said the Prince in answer, “ this is a
 “ matter which I will not say often happens, but
 “ is always the case, that those who conduct great
 “ affairs

“affairs, must be subject to envy. You yourself
 “know that I am not exempt from it, neither
 “from the Protestants, nor Roman Catholics.
 “you have only to do as I do, who apply to you
 “for advice when any thing troubles me, let it
 “be ever so trifling; and do you always consult
 “my opinion on whatever happens to you, re-
 “garding me as the most faithful friend you have,
 “and the kindest master that can be.”

XII. Before the battle of Ivry he thus addressed his soldiers: “You are Frenchmen,—I
 “am your King,—there is the enemy.” Then taking off his helmet, which was ornamented with a plume of white feathers, “My children,” said he, “keep your ranks properly. If the standard
 “should be lost, here is the signal for rallying.
 “Follow me; you shall always find me in the
 “road to honour and victory.” What must those soldiers be who would not be led on by such expressions?

XIII. What could be finer than the eulogium he made on Armand de Biron to his ambassadors?
 “Gentlemen, this is the Marechal de Biron,
 “whom I present equally to my friends and enemies.”

XIV. What could do greater honour to all his brave soldiers, than the reply he made to the Spanish ambassador? Being surrounded and pressed

upon by his officers at court, the proud Spaniard was shocked with so much familiarity. "You see nothing here," said the King: "They press upon me much more in the day of battle."

XV. Obligated from his youth to live in the midst of his enemies, no prince ever studied more the knowledge of mankind than Henry IV. He was in that situation which made it necessary to observe; for he was in a state of adversity. Accustomed to converse with them, he had acquired so quick a perception, that he pretended he could guess by their eyes what passed in their hearts. In consequences of which he generally knew how to make a good choice; for he even gained the affections of several of the opposite party, whom he very prudently employed. "A wise king," said he, "is like a good chemist, who from the most dangerous poisons can extract excellent medicines."

XVI. As the idea of injuring any one never came into his mind, he was never suspicious. He liked to steal away from his court, to wander about in the fields, and to ask questions of the honest good people, who were astonished to see the King under their thatched roofs. When his friends, who were alarmed for him, remonstrated to him that, in the midst of conspirators, and while the leaven of the league still continued to ferment, he ought

ought to take more care of his person, and not go out so frequently alone, or at least so ill attended. "Fear," said he, "ought never to have entrance into a royal mind. Those who fear death, will never attempt my life; and those who despise life, will always be masters of mine, notwithstanding a thousand guards were to try to prevent them. None but tyrants ought to live in constant fear."

XVII. He would have no courtiers that were not brave, nor any other favourites than his people in general. When he wrote to the governors of different provinces, he generally concluded with these words: "Take care of my people; they are my children whom God has committed to my care: I am responsible for them."

XVIII. This amiable Prince wished to hold his empire from affection, not force. Firm, when the public good required it, he never was intoxicated with that absolute power which charms so many weak princes, and those who only are possessed of moderate genius. Some court-flatterers, on a particular occasion, once entreated him to make use of his authority. He made them this answer, worthy to be engraved on all kings' palaces: "The first duty of a sovereign is to consider of every thing, and to remember he has himself two sovereigns, God, and the Law."

XIX. Many years after the peace, he was told there were some fanatics, the remaining dregs of the League, who continued to declaim against him ; and that they even refused to pray for him in their public prayers: " They must be attended to," said he, " for they are still angry."

XX. Born without gall, hatred and vengeance were a load which Henry's heart could not sustain. A maxim he frequently had in his mouth was this, " that the satisfaction derived from revenge, was only momentary ; but that which is to be gained from clemency, lasts for ever."

XXI. They mentioned to him a nobleman, one of the principal Leaguers, whose virtues had not been able to disarm him of his hatred towards him. " I wish," said Henry, " to do him so many services, as to force him to love me."

XXII. Henry did not think it necessary that the dignity of the crown should extinguish in him the sentiments of nature. He was guided by her, and was never better pleased than when he could yield himself up to her soft impressions. At the tables of his friends, whom he loved to surprise, he used to give himself up to all the natural gaiety of his temper. He disrobed himself of majesty ; and condescended to become the agreeable companion. " A charming familiarity, a frankness,
" and

“and pleasant way of joking, together with his
 “bon mots,” says an ingenious cotemporary,
 “made up the best part of their repasts.”

XXIII. He would have his children call him *Papa* or *Father*, and not *Sir*, which was the new fashion introduced by Catharine de Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day that this Restorer of France, and Peacemaker of all Europe, was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador suddenly entered the apartment, and surprised him in this attitude. The Monarch, without moving from it, said to him, “*Monsieur l’Ambassadeur*, have you any children?—“Yes, Sire,” replied he.—“Very well, then, I shall finish my
 “race round my chamber.”

XXIV. This Prince sometimes amused himself with composing verses. Who can help admiring that charming impromptu, which he made on the Countess of Cleves, his aunt. Coming one day into her apartment, he found her tablets open, on which De Noailles, who was in love with that Princess, had written these words :—

“Nul heur nul bien ne me contente

“Absent de ma divinité.”

Henry added these lines to them :

“ N'appellez pas ainsi ma tante

“ Elle aime trop l'humanité.”

XXV. But one of the best pieces attributed to Henry, and the least known of them, is as follows. It is still to be seen in the original hand-writing of this Prince :—

“ Viens Aurore

“ Je t'implore

“ Je suis gai quand je te vois,

“ Et la Bergere

“ Qui m'est chere,

“ Et vermeille comme toi.

II.

“ Elle est blonde

“ Sans seconde,

“ Elle a la taille à la main ;

“ Sa prunelle

“ Etincelle,

“ Comme l'astre du matin.

III.

“ De rosée

“ Arrosee,

“ La rose a moins de fraîcheur ;

“ Une hermine

“ Est moin fine,

“ Le lys a moins de blancheur,

IV. D'ambrosie

IV.

" D'ambrosie

" Bien Chosée

" Hébé la nourit apart ;

" Et sa bouche,

" Quand j'y touche,

" Me parfu ne de nectar."

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF FRE-
DERIC III. LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

RELATED BY MR. SHERLOCK. A. D. 1778

THE King of Prussia is every where known as a great King, a great warrior, and a great politician ; but he is not every where known as a great poet, and a good man. Marcus Aurelius, Horace, Machiavel, and Cæsar, have been his models, and he has almost surpassed them all. I have never heard of a human being that was perfect ; and this monarch also has his faults ; but *take him for all in all*, he is the greatest man that ever existed.

At the beginning of his life, he published his Anti-Machiavel ; and this was one of the completest strokes of Machiavelism that ever he made. It was a letter of recommendation of himself that he

wrote

wrote to Europe, at the instant when he had formed the plan of seizing Silesia.

To his subjects, he is the justest of sovereigns ; to his neighbours, he is the most dangerous of heroes. His neighbours shudder at him ; his subjects adore him. The Prussians are proud of their great Frederick, as they always stile him. They speak of him with the utmost freedom, and at the same time that they criticise severely *some* of his tastes, they give him the highest eulogiums. He was told that some one had spoken ill of him. He asked if that person had 100,000 men ? He was answered, No. " Very well," said the King, " I can do nothing ; if he had 100,000 men, I " would declare war against him."

Of all the characters of the present age, that of this Prince has been the most mistaken ; and the reason is, that two parts of his character have been confounded, and only one judgment formed on two points, each of which requires a separate opinion. The King of Prussia has occasioned the death of some thousands of men ; and the King of Prussia is a merciful, tender, and compassionate Prince. This seems a contradiction ; and it is a certain truth. He must first be considered as a conqueror, where it is not permitted to listen to the voice of humanity. When heroism

out of the question, we must examine the man. It will be said that this is subtilty. I deny it, and appeal to history. What clemency more acknowledged than that of Julius Cæsar? What conqueror has shed more blood? I own to you, that when I entered Prussia, I had some prejudices against the King. These are the reasons that made me change my opinion.

He was forced to marry the queen; and though he has never lived with her, she loves him, because he has always treated her with respect, and has always shewn her many little attentions. She has a palace at Berlin, and another at Schenhau- sen, where she passes the summer. Her court, which she holds twice a week, is brilliant and numerous, because it is known that the King is pleased with the respect that is shewn her. She has some hesitation in her speech; but she is the best Princess in the world, and the King esteems her highly.

Man is a discontented animal; he loves to complain. The King's subjects complain of taxes, and I have never seen any subjects who do not complain of taxes. The Prussians complain less than any others, and the reason is evident. The government is even and steady, and the weight of the taxes does not alter, as in other countries. It is always the same. Men every where
take

take pleasure in speaking ill of their sovereign. God knows, there never was a better King than ours, and his subjects speak ill of him every day. To me, therefore, it is a very strong proof that the Great Frederick is good, that his subjects say little ill of him, and much in his commendation. But here is another proof much stronger. He has never put a man to death*; and when I tell you that he lives without guards, I fancy you will allow that to be a proof of his feeling inwardly, that he has never done an unjust action.

Plutarch and Shakspeare have shewn men in their night-caps and slippers. I cannot shew you his Prussian Majesty in his night cap, for he never wears one. He acquired a habit in his youth of sleeping bare-headed, in order to harden himself. Nor has he any slippers; for as soon as he leaves his bed he puts on his boots. It is known that he rises at four, that he goes to bed at nine, that he procrastinates nothing, that he is fond of jesting, that he eats a great deal of fruit, that he plays on the flute every evening, that he passes most of his time at Sans-fouci in his old boots, and that he governs Europe.

* The author must doubtless mean in time of peace, by the civil sword. In war, in battle, how many thousands have been put to death by him and his military executioners

He is an excellent poet. When a poet has a richness of ideas and of expression, every time that we read him, we discover new beauties. This is the case with Horace, and with the King of Prussia. There is not, most certainly, an author in the French language who has more thoughts, or more vigorous thoughts, than this Prince. All his productions spring from a strong and brilliant imagination, always regulated by a solid judgment, which, in my opinion, constitutes the perfection of genius.

In all his works, the most sage philosophy and the profoundest morality are blended with the most poignant wit, and the happiest sallies. When his subjects admit of it, his stile is no less poignant than emphatical. He has emulated Horace, and he has been able to equal him even in his best pieces ; for in many respects the Pindar of the North, would be dishonoured by comparing him with the Latin Poet. Horace has not a more sincere admirer than myself, but there are many of his works which I cannot read without disgust. One cannot find a single middling composition of the King-poet ; and no enthusiast of Horace will deny that he has many. One cannot find in this Prince any mean or indecent passage ; Horace abounds with things that are vulgar and offensive. you will answer, that the souls of the Monarch
and

and of Horace were different, their education different, and their situation in life different. This confirms my assertion. I will not always determine in favour of his versification; but in strength and vivacity of colouring, Rubens does not surpass him.

He has written an epistle *on travelling*, in order to prevent the young Germans from going to ruin themselves at Paris and London. In these three verses he speaks of one of those gentlemen at his return:

De stupide qu'ill fut, il devenu fâ,
Et jouant l'étourdi sans pouvoir jamais l'être.
C'est un lourdaut badin qui fait le petit-maitre.

From stupid dolt, he groys an arrant fool,
Acting, not being, a blunderhead complete,
The waggish dunce at length becomes a fop.

How many originals of more countries than one does this portrait represent!

Light and heat are every where diffused through the works of the philosopher of Sans-souci. In two large volumes of his poetry there is not one barren page; and what makes them truly precious is, that every page breathes the love of humanity. I foresee your objections; and I again demand one opinion for war, and another for peace. No man ever knew the human heart better than Shakespeare.

speare. No man ever drew a character better. This is what he puts into the mouth of an amiable hero :

" In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man

" As gentleness and mild humanity;

" But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

" Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment."

HENRY V.

You would think that Shakespeare meant to speak of the King of Prussia.

Read his *Odes on War*, and on the troubles of the north; and then judge of the poet and the man.

His *Art of War*, is his master-piece, and the longest of his works. You will there find the most lively images, the boldest and most judicious metaphors, a pencil always manly, always majestic, and an impetuosity in the style which is irresistible.

When one thinks of all the proofs which this Prince has given, in war and in politics, of the fertility of his imagination, and of the solidity of his Judgment; when one remembers that he has always fed his mind with the most perfect productions of the ancient philosophers and poets; and when we know that he has added to this whatever could be found in the society of the most enlightened men, and the first wits of his age; we shall

no

no longer be astonished at the variety of merit that is found in his compositions. Accept, great King these just encomiums. I should not have so highly applauded your talents, if I were not fully persuaded of the goodness of your heart.

“Reçois l'éloge pur, l'hommage mérité ;

“Je le dois à ton nom, comme, à la vérité.

ART DE LA GUERRE,

Receive this pure applause, this homage due

To your great name, because I know 'tis true.

Read his *Epistle* to his *Sister of Bereith*, on her illness, and see whether every verse does not flow from a tender and feeling heart.

It will be said that there are faults in his poetry. I leave them for the Zoiluses to point out ; and I shall close my letter with his address to young soldiers at the conclusion of his *Art of War*.

“Si votre cœur aspire à la sublime gloire,

“Sachez vaincre, et sur-tout user de la victoire.

“Le plus grand des Romains, par ses succès divers,

“Le jour qu'à son pouvoir il soumit l'univers,

“Sauva ses ennemis dans le champ de Pharsale.

“Voyez à Fontenoy, Louis dont l'ame égale,

“Douce dans ses succès, soulage le vaincus,

“C'est un Dieu bienfaisant dont ils sont secourus ;

“Ils baissent en pleurant la main, qui les désarme,

“Sa valeur les soumet, sa clémence les charme,

“Dans le sein des fureurs la bonté trouve lieu,

“Si vaincre est d'un Héros, pardonnez est d'un Dieu.

To heights of glory if your heart aspires,
 Know how to conquer, and your conquest use.
 The greatest, most successful Roman chief,
 On that fam'd day, when he subdued the world,
 Sav'd ev'n his foes in dire Pharsalia's field.

Louis with equal mind at Fontenoy,
 Mild in success, his vanquish'd foes consoles;
 Like a good deity his aid he gives:
 With tears they bathe the hand that has disarm'd them;
 His valour conquers, and his mercy charms:
 With goodness, war's dire horrors he allays;
 Heroes may conquer, but 'tis God forgives.

BONS MOTS OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT is well known, that the King during the many and long wars in which he was engaged, did not only share all dangers, but even the inconvenience of a common soldier.

One time he marched with his grenadier guards till very late at night. At last they halted. The King dismounted, and said: Grenadiers, it is a "cold night, therefore light a fire." This was done immediately. The king wrapped himself up in his blue cloak, sat down on a few pieces of wood near the fire, and the soldiers placed themselves around him. At last, general Ziethen came, and

and took his place also on a bundle of wood. Both were extremely fatigued, and fell gently to sleep. But the King very often opened his eyes ; and, as he perceived Ziethen had slipped of his seat, and that a grenadier was placing a faggot under his head for a pillow, he said, with a loud voice, “ Bravo ! the old gentleman is fatigued.”

Soon afterwards a grenadier got up, half asleep in order to light his pipe by the fire, but carelessly touched the General’s foot. The good King, who was glad to see Ziethen take a little rest, arose suddenly, waved his hand, and whisperingly said, “ Hift, grenadier ! Take care not to wake “ the General ; he is very drowsy.”

This Officer once fell into a dose at the king’s table. As some one present made a motion to rouse him, the king said, “ let him sleep :— “ he has watched long enough that we might “ rest.”

II. When the King, on his accession to the throne, was installed at Silesia, he preferred, according to ancient custom, several persons to the rank of nobility.

A few years after this, one of these enobled gentlemen rode before the King, in one of his reviewing towers through Silesia, and endeavoured to be noticed by him. At last he succeeded ; and his Majesty thus accosted him, “ who are you?”

—“ I

—“ I am one of those, on whom you was graciously pleased to confer the rank of nobility, at your royal installation in Silesia.”—“ This first experiment of mine has turned out but badly,” replied the Monarch.

“ III. His Majesty’s idea of hunting is strongly characteristic of a noble and feeling mind. “ The chace,” says he, “ is one of the most sensual of pleasures, by which the powers of the body are strongly exerted, but those of the mind remain unemployed. It consists in a violent exertion of desire in the pursuit, and the indulgence of a cruel passion in the death of the game. It is an exercise which makes the limbs strong, active and pliable; but leaves the head without improvement. I am convinced that man is more cruel and savage than any beast of prey. We exercise the dominion given us over these our wretched fellow-creatures, in the most tyrannical manner. If we pretend to any superiority over the beasts, it ought certainly to consist in reason. But we commonly find, that the most passionate lovers of the chace renounce this privilege, and converse only with their dogs, their horses, and other irrational animals. This renders them wild and unfeeling; and it is highly improbable they cannot be very merciful to the humane species; for a
“ man

“ man who can, in cold blood, torture a poor
 “ innocent animal, cannot feel much compassi-
 “ on for the distresses of his own species: and
 “ besides, can the chace be a proper employ-
 “ ment for a thinking mind ?”

ANECDOTE OF M. RAVATER.

THIS Gentleman having asserted, in the se-
 cond part of his Treatise on Physiognomy,
 that shoe-makers have generally a sickly appear-
 ance and weak constitutions, and that at Zurich,
 of twenty-four children born of parents exercising
 that profession, seven only were boys, all the *craft*
 of that place rose up against him, about six years
 ago, in a riotous manner. M. Lavater, finding
 it necessary to quell the tumult as amicably as
 possible, declared publicly that he had been mis-
 taken, for that the just proportion was twenty-
 eight males to thirty of the other sex. He beg-
 ged, however, that the shoe-makers would per-
 mit him to stand god-father to all the males;
 and they chearfully accepted his offer.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE DOMAT.

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, author of a voluminous treatise on the Civil Law, was promoted to the office of a Judge of the Provincial Court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the South of France, in which he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years. One day a poor widow brought an action of process against the Baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a mill which was her whole dependance. Mr. Domat heard the cause, and finding by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broke a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the Baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the Judge pronounced a sentence of expulsion from the farm, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and the costs of the suit. In delivering his conscience, Mr. Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion began plentifully to flow. When an order of seizure both of person and effects was decreed, the poor widow exclaimed, "O just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!"

phans!" and immediately fainted away. The compassionate Judge assisted in raising the miserable woman, and after enquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with 100 louis d'ors, the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the Baron to accept as a full recompence, and the widow again entered on her farm. "O! my lord," said the poor woman, "when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?"—"When my conscience," replied Domat, "shall tell me I have done an improper act."

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF GARRICK.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. was in figure low, pleasing, manly, genteel, and elegant. He had every requisite to fit him for every character. His limbs were pliant, his features ductile and expressive, and his eyes quick, keen, and obedient, versant to all occasions and places. His voice was harmonious, and could vibrate through all the modulations of sound—could thunder in passion—

Non—tremble in fear—dissolve into the softness of love, or melt into every mood of pity or distress.—These liberal devices of nature were ornamented by the most refined acquisitions of art.—Music, dancing, painting, fencing, sculpture, gave him, each its respective graces.—From these he borrowed his deportments, his attitudes, and his ease.

These were the powers with which he charmed an astonishing age, and with these powers he had all nature at his command. Every degree of age—every stage, scene, and period of life—from the hot and youthful lover, up to the lean and slippery Pantaloon—all were alike to him. At twenty-four, he could put on all the wrinkles of the greatest age—and at sixty, he wore in his appearance and action all the agility of buxom and wanton youth.—In heroes and princes, he assumed all the distant pride, the exalted manner, stately port of rank and royalty. He moved with dignity—spoke with dignity—acted with dignity. His Prince never interfered with his Peasant, nor his Peasant with his Gentleman. He had in his possession every key to the soul. He transported his hearers where he pleased. He was the master of the passions, and tuned them to his will. He waked them—swelled them—soothed them.—He melted them into softness, or roused them

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into

into rage.—If he was angry ; so was you.—If he was distressed ; so was you.—If he was terrified ; so was you.—If he was mad ; so was you. He was an enchanter, and led you where he pleased.

“ ————— When he spoke,
 “ Each aged ear played truant at his tales,
 “ And younger hearings were quite ravished,
 “ So voluble was his discourse.—Gentle
 “ As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
 “ Nor wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
 “ (His manly blood enchas’d) as the rude wind
 “ That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 “ And make it stoop to th’ vale.—’Twas wonderful.
 “ For if we take him but for all in all,
 “ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

The purity of the English stage was certainly more fully established, during the administration of this theatrical minister, than it had ever been during preceding managements. He seems to have carried his modest, moral, chaste, and pious principles with him, into the very management of the theatre itself, and rescued performers from that obloquy which stuck on the profession. Of those who were accounted blackguards, unworthy the association of the world, he made gentlemen, united them with society, and introduced them to all the domestic comforts of life. The theatre was no longer esteemed the receptacle of all vice ; and the moral, the serious, the religious part of mankind, did

did not hesitate to partake of the rational entertainment of a play, and pass a chearful evening, undisgusted with the licentiousness.

Mr. Garrick died on the 20th of January 1779, in the sixty-third year of his age, leaving no one rival in excellence upon earth to compensate for his loss.

Never was there a death so universally lamented. Men of genius, of all kinds, emulated one another in testifying their sense of the public loss. all little animosities, jealousies, and infirmities were forgot. The disappointed author lost his enmity, the nibbling critic his rancour, and every little foible, selfish emotion, and narrow idea, with which he was loudly charged by those, perhaps, who knew him best, or who knew him not at all, was steeped in *Lethe*. Perhaps, indeed, the vice of selfishness was the only one that stained this great man. It infected him in life, and governed him in death. It was expected he would have bequeathed a handsome part of that fortune, which he had made in the theatre, to the *Theatrical Fund*, which he had himself established. Dying worth upwards of 100,000l. he left a property worth no more than a single 10000l. to that charity, and that was the only legacy bequeathed out of his own family.

BON MOT OF DR. JOHNSON TO MR.
GARRICK.

WHEN Garrick shewed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c. at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that good man ! Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected ;—"Ah ! *David, David, David ;*" said the Doctor, clapping his hand upon the little man's shoulder, " These are the things which make a death bed terrible !"

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF THE
PRESENT EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AND
THE RUSSIAN COURT. A. D. 1782.

RELATED BY MR. COXE.

ON the first of October, in the morning, between eleven and twelve, we attended our minister, Sir James Harris, to the drawing-room, impatient to behold Catharine II. It was luckily the name-day, or, as we term it; the birth-day of the Great Duke, in honour of whom a most brilliant

liant

stant court was assembled. At the entrance into the drawing-room stood two centinels of the foot-guards. Their uniform a green coat, with a red cuff and cape, and white waistcoat and breeches. they had silver helmets, fastened under the chin with silver clasps, and ornamented with an ample plume of red, yellow, black, and white feathers. Within the drawing-room, at the doors of the passage leading to her Majesty's apartments, were two soldiers of the knights body-guard ; a corps, perhaps, more sumptuously accoutred than any in Europe. They wore casques, like those of the ancients, with a rich plumage of black feathers; and their whole dress was in the same style. Chains and broad plates of solid silver were braided over their uniform, so as to bear the appearance of a splendid coat of mail ; and their boots were richly ornamented with the same metal.

In the drawing-room we found a numerous assembly of foreign ministers, Russian nobility, and officers in their different uniforms, waiting the arrival of the Empress, who was attending divine service in the chapel of the palace, whither we also repaired. Amid a prodigious concourse of nobles, I observed the Empress standing by herself behind a railing ; the only distinction by which her place was marked. Immediately next to her stood the Great Duke and Duchesse ; and behind,

an indiscriminate throng of courtiers. The Empress bowed repeatedly, and frequently crossed herself, according to the forms used in the Greek church, with great expressions of devotion. Before the conclusion of the service, we returned to the drawing-room, and took our station near the door, in order to be presented at her Majesty's entrance. At length, a little before twelve, the chief officers of the household, the mistress of the robes, the maids of honour, and other ladies of the bed-chamber, advancing two by two in a long train, announced the approach of their sovereign. Her Majesty came forward with a slow and solemn pace, walking with great pomp, holding her head very high; and perpetually bowing to to the right and the left as she passed along. She stopped a little within the entrance of the drawing-room, and spoke with great affability to the foreign ministers, while they kissed her hand. She then advanced a few steps, and we were singly presented by the vice-chancellor, Count Osterman, and had the honour of kissing her Majesty's hand. The Empress wore, according to her usual custom, a Russian dress. It was a robe, with a short train, and a vest, with sleeves reaching to the wrist, like Polonoise. The vest was of gold brocade, and the robe was of light green silk. Her hair was dressed low, and lightly sprinkled

sprinkled with powder. Her cap was ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, and she wore a great deal of rouge. Her person, though rather below the middle size, is majestic; and her countenance, particularly when she speaks, expresses both dignity and sweetness. She walked slowly through the drawing-room to her apartment, and entered alone. The Great Duke and Duchess followed the Empress to the door, and then retired to their own drawing-room, where they had a levee; but, as we had not yet been presented to them at a private audience, we could not, according to the etiquette of the Russian court, follow them. The Great Duchess leaned upon the arm of his Imperial Highness, and they both inclined their heads, on either side, to the company, as they passed along the line which was formed for them.

In the afternoon, about six o'clock, we repaired to a ball at court. The private apartments of the Empress, as well as those in which she holds her court, are on the third story; and the whole suite is remarkably grand and splendid. We found the company assembled in the anti-chamber, who, as soon as the Great Duke and Duchess made their appearance, all entered a spacious ball-room.

The Great Duke opened the ball, by walking a minuet with his consort; at the end of which his Imperial Highness handed out a lady, and the

Great Duchess a gentleman, with whom they each performed a second minuet at the same time. They afterwards successively conferred this honour in the same manner upon many of the principal nobility, while several other couples were dancing minuets in different parts of the circle. The minuets were succeeded by Polish dances, and these were followed by English country-dances. In the midst of the latter, the Empress entered the room. She was more richly apparelled than in the morning, and bore upon her head a small crown of diamonds.

Upon her Majesty's appearance, the ball was instantly suspended; while the Great Duke and Duchess, and the most considerable persons who were present, hastened to pay their respects to their sovereign. Catharine, having addressed a few words to some of the principal nobility, ascended a kind of elevated seat, when the dancing being again resumed, she, after a short time, withdrew into an inner apartment. We, in company with several courtiers, threw ourselves into her Majesty's suite, and formed a circle round a table, at which she had sat down to cards. Her party consisted of the Duchess of Courland, Countess Bruce, Sir James Harris, Prince Potemkin, Marshal Razomofski, Count Panin, Prince Reprin, and Count Ivan Tchernichef. The game was

Macao.

Macao. The pieces in circulation were imperials, equal to two pounds English money; and a player might win or lose two or three hundred pounds.

In the course of the evening, the Great Duke and Duchess presented themselves before the Empress, and stood by the table for about a quarter of an hour, during which time her Majesty occasionally entered into conversation with them. The Empress seemed to pay very little attention to the cards; conversed familiarly, and frequently, with great vivacity, as well with the party at play, as with the persons of rank standing near her. About ten, her Majesty retired, and soon after the ball concluded.

On the sixth, we had the honour of being presented at a private audience to the Great Duke and Duchess; both of whom conversed with us in the most affable and condescending manner. According to the etiquette of this court, we kissed her Imperial Highness's hand.

There is a drawing-room at court every Sunday morning, about twelve o'clock, and on other particular festivals, at which the ambassadors are usually present; and which all foreign gentlemen, who have been once presented, are permitted to attend. The ceremony of kissing the Empress's hand is repeated every court day by foreigners in the presence chamber, and by the Russians in another apartment. The latter bend their knee

on this occasion, an expression of homage not exacted from the former. No ladies, excepting those of the Empress's household, make their appearance at the morning levees.

On every court day the Great Duke and Duchesses have all their separate levees at their own apartments in the palace. Upon particular occasions, such as her own, and the Empress's birth-day, &c. foreigners have the honour of kissing her Imperial Highness's hand; but upon common days that ceremony is omitted.

In the evening of a court day, there is always a ball at the palace, which begins between six and seven. At that time the foreign ladies kiss the Empress's hand, who salutes them in return on the cheek. Her Majesty, unless she is indisposed, generally makes her appearance about seven; and, if the assembly is not very numerous, plays at Macao in the ball-room. The Great Duke and Duchesses, after they have danced, sit down to whist. Their Highnesses, after a short interval, rise; approach the Empress's table; pay their respects, and then return to their game. When the ball happens to be crowded, the Empress forms her party, as I have before-mentioned in an adjoining room, which is open to all persons who have once been presented.

The richness and splendour of the Russian court surpasses description. It retains many traces of

its ancient Asiatic pomp, blendid with European refinement. An immense retinue of courtiers always preceded and followed the Empress. The costliness and glare of their apparel, and a profusion of precious stones, created a splendour, of which the magnificence of other courts can give us only a faint idea. The court-dress of the men is in the French fashion. That of the ladies is a gown and petticoat, with a small hoop. The gown has long hanging sleeves and a short train, and is of a different colour from the petticoat. The ladies wore, according to the fashion of the winter of 1777 at Paris and London, very lofty head-dresses, and were not sparing in the use of rouge. Amid the several articles of sumptuousness which distinguish the Russian nobility, there is none perhaps more calculated to strike a foreigner, than the profusion of diamonds, and other precious stones, which sparkle in every part of their dress. In most other European countries, these costly ornaments are (excepting among a few of the richest and principal nobles) almost entirely appropriated to the ladies; but in this the men vie with the fair sex in the use of them. Many of the nobility were almost covered with diamonds. Their buttons, buckles, hilts of swords, and epaulets, were composed of this valuable material. Their hats were frequently embroidered, if I may use the

the expression, with several rows of them ; and a diamond-star upon the coat was scarcely a distinction. This passion for jewels seems to pervade the lower ranks of people, for even private families abound with them ; and the wife of a common Russian burgher will appear with a head-dress or girdle of pearls, and other precious stones, to the value of two or three hundred pounds. I will only mention a few more particulars, when the solemnity of the occasion added some variety to the general sameness, which characterises a court.

The Empress, on days of high ceremony generally wears a crown of diamonds of immense value, and appears with ribands of the order of St. Andrew, and Merit, both of them flung over the same shoulder, with the collar of those orders, and the two stars emblazoned one above the other upon her vest.

On certain anniversaries the Empress dines in public. Two of these days occurred in the course of our stay at Petersburgh. The second of December, being the feast of the Ismail of guards, her Majesty, who, as sovereign, is colonel of the corps, gave, according to annual custom, a grand entertainment to the officers. Being desirous to be present, we repaired to court at twelve. Her Majesty was dressed in the uniform of the regiment, which is green, trimmed with gold lace,
made

made in the form of a lady's riding habit. As soon as all the officers of the regiment had kissed her hand, a salver of wine was brought in by one of the lords in waiting, and the Empress presented a glass to each officer, who received it from her hands, and, after a low obedience, drank it off. At the conclusion of this ceremony, her Majesty led the way, about one o'clock, into an adjoining apartment, in which a sumptuous dinner was spread. She took her place in the middle of the table, and the officers were ranged on each side, according to their respective ranks. The Empress helped the soup herself, and paid the greatest attention to her guests during the whole repast, which lasted about an hour, when her Majesty rose from the table and withdrew.

On a subsequent occasion we attended another entertainment given by the Empress to the knights of the order of St. Andrew. Her Majesty had on a robe of green velvet, lined and faced with ermine, and a diamond collar of the order. The dress of the knights was splendid, but exceedingly gaudy and inelegant. They wore a green velvet robe, lined with silver brocade, a coat also of silver brocade, waistcoat and breeches of gold stuff, red silk stockings, a hat à la Henry IV. ornamented with a plume of feathers, and interspersed with diamonds. As the order of St. Andrew is the most honourable in this country,

it is confined to a few persons of the first rank and consequence ; and there were only twelve of them at Petersburg, who sat down to dinner with the Empress. These were Prince Potemkin, Prince Orlov, Marshal Galitzin, Counts Alexey, Orlov, Panin, Razomofski, Ivan Tchernichef, Voronzof, Alexander and Leon Nariskin, Munnich, and Mr. de Betskoi. The Empress before dinner, as on the former occasion, presented each knight with a glass of wine. At the table she was distinguished by a chair ornamented with the arms of Russia, and presided with her usual dignity and condescension. The foreign ministers, and a splendid train of courtiers, stood spectators of the entertainment ; and many of them were occasionally noticed by the Empress.

The order of St. Andrew, or the Blue Riband, the first ever known in this country, was instituted by Peter I. in the year of 1698, soon after his return from his first expedition into foreign countries.

Two or three times in the winter there are masquerades at court, to which persons of all ranks are admitted. At one of these entertainments, which we attended, about eight thousand tickets were distributed ; and, from the great concourse, I should suppose that number to have been actually present. A magnificent suite of twenty apartments were open on this occasion, all handsomely

fomely illuminated. One of these apartments, a large oblong room, the same in which the common balls at court are held, had a space in the middle enclosed with a low railing, appropriated to the nobility who danced. A most elegant saloon, of an oval form, called the great hall of Apollo, nearly as big as the rotunda at Ranelagh, but without any support in the middle, was allotted for the dances of the burghers, and other persons, who had not been presented at court. The remaining rooms, in which tea and other refreshments were served, were filled with card-tables, and crouded with persons continually passing and repassing. The company either kept on their masks, or took them off at their pleasure. The nobles in general wore dominos. The natives of inferior rank appeared in their own provincial clothes, embellished, perhaps, with a few occasional ornaments. An exhibition of the several dresses, actually used by the different inhabitants of the Russian empire, afforded a greater variety of motley figures than the wildest fancy ever invented in the masquerades of other countries. Several merchants' wives were decked with large quantities of valuable pearls, many of which were split in halves, for the purpose of making more shew.

About seven, the Empress made her appearance at the head of a superb *quadrille*, consisting of
eight

eight ladies, led by as many gentlemen. Her Majesty, and the other ladies of this select band, were most sumptuously apparelled in Greek habits, and the gentlemen were accoutred in the Roman military garb, their helmets being richly studded with diamonds. Among the ladies, I particularly distinguished the Duchess of Courland, Princess Repnin, and Countess Bruce. Among the gentlemen, Prince Potemkin, Marshal Razomofski, and Count Ivan Tchernichef. The Empress led the way, leaning upon the arm of Marshal Razomofski, and, passing in great state through the several apartments, walked two or three times round the hall of Apollo, and then sat down to cards in one of the adjoining rooms. The company flocked thither in crouds without distinction, and arranged themselves, as they could find admittance, round the table, at a respectful distance. The Empress withdrew, as usual, before eleven.

A separate edifice of brick, stuccoed white, called the Hermitage, communicates with the palace by means of a covered gallery. It takes its appellation from its being the scene of imperial retirement, but bears no other resemblance to an hermitage except in its name, the apartments being extremely spacious, and decorated in a superb style of regal magnificence. To this favourite spot

spot the Empress usually repairs for an hour or two every day; and on a Thursday evening she gives a private ball and supper to the principal persons who form her court, foreign ministers and foreign noblemen being seldom invited. At this entertainment all ceremony is said to be banished, as far as is consistent with that respect which is paid to a great sovereign. The attendance of servants is excluded; while the supper and various refreshments are presented on small tables, which rise through trap doors. Many directions for the regulation of this select society are disposed in the various apartments. The meaning of those written in the Russian tongue was explained to me by a gentleman of the company; and their general tendency was to encourage freedom from etiquette, and to inculcate the most unrestrained ease and behaviour. One written in the French language I comprehended and retained. “*Asséyez vous où vous voulez, et quand il vous plaira, sans qu’on le repete mille fois**.”

This hermitage contains a numerous assemblage of pictures, chiefly purchased by her present Majesty. Its principal ornament was the celebrated collection of Crozat, which descended by inheritance to the Baron de Thieres, upon whose

* Sit down where you chuse, and when you please, without its being repeated to you a thousand times.

death the Empress purchased it from his heirs. The Houghton collection, the loss of which every lover of the arts in England must sincerely regret, will form a most valuable accession.

A winter and summer garden, comprised within the scite of the building, are singular curiosities and such as do not perhaps occur in any other palace in Europe. The summer garden, in the true Asiatic style, occupies the whole level top of the edifice. At this season of the year, it was entirely buried under the snow, which prevented our viewing it. The winter garden is entirely roofed, and surrounded with glass frames. It is an high and spacious hot-house, laid out in gravel walks, ornamented with parterres of flowers, orange trees, and other shrubs, and peopled with several birds of sundry sorts and various climates, which flitted from tree to tree. The whole exhibited a pleasing effect, and was the more delightful, as being contracted with the dismal and dreary season of the year.

The ordinary distribution of the Empress's time at Petersburg, as far as I could collect from enquiries, which I had many opportunities of making, as it concerns so great a Princess, cannot be unacceptable to the reader.

Her Majesty usually rises about six, and is engaged till eight or nine in public business with her secretary.

secretary. At ten she generally begins her toilet; and while her hair is dressing, the ministers of state, and her aid-de-camps in waiting, pay their respects, and receive their orders. Being dressed about eleven, she sends for her grand-children, the young princes Alexander and Constantine, or visits them in their own apartment. Before dinner she receives a visit from the Great Duke and Duchess; and sits down to table rather before one. She has always company at dinner, usually about nine persons, consisting of the generals and lords in waiting, a lady of the bed-chamber, a maid of honour, and two or three of the Russian nobility, whom she invites. Their Imperial Highnesses dine with her three times in the week, on which days the party is increased to eighteen persons.

The lord of the bed chamber in waiting, who always sits opposite to the Empress, carves one dish and presents it to her; an attention which, after having once politely accepted, she afterwards dispenses with. Her Majesty is remarkably temperate and is seldom at table more than an hour. From thence she retires to her own apartment; and about three frequently repairs to her library in the Hermitage. At five she goes to the theatre, or to a private concert, and when there is no court in the evening, has a private party at cards. She seldom

feldom sups; generally retires at half past ten; and is usually in bed before eleven.

The Russian nobility are distinguished for their hospitality towards foreigners. We were no sooner presented to a person of rank and fortune, than we were regarded in the light of domestic visitants. Many of the nobility keep an open table, to which the first invitation was considered as a standing passport of admission. The only form necessary to be observed on this occasion, was to make enquiry in the morning if the master of the house dined at home; and if he did, we without further ceremony, presented ourselves at his table. The oftener we appeared at these hospitable boards, the more acceptable guests we were esteemed; and we always seemed to confer, instead of receiving, an obligation.

The tables were served with great profusion and taste. Though the Russians have adopted the delicacies of French cookery; yet they neither affect to despise their native dishes, nor squeamishly reject the solid joints, which characterize our repasts. The plainest, as well as the choicest viands, were collected from the most distant quarters. I have frequently seen, at the same time, sterlet from the Volga; veal from Archangel; mutton from Astrachan; beef from the Ukraine; and pheasants.

pheasants from Hungary and Bohemia. Their common wines are chiefly claret, burgundy, and champagne ; and I never tasted English beer and porter in greater perfection and abundance. Before dinner, even in the houses of persons of the first distinction, a small table is spread in a corner of the drawing-room, covered with plates of caviare, dried and pickled herrings, smoaked ham or tongue, bread, butter, and cheese, together with bottles of different *liqueurs*; and few of the company of either sex omitted a prelude of this kind to the main entertainment. This practice has induced many travellers to relate, that the Russians swallow bowls of brandy before dinner. What are the usages of the vulgar in this particular, I cannot determine ; but among the nobility I never observed the least violation of the most extreme sobriety. And this custom of taking *liqueur* before dinner, considering the extreme smallness of the glasses used on this occasion, is a very innocent refreshment, and will not convey the faintest idea of excess. Indeed, the Russians in no other wise differ from the French in this instance, than that they taste a glass of *liqueur* before their repast, while the latter defer it till after dinner. The usual hour of dining is at three. Their entertainments are mostly regulated according to the French ceremonial, the
wine

wine being circulated during meals ; and the dishes are no sooner removed, than the company retire from table into another room, and are immediately served with coffee. Nor do the gentlemen, as in England, continue wedded to the bottle, while the ladies withdraw into a separate apartment.

Several of the nobility also receive company every evening in the most easy manner. The parties usually meet about seven. Some sat down to whist, macao, loo, and other games. Some conversed, and others danced. Amid the refreshments tea was handed round no less frequent than in England. At ten, supper was brought in; and the party generally broke up between eleven and twelve. It is no exaggeration to say, that, during our continuance in this city, not one evening passed, but we had it in our power to attend an assembly of this sort ; and if we had always frequented the same, we should always have found the greatest cordiality of reception. From these circumstances there is perhaps no metropolis in Europe, excepting Vienna, which is rendered more agreeable to foreigners than Petersburg.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

PRINCE EUGENE, the celebrated warrior, being about to take leave of the Emperor, previous to setting off for his camp at Futatch, in May, 1717, was told by the Monarch, “ that “ he was resolved to put a generalissimo over “ him, whom he must obey.” The prince was greatly surprised at this unexpected intelligence ; and, after the first emotions were over, ventured to ask the name of the person. On which his Imperial Majesty gave him a crucifix, with this inscription, JESUS CHRISTUS GENERALISSIMUS, set with diamonds.

Prince Eugene received his superior officer with great marks of respect and gratitude, telling the Emperor, that, during the campaign he would make free to place him in his camp-chapel.

BON MOT OF MR. WHISTON.

THE Rev. Mr. Whiston, so well known in the literary world for his writings, being one day in discourse with the late Lord Chief Justice King,

King, who was brought up at Exeter, a rigid dissenter; a debate arose about signing articles, which men do not believe, for the sake of preferment, which the Chief Justice openly justified; "because," said he, "we must not lose our usefulness for scruples." Mr. Whiston, who was quite of an opposite opinion, asked his Lordship, "if in their courts they allowed of prevarication?" He answered, "they did not."—"Then," said Mr. Whiston, "Suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?"

ANECDOTE OF A REMARKABLE SUICIDE WHICH HAPPENED AT LYONS A FEW YEARS AGO.

A YOUNG man, well known in that city, handsome, well made, of an amiable disposition, and very accomplished, fell in love with a young woman, whose parents refused their consent to his proposals of marriage.

The lover, in an agonizing fit, broke a blood vessel. The surgeon declared there was no remedy to stop the bleeding. His mistress found the means of getting an interview with her lover, and presented

presented him with a brace of pistols and two poignards, that in case the former should fail, the latter might certainly dispatch them.

They embraced each other tenderly, for the last time. The triggers of both the pistols were fastened to rose-coloured ribands. The lover took hold of the riband of that pistol, which was designed to dispatch his mistress,—and she held that designed for her lover. At a signal agreed upon, they both fired at the same time,—and both instantly fell down dead.

ANECDOTES OF DR. SWIFT.

THE natural acrimony of Swift's temper was increased by repeated disappointments. This gave a splenetic tincture to his writings; and amidst the duties of private and domestic life, it too frequently appeared to shade the lustre of his more eminent virtues. A presentiment which he had long entertained of that wretchedness, which would inevitably overtake him towards the close of life, by the failure of his intellects, clouded his mind with the most melancholy ideas, and tinged every object around him.

One time, in a journey from Drogheda to Navan, the Dean rode before the company, made a sudden stop, dismounted his horse, fell on his knees, lifted up his hands, and prayed in the most devout manner. When his friends came up, he desired and insisted on their alighting, which they did, and asked him the meaning. "Gentlemen," said he, "pray join your hearts in fervent prayers with mine, that I may never be like this oak tree, which is decayed and withered at top, whilst all the other parts are sound."

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, WITH REGARD TO KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

RELATED BY DR. MOORE.

BY the influence of example, and the pomp which surrounds the idol, I have, for some time past, been in danger of being seduced into idolatry; and lately I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonness. We are told, that to draw near to that being, who ought to be the only object of worship, with our lips, while our hearts are far from him, is a mockery.

Such

Such daring and absurd hypocrisy I shall always avoid. But to have drawn near to *him*, who ought not to be an object of worship, with the lips only, while the heart continued at a distance, I hope will be considered as no more than a venial transgression. In short, I trust, that it will not be looked on as a mortal sin in Protestants to have kissed the Pope's toe. If it should, some of your friends are in a deplorable way, as you shall hear. It is usual for strangers to be presented to his Holiness, before they leave Rome. The D—— of H——, Mr. K, and myself, have all been at the Vatican together, upon that important business. Your young acquaintance Jack, who, having now got a commission in the army, considers himself no longer as a boy, desired to accompany us. We went under the auspices of a certain ecclesiastic, who usually attends the English on such occasions.

He very naturally concluded, that it would be most agreeable to us to have the circumstance of kissing the slipper dispensed with. Having had some conversation, therefore, with his Holiness, in his own apartment, while we remained in another room, previous to our introduction, he afterwards returned, and informed us, that the Pontiff, indulgent to the prejudices of the British nation, did not insist on that part of the ceremoni-

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al, and therefore a very low bow, on our being presented, was all that would be required of us.

“ A bow !” cried the D—— of H—— ;
 “ I should not have given myself any trouble
 “ about the matter, had I suspected that all was
 “ to end in a bow. I look on kissing the toe
 “ as the only amusing circumstance of the whole.
 “ If that is to be omitted, I will not be introduced
 “ at all. For if the most ludicrous part is left
 “ out, who would wait for the rest of a farce ?”

This was a thunderstroke to our negociators, who expected thanks, at least, for the honourable terms he had obtained ; but who, on the contrary, found himself in the same disagreeable predicament with other negociators, who have met with abuse and reproach, from their countrymen, on account of treaties for which they expected universal applause.

The D—— of H—— knew nothing of the treaty which our introducer had just concluded, otherwise he would certainly have prevented the negociation. As I perceived, however, that our ambassador was mortified with the thoughts, that all his labour should prove abortive, I said, that, although he had prevailed with his Holiness to wave that part of the ceremonial, which his Grace thought so entertaining, yet it would unquestionably

questionably be still more agreeable to him that the whole should be performed to its utmost extent. This new arrangement, therefore, needed not be an obstruction to our being presented.

The countenance of our conductor brightened up at this proposal. He immediately ushered us into the presence of the supreme Pontiff. We all bowed to the ground. The supplest of the company had the happiness to touch the sacred slipper, with their lips, and the least agile were within a few inches of that honour. As this was more than had been bargained for, his Holiness seemed agreeably surprized, raised the D—— with a smiling countenance, and conversed with him in an obliging manner, asking the common questions, How long he had been in Italy ? Whether he found Rome agreeable ? When he intended to set out for Naples ?—He said something of the same kind to each of the company ; and, after about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, we took our leave.

Next day his Holiness sent his compliments to the D——, with a present of two medals, one of gold, and the other of silver ; on both of which the head of the Pontiff is very accurately engraved.

ANECDOTES OF HIS LATE PRUSSIAN MAJESTY'S ADMIRABLE PENETRA- TION.

I. **D**URING the course of the war when the King was in Silesia, the valet-de-chambre, in whom he placed the greatest confidence, was engaged, probably by a great reward, to poison him. The King who was a physiognomist, perceiving one day that the valet trembled as he brought him his chocolate, looked stedfastly at him, and said, "I know that you have been bribed to poison me." The man denied the fact; but the chocolate being given to a dog, killed him in two hours. The King was master enough of himself to check his resentment, and having obliged the unfaithful servant to discover to him the person who had seduced him, and the means which had been employed, he sent the valet to Spandau, from whence he was set free a few years ago.

II. A Silesian nobleman, in whom the King had placed a certain degree of confidence, formed the design of delivering him up to the Austrians, at a certain day and hour agreed upon with their General; and the design was to be executed when the King went out to reconnoitre, escorted

escorted only by a few hunters, as was generally the case. The Baron's accomplice was the curate of the village where the King lodged, who informed the Austrian posts of what passed. One day, when the King had rode out to reconnoitre, a hunter belonging to the Baron threw himself at his feet, and gave him a letter, which he had been ordered to carry to the curate, saying, "Sire, I believe this letter contains something of consequence to your Majesty." The King perceiving in the letter evident marks of the treasonable plot, and having learned on examination, that there was really an ambuscade in a place where he was to pass, sent a detachment of cavalry to seize upon the Baron. As the officer, who commanded the detachment, knew nothing of the reasons of this arrest, and the artful Baron appeared to receive the King's order with tranquillity and good humour, and acted his part with dexterity and ease, the officer allowed his prisoner to retire for a moment to another apartment, which facilitated his escape, as there was a window open, and a horse ready to receive him. When the officer on his return without the prisoner, acquainted the King with the ill success of his commission, the latter did no more than say to him coldly ; "Return to your corps—you're a clumsy fellow—" "I'll employ you no more on such an occasion."

ANECDOTES RELATING TO THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK III. one of the greatest men that ever filled a throne, governed without ministers ; for those who, under him, bore that name, did no more than copy and dispatch his orders. Every object of military and political government ; every thing that related to finances, legislation, and commerce, was subject to his sole direction and impulse. As he was a great captain, a statesman, a philosopher, a poet, and author, he possessed all the qualities that lead to honour and power. Bold in his plans, which always succeeded, because they were formed with wisdom, and executed with dexterity,—superior in the open field,—admirable in the choice of his posts and his order of battle,—rapid and accurate in his judgment,—valiant even to excess,—adored by his soldiers,—dreaded by his officers,—and sure of the discipline and regularity of his troops,—he availed himself of the celerity of their manœuvres, to venture upon sudden and unexpected movements.

It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that this prince was neither famous for conducting sieges, nor for defending fortifications. The branch
of

of the art of war, called offensive, was that in which he truly excelled. It was analogous to his character and genius.

Though cautious in forming his plans, he was almost rash in the execution. His great object and passion was to crush opposition at one stroke. He was too sanguine in reaping the advantages of victory.

When repulsed, he repaired his loss with an amazing celerity ; for all his measures were the effects of a plan laid before-hand, to provide for all contingencies.

Frederick spoke all the modern languages with elegance and grace. He was learned in almost all the sciences. He was free from all prejudice,—appreciated a man by what he was, and not by what he believed,—believing himself, little or nothing.

Magnificent on certain occasions, parsimonious from principle, he rewarded nobly, but rarely; and had the happy art of securing the zeal and attachment of those whose services he stood in need of, not so much by lavishing favours upon them, as by keeping them in the expectation of a recompence.

His person was not graceful, though there was something majestic in his air. His constitution was strong ; and from his earliest youth he had

been accustomed to hard labour, both of body and mind. Though short-sighted, his eyes were full of vivacity and fire. His dress was plain. He always wore his uniform, which was often old and dirty. When he was on horse-back, he had a martial look; and it was easy, even through the negligence of his apparel, to distinguish the warrior.

His private life was remarkable for its uniformity. He rose always at four in the summer, and five in winter. He was dressed in two minutes. He always slept without a night-cap, and neither used a night-gown nor slippers. As soon as he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of guards brought him a written list of all the persons that were arrived at, or had set out from Potsdam, and of every thing that had passed in the garrison; after which the Monarch shut himself up in his cabinet, and applied to business alone, till seven, when he passed into another apartment. Here he found his chocolate ready, and all the letters that had been addressed to him, the day before, from Berlin, Potsdam, and his interior dominions. The foreign letters and dispatches were arranged apart on another table. He read them all,—wrote hints or notes on the margin of those that were to be answered by his Secretaries,—carried with him such as he designed to answer himself,—and returned to his cabinet,

binet, where he did business with a particular Secretary till nine o'clock. He then received the accounts and dispatches of his three Secretaries, and read and signed the letters they had drawn up.

At ten o'clock, the Generals that were about his person, were called successively into his cabinet, where he talked with them politics, tactics, &c. and received those to whom an audience had been previously granted.

At eleven, he rode out on horse-back, to take the air ; and three days of the week he went, at that hour, to the parade: he reviewed the troops, made them go through their exercise, and perform the necessary manœuvres.

When the King did not exercise his troops, he went on horse-back, or on foot, through the streets of Potsdam, accompanied by a single page and an adjutant;—he visited the buildings that were carrying on by his order ;—he returned afterwards to Sans-souci, where he found his generals, and those whom he had invited to table,—he walked with them, till one o'clock, in the garden, when the weather was good ; and in the great gallery, when it rained.

The dinner consisted of eight dishes (the soup and bouilli not included) which were brought in one by one.

It

It was generally the King who carved, and served the company. Of the eight dishes, four were dressed in the French manner, two in the Italian, and two particularly to the King's taste. They were all succulent and nice ; and no wonder, for each dish was dressed by a seperate cook, who had his kitchen apart. Hence the king's table though not magnificent, was very expensive.

The desert consisted chiefly of sweet meats and fruit; which latter article was provided with peculiar care, as the fruits of all countries, and all seasons appeared at the King's table ; and the royal gardens contributed richly to this part of the repast.

His majesty dined plentifully, and made the pleasure last a good while. He drank at table a bottle of burgundy, and some glasses of champagne. He sat at table till half an hour after three ; and, during the desert, he conversed and joked with his generals.

None were admitted to the King's table but generals, colonels, and some persons whom his Majesty liked particularly. Strangers were never admitted, except on court-days, which happened rarely ; and never at Sans-fouci, which was the King's ordinary residence.

After

After dinner, he withdrew into a cabinet, where coffee was served, and where he found the persons who came thither by special orders, without which, no mortal, not even his own ministers, approached that mansion.

At five o'clock, he dismissed all the company, and retired into a cabinet, where his Privy-counsellors brought his Majesty their answers to letters and dispatches, which he read and signed. The answers were sent off at six o'clock, and all was transacted with such order and expedition, that the person who wrote to the King, and put his letters into the proper office, was sure to have an answer in four and twenty hours.

At six, all business was finished; and his Majesty softened with music the cares of the empire, till seven. In summer he walked with the generals till eight, and then bid them a good night.

The king neither played nor hunted. His hours, after the concert in winter, were employed in hearing the new productions of literature read to him:—he even sometimes took the book out of the hand of his reader, and read aloud for half an hour.

After this he retired to his bed-chamber, where one of his cooks (for he had no master of his household, nor steward at Sans-souci) brought him the bill of fare for the next day, with the price of each

each dish, nay even of its ingredients, marked on the margin.

The King altered what he disliked, ordered something else instead of the rejected dish, exclaimed against the roguery of his cooks, and always concluded by paying the account as it stood.

He behaved in the same way with all the accounts relative to his household, stables, kitchen, liveries, &c. which were presented to him, and cleared monthly. When he saw them swelled beyond measure, he scolded like a fury, and paid like a prince.

After all these domestic affairs were finished, he went to bed, and joked a little with Quintus Icilius, who talked him to sleep.

The king had never any of the great officers of the crown about his person, nor even his chamberlaine. Two pages, two horsemen of the corps, called *chasseurs de cheval*, four of the light hunters (*petits chasseurs*), four footmen, and two chamber hussars, composed his whole household. When he rode out, he had with him only a page, a hunter, and a groom, with a led horse. He had neither coach nor carriage at *Sans-souci*. He went always on horse-back, except in long journies.

A VERY

A VERY CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

THE Princess of Prussia, having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stetin, the place of her residence, the custom-house officer rudely arrested them, until the duties should be paid. The Princess, incensed, let him know that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the silks for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princess, she flew at him, seized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciseman, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The King having read the memorial, answered it as follows:

“The loss of the duties belongs to my account. The silks are to remain in the possession of the Princess.”—The cuffs with him that received them.—As to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the request of the complainant:—but it is of itself null;—for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a custom-house officer.”

(Signed)

FREDERICK.

Berlin Nov. 30, 1778.

AME-

A MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN of narrow circumstances, whose health was on the decline, finding that an ingenious physician occasionally dropped into a coffee-house that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himself *vis-à-vis* the doctor, in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the doctor's attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: "Doctor," said he, "I have, for a long time, been very far from being well, and as I belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I should be glad to remove them."—The doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded:—"I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly;—I have a strange swimming in my head, &c." In short, after giving the doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question:—"Pray, doctor, what shall I take?" The doctor, in the act of resuming his newspaper, gave him the

the following laconic prescription:—"Take;
" why, take advice!"

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, CONGREVE, BISHOP LATIMER, AND OTHERS.

I. **T**OBACCO was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took of smoaking it privately, he did not intend it should be copied. But sitting one day, in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertantly called to his man to bring him a tankard of small-beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, "Fire! Help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose!"

II. When Congreve was asked by a court-lady, why, in his comedies, he made so free with the sex? "Because," said the bard, "I draw my characters from *nature*."

III. Dr. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raised to the bishoprick of Worcester

tester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the King of a purse of gold, on New-year's day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering ; but, instead of a purse of gold, he presented the King with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, " Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

IV. Two persons of Naples having neglected to send for their portraits, which had been painted by Sucas Giardano, this artist resolved to expose them to the public, with this inscription: " I am here through want of money." By this scheme he soon got his money.

V. In England, as the title of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessors, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German Baron, in derision once observed to a French Marquis, that the title of Marquis was very common in France: " I," added he, laughing, " have a Marquis in my kitchen."—" And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted, " have a German Baron in my stable." This
repartee

repartee was particularly happy ; it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country, as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson too, against the folly, as well as rudeness of all national reflections.

VI. Pigalle, the celebrated artist, who had laid by twelve louis d'or for his journey from Lyons to Paris, seeing one day a man, who was walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, boldly accosted him, and asked him, if he could any way relieve him ?—" Ah, Sir !" exclaimed the stranger, " for want of ten Louis, " I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon, " and be separated from a tender wife and numerous family."—" Is that all ?" replied the humane artist : " Come along with me ; I have " twelve of them in my trunk, and they are all " at your service." A friend, who met him by chance next day, asked him whether he had relieved the distresses of a poor man, as was publicly reported at Lyons : " Ah, mon ami," said Pigalle, " what a delicious supper did I make " last night, upon bread and cheese, with a family who blessed me at every mouthful they " ate, which was moistened with the tears of " gratitude."

VII. Mr. Godea used to say,—“ that the paradise of an author was to compose,—his purgatory

“gatory, to read over and polish his compositions,
 “and his hell, to correct the printer’s proofs.”

VIII. The Princess Margaret of Savoy, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy who governed the Low Countries for some time during the reign of her nephew, Charles the Fifth, was not only the protectress of learning in her time, but distinguished by the elegance of her own genius. In her tender years she was betrothed to Charles VIII. King of France; but that Prince having forsaken her for Anne of Bretagne, she was next betrothed to the Prince of Spain. In her voyage from the Low Countries to Spain, a sudden tempest arising, the ship in which she sailed was in danger of being wrecked. In that moment of terror and danger the Princess composed the following epitaph for herself, in the old French of that time:

“Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,

“Qu’eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.”

“Under this tomb is high-born Marg’ret laid,

“Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.”

ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED BEAUTY ; WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A GREAT CURIOSITY IN A SICILIAN CONVENT.

RELATED BY MR. BRYDONE.

AT Bologna they shewed us the skeleton of a celebrated beauty, who died at a period of life when she was still the object of universal admiration. By way of making an attonement for her own vanity, she bequeathed herself as a monument, to curb the vanity of others. Recollecting, on her death-bed, the great adulation that had been paid to her charms, and the fatal change they were soon to undergo, she ordered that her body should be dissected, and her bones hung up for the inspection of all young maidens who are inclined to be vain of their beauty.

Our late visit to the famous convent of Capuchins, about a mile without the city of Palermo, brought this anecdote to my remembrance. It contains nothing very remarkable but the burial-place, which indeed is a great curiosity. This is a vast subterraneous apartment, divided into large commodious galleries, the wall on each side of which are hollowed into a variety of niches, as if intended

intended for a great collection of statues. These niches, instead of statues, are all filled with dead bodies, set upright upon their legs, and fixed by the back to the inside of the nich. Their number is about three hundred. They are all dressed in the clothes they usually wore, and form a most respectable and venerable assembly. The skin and muscles, by a certain preparation, become as dry and hard as a piece of stock-fish ; and although many of them have been here upwards of 250 years, yet none are reduced to skeletons. The muscles, indeed, in some appear to be a good deal more shrunk than in other's ; probably because these persons had been more extenuated at the time of their death.

Here the people of Palermo pay daily visits to their deceased friends, and recall with pleasure and regret the scenes of their past life. Here they familiarize themselves with their future state, and chuse the company they would wish to keep in the other world. It is a common thing to make choice of their nich, and to try if their body fits it, that no alteration may be necessary after they are dead ; and sometimes, by way of a voluntary penance, they accustom themselves to stand for hours in these niches.

The bodies of the princes and first nobility are lodged in handsome chests or trunks, some of them
richly

richly adorned. These are not in the shape of coffins, but all of one width, and about a foot and a half, or two feet deep. The keys are kept by the nearest relations of the family, who sometimes come and drop a tear over their departed friends.

I am not sure if this is not a better method of disposing of the dead than ours. These visits must prove admirable lessons of humility ; and I assure you they are not such objects of terror as you would imagine. They are said, even for ages after death, to retain a strong likeness to what they were when alive ; so that as soon as you have conquered the first feeling excited by these venerable figures, you only consider this as a vast gallery of original portraits, drawn after the life, by the justest and most unprejudiced hand. It must be owned that the colours are rather faded ; and the pencil does not appear to have been the most flattering in the world. But no matter, it is the pencil of truth, and not of a mercenary, who only wants to please.

We were alleging too, that it might be made of very considerable utility to society ; and that these dumb orators could give the most pathetic lectures upon pride and vanity. Whenever a fellow began to strut, or affect the haughty supercilious

cilious air, he should be sent to converse with his friends in the gallery ; and if their arguments did not bring him to a proper way of thinking, I would give him up as incorrigible.

If the lady abovementioned had been preserved in this moral gallery, the lesson would have been stronger ; for those very features that had raised her vanity would still have remained, only divested of all their power, and disarmed of every charm.

Some of the Capuchins sleep in these galleries every night, and pretend to have many wonderful visions and revelations ; but the truth is, that very few people believe them.

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

RELATED BY MRS. PIOZZI.

I. **D**R. JOHNSON did not much delight in that kind of conversation, which consists in telling stories. He was, however, no enemy to that sort of talk from the famous Mr. Foot, whose happiness of manner in relating was such, he said, “ as subdued arrogance and roused stupidity ;

“pidity : His stories were truly like those of Biron in Love’s Labour Lost, so very attractive,

“ That aged ears play’d truant with his tales,
 “ And younger hearers were quite ravish’d ;
 “ So sweet and voluble was his discourse.”

II. Speaking of slight insults from newspaper abuse, “ They sting one,” said Dr. Johnson ; “ but as a fly stings a horse ; and the eagle will not catch flies.” He once told me, however, that Cummysns, the famous Quaker, whose friendship he valued very highly, fell a sacrifice to their insults, having declared on his death-bed to Dr. Johnson, that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in some of the common prints of the day, fastened on his heart, and threw him into a slow fever, of which he died.

III. The Doctor, as he was a very talking man himself, had an idea that nothing promoted happiness so much as conversation. A friend’s erudition was commended one day as equally deep and strong. “ He will not talk, Sir,” was the reply, “ so his learning does no good ; and his wit, if he has it, gives us no pleasure. Out of all his boasted stores, I never heard him force but one word, and that word was *Richard*.”

With a contempt not inferior, he received the praises of a pretty lady’s face and behaviour :—

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“ She

“ She says nothing, Sir,” answered Johnson :—
 “ a talking black-a-moor were better than a
 “ white creature who adds nothing to life ; and
 “ by sitting down before one thus desperately fi-
 “ lent, takes away the confidence one should have
 “ in the company of her chair, if she were once
 “ out of it.”

No one was, however, less willing to begin any discourse than himself. His friend Mr. Thomas Tyers, said, he was like the ghosts, who never speak till they are spoken to ; and he liked the expression so well, that he often repeated it. He had indeed no necessity to lead the stream of chat to a favourite channel, that his fullness on the subject might be shewn more clearly. He usually left the choice to others. Whatever was the topic, his information best enlightened, his argument strengthened, and his wit made it ever remembered. Of him it might have been said, as he often delighted to say of Edmund Burke, “ That you could not stand five minutes with
 “ that man beneath a shed while it rained, but
 “ you must be convinced you had been standing
 “ with the greatest man you had ever seen.”

IV. I should as much have expected injustice from Socrates, or impiety from Paschal, as the slightest deviation from truth and goodness, in any transaction one might be engaged in with Samuel Johnson.

Johnson. His attention to veracity was without equal or example; and when I mentioned Clarissa as a perfect character; "On the contrary," said he, "you may observe there is always something which she prefers to truth." Fielding's *Ame- lia*, in his opinion, was the most pleasing heroine of all the romances.

V. The general and constant advice he gave, when consulted about the choice of a wife, a profession, or whatever influence a man's particular and immediate happiness, was always to reject no positive good from fears of its contrary consequences. "Do not," said he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find such, out of a confidence that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity, for fear of the expences or other damages of elegance and personal charms, which have been always acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should be always given some weighty compensation. I have however (continued Dr. Johnson) seen some prudent fellows, who forbore to connect themselves with beauty, lest coquetry should be near; and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and chuse

“ to count the moments by remembrance of pain
 “ instead of enjoyment of pleasure.”

VI. When professions were talked of, “ Scorn,”
 said he, “ to put your behaviour under the domi-
 “ nion of canters. Never think it clever to call
 “ physick a mean study, or law a dry one ; or ask
 “ a baby of seven years old which way *his genius*
 “ leads him, when we all know that a boy of se-
 “ ven years old has no *genius* for any thing, ex-
 “ cept a peg-top and an apple-pye. But fix on
 “ some business where much money may be got
 “ and little virtue risked. Follow that business
 “ steadily, and do not live as Roger Ascham says
 “ the wits do—*Men know not how ; and at last die*
 “ *obscurely, men mark not where.*”

VII. Speaking of books, he once observed, that
 there were few books of which one ever can possi-
 bly arrive at the *last* page ; and that there never was
 any thing written by mere man, that was wished
longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Ro-
 binson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress. After
 Homer's Iliad, he confessed that the work of Cer-
 vantes was the greatest in the world, speaking of
 it, I mean, as a book of entertainment ; and
 when we consider that every other author's ad-
 mirers are confined to his countrymen, and per-
 haps to the literary classes among them, while
 Don Quixote is a sort of common property, an
 universal

sal classic, equally tasted by the court and the cottage, equally applauded in France and England, as in Spain, quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age from infancy to decrepitude ;—the first book you see on every shelf, in every shop where books are sold, through all the states of Italy ;—who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all other modern writers ? Shakespeare himself has till lately, been worshipped only at home, though his plays are now the favourite amusements of Vienna ; and when I was at Padua some months ago, *Romeo and Juliet* was acted there under the name of *Tragedia Veronese* ; while engravers and translators live by the hero of *La Mancha* in every nation, and the sides of miserable inns all over England and France, and Germany too, are adorned with the exploits of *Don Quixote*. May his celebrity procure my pardon for a digression in praise of a writer, who, through four volumes of the most exquisite pleasantry and genuine humour, has never been seduced to overstep the limits of propriety—has never called in the wretched auxiliaries of obscenity of profaneness,—who trust to nature and sentiment alone, and never misses of that applause which *Voltaire* and *Sterne* labour to produce, while honest merriment bestows her unfading crown upon *Cervantes*.

VIII. Dr. Johnson, being asked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, said, "The fauce to every thing was the benevolence of the inhabitants, which cannot be too much commended: I love the people better than their country."

IX. Of Pope, as a writer, he had the highest opinion, and once when a lady at our house talked of his preface to Shakespeare as superior to Pope's:—"I fear not, Madam," said he; "the little fellow has done wonders."

X. Somebody was praising Corneille one day in opposition to Shakespeare.—"Corneille is to Shakespeare," replied he, "as a clipped hedge is to a forest."

XI. When we talked of Steel's Essays;—"They are too thin," says our critic, "for an Englishman's taste;—more superficial observations on life and manners, without erudition enough to make them keep, like the light French wines, which turn sour with standing awhile for want of *body*, as we call it."

XII. The settled aversion Dr. Johnson felt towards an infidel, he expressed to all ranks, and at all times, without the smallest reserve:—For though on common occasions he paid great deference to birth or title, yet his regard for truth and virtue never gave way to meaner considerations.

We

We talked of a dead wit one evening, and somebody praised him:—"Let us never," said he, "praise talents so ill employed, Sir. We foul our mouths by commending such infidels." Allow him the *lumières* at least, intreated one of the company:—"I do allow him, Sir," replied Johnson, "just enough to light him to hell."

XIII. Dr. Johnson made Goldsmith a comical answer one day, when seeming to repine at the success of Beattie's Essay on Truth.—"Here's such a stir," said he, "about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah, Doctor," says his friend, "there go two-and-forty sixpences you know to one guinea."

XIV. When Dr. Johnson had a mind to compliment any one, he did it with more dignity to himself, and better effect upon the company, than any man. I can recollect but few instances indeed, though perhaps that may be more my fault than his. When Sir Joshua Reynolds left the room one day, he said, "There goes a man not to be spoiled by prosperity." And when Mrs. Montague shewed him some china plates, which had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "they had no reason to be ashamed of their present possessor, who was so little inferior to the first."

XV. As we had been saying one day that no subject failed of receiving dignity from the manner in which the Doctor treated it, a lady at my house said, she would make him talk about love; and took her measures accordingly, deriding the novels of the day because they treated about love. —“ It is not,” replied our philosopher, “ because
 “ they treat, as you call it, about love, but be-
 “ cause they treat of nothing, that they are despi-
 “ cable. We must not ridicule a passion, which
 “ he who never felt never was happy, and he who
 “ laughs at never deserves to feel—a passion
 “ which has caused the change of empires, and
 “ the loss of worlds—a passion which has inspir-
 “ ed heroism, and subdued avarice.”

XVI. Dr. Johnson was liberal enough in granting literary assistance to others, and innumerable are the prefaces, sermons, lectures, and dedications, which he used to make for people who begged of him. Mr. Murphy related in his and my hearing one day, and he did not deny it, that when Murphy joked him the week before for having been so diligent of late between Dod’s sermon and Kelly’s prologue, that Dr. Johnson replied—“ Why Sir, when they come to me with a
 “ dead stay-maker and a dying parson, what can
 “ a man do ?” He said, however, “ that he hated
 “ to give away literary performance, or even to
 “ sell

“ sell them too cheaply. The next generation
 “ shall not accuse me,” added he, “ of beating
 “ down the price of literature. One hates, be-
 “ sides ever to give that which one has been ac-
 “ customed to sell. Would not you, Sir, turn-
 “ ing to Mr. Thrale, rather give away money
 “ than porter ?”

AN ODE WRITTEN IN SKY, BY DOCTOR
 JOHNSON.

PERMEO terras, ubi nuda rupes
 Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
 Torva ubi rident steriles Coloni

Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
 Vita uhi nullo decorata cultu
 Squallet informis, tugurique fumis

Fœda latefcit.

Inter erroris salebrofa longi,
 Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
 Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro,

Thralia dulcis.

Seu viri curas, pia nupta, mulcet,
 Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
 Sive cum libris novitate pascit

Sedula mentem;

Sit memor nostri, fideique merces
 Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
 Thraliæ discant resonare nomen

Littora Skiæ.

Scriptum in Skiâ, Sept. 6, 1773 :

The following elegant translation of this Ode was written by the learned Miss Knight, and presented by her to Mrs. Thrale, who is happy in an opportunity of giving this small specimen of her very extensive attainments and abilities.

O'ER stony lands, where naked rocks,
The marks of nature's fearful shocks
In misty clouds appear;
Through dismal fields, whose barren soil
Derides the swain's laborious toil,
My wandering steps I bear.

Through nations wild, a hardy race,
Where life no cultivated grace,
No elegance can know;
But shrinks abash'd from human eyes,
And in the smoaky hovel lies,
Through scenes like these I go.

Amidst unknown and barb'rous speech,
While wand'ring o'er this distant beach,
In all my wat'ry way;
How think'st thou of thy absent friend?
How dost thou? whither dost thou tend?
My gentle Thralia, say.

If, pious wife, thy husband's cares
Thou softly sooth; or infant heirs
Watch o'er as mother kind;
Or, 'mid the charms of letter'd lore
Thou add new treasures to thy store,
And feed thy active mind;

Remember

Remember me, thy friendship guard,
 Of constant friendship due reward,
 Howe'er on distant ground ;
 Ah ! let thy faith be still the same,
 And justly Thralia's pleasing name
 Shall Skia's shores resound.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT PERSON- AGES ; WITH OTHER CURIOUS IN- FORMATION.

IN A LETTER FROM MR. SHERLOCK TO A
 GENTLEMAN AT PARIS.

BUT why will you not come to London ? I am anxious to repay you the civilities you shewed me at Paris. You hate England, but you love the English. I love France as little as you do England ; but, I assure you, I most sincerely esteem a number of your countrymen ; and none of them more sincerely than yourself. You will not come, you say, till the peace is made. I hope, for *your* sake, we shall beat you ; for, if we do, you will be better received.

As *Le Roi* is the grand idea that fills your mind at home, so I take it for granted, our King is the first object that will engage your attention here.

I think

I think I can tell pretty nearly what you will say of him on your return, as well as of our capital. You will let me know after if I have guessed right.

You will say then, that he represents majesty better than any sovereign you have seen, except the Pope. Thus far only you can judge for yourself. The rest of your judgments must be collected from the opinions of the different classes of his subjects. The people here don't flatter; but always give their "worst of thoughts the worst of words." You may trust their account of him implicitly: and it is indeed a very flattering account for him. They will tell you that he has all manner of good qualities, and no bad ones; that he is humane and pious; that he loves his Queen, his children and his people; that he is very benevolent, and never did nor said an ill-natured thing; to which they add, that he has no capricious expences, and that he is very temperate in his manner of living. Thus far the people. Men of letters and artists praise him, because he encourages genius, and rewards with royal munificence, every species of superior merit. Persons of rank, who see him nearer, say, that his manners are obliging; his understanding, solid; his taste, good; and that he is possessed of a very extensive knowledge.

To

To all this, they add but one shade ; they say he is obstinate. Obstinaey, in the language of courtiers, you know, is steadiness. Where one ends, and the other begins, is not perhaps so easy to determine. The excess of a virtue is generally a fault ; and as the people, who have nothing to hope or fear, and who really love the King, say he is obstinate, you will probably be rather inclined to believe them than the courtiers.

Upon the whole, you will find him a great and amiable Prince ; and you will regret, as I did, that he had not a friend in the No-Popery mob to burn St. James's Palace * ; for he is, without exception, the worst lodged Sovereign in Europe.

After *le Roi*, you will no doubt think of *la Reine*. Our Queen is neither a wit nor a beauty. She is prudent, well informed, has an excellent understanding, and is very charitable. I spent three months in the country where she was born ; and the people there have quick conceptions, and are well-natured. Her majesty has an elegant person, good eyes, good teeth, a Cleopatra nose, and fine hair. The expression of her countenance is pleasing and interesting ; it is full of sense and good temper. She loves domestic pleasures ;

* It is doing great violence to language to call this building a palace. It looks like the offices to Marlborough palace.

is fonder of diamonds than the Queen of France ; as fond of snuff as the King of Prussia ; is extremely affable, very pious, and is praised by all the world at home and abroad.

If you had never seen any capital but Paris, London would appear to you a most magnificent city. Its streets, squares, &c. are infinitely superior to yours. But as you have seen all the great towns of Holland, Germany, and Italy, I do not think London will make many violent impressions on you. It is larger, better lighted, and more convenient for foot-passengers, than any city you have seen ; but the ideas which I think will strike you most, are the goodness of the horses, the richness of the shops, and the shapes, skins, and complexions of the women.

However, if London be superior to Paris in the *ensemble*, it is not so in the detail. You will in vain look here for 500 palaces ; you will not find fifty. You will go to our opera, and you will expect pleasures equal to those you feel at your own. You will be disappointed again. The opera of London is inferior to that of Paris in every respect, except in singing. You will seek a walk as agreeable as the grand allée of the *Palais Royal*, and a garden as *splendid* as that of the *Thuilleries*. You will find neither. Our park is neither a pleasing nor an interesting walk, and is extremely disagreeable

agreeable to the feet. You must not, however, say that here ; for we are proud of our park. As I know you are sincere, and never speak but what you think, when any one asks you how you like the park, tell them, Richmond is charming.

The London theatres will not enchant you, unless you stay long enough to know our language better than Voltaire did. If you come to understand it well enough to acquire once a relish for Shakespeare, you will think no more of Racine after, than you will of St. Paul's church, after seeing St. Peter's at Rome. It will be eating a peach, after a pine-apple. But if you are not charmed with St. Paul's church, you will with the Pantheon. It is the noblest and finest room in Europe. See it filled, and you will have an idea of the splendor and opulence of the people of this town. When we were at Rome together, you remember there were one night at the masquerade, near the end of the carnival, twelve hundred people, who paid eighteen-pence for entrance ; and the Romans talked of it as a mighty matter. The keeper of this room told me, there were one night at a masquerade eighteen hundred persons who gave two guineas a piece for their tickets.

Westminster-abbey will make no great effect on you. You have better Gothic buildings in France. You have also better sculpture than any
it

it contains. But there is not, either in France, or in any other part of the world, a repository of the dead that will interest you so much. It is the Elysian fields of England, where every class of distinguished excellence has its portion allotted to it. Patriots and warriors, philosophers and princes, Garricks and Shakespeares, have each of them their place. They seem to stop the traveller and say ; “ Admire a grateful country, “ which honoured us when living, and which respects our memory when dead*.” O talents ! “ blessed is your lot in every quarter of the globe ; in England it is glorious as well as happy.

The guards will please you even after those of Potsdam. There are a great many handsome men amongst them ; and they go through their exercise with as much regularity as the Prussian troops, though not near with so much quickness.

But of all the impressions that will be made on you, I believe the strongest will be from a very common circumstance which you will meet frequently in our streets. We have here vocal performers, as you have, who sing verses to the croud. You will hear them, in those songs, mention the names of the first persons in the ministry,

* How different is the language of Scipio's tomb at *Torre di Patria* :—

“ *Ingrata patria, ne quidem ossa habebis.*”

and

and load them with the most opprobrious language you can imagine. I bought yesterday one of these compositions ; and if a man of rank at Paris had said *indirectly* half as much against one of your ministers in any company, he would sleep that night in the bastile. The indecency of this will shock you ; but I know no country where there are so many shameful violations of public-decency to be met with as in this*.

In my next, I shall give you some account of our first-rate geniuses, wits, and beauties, and a short history of the present state of arts, letters, and manners amongst us. *Vale, hostium dilectissime.*

A MARVELOUS ANECDOTE.

ON the 25th of October 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the right Honourable Edward Russel's house, when he was captain-general and commander in chief of his Majesty's

* To attempt to keep a large city free from vice, would be ridiculous ; because it is ridiculous to attempt impossibilities. But a tolerable decency of manners ought to be expected ; because we see it is practicable, and to be met with to a certain degree every where else.

forces

forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over-head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheads of brandy,—eight hogsheads of water,—25,000 lemons,—twenty gallons of lime-juice,—thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs,—300 toasted biscuits,—and, lastly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat; wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and in all probability, more than 6000 men drank thereof.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

MR. Gray, the elegant author of the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London, before his promotion to Modern History in the University of Cambridge, and when his circumstances

stances were so cramp't that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large. Amongst the rest there was a very elegant book-case, filled with an excellently chosen collection of the best editions of the French classics, handsomely bound, the price one hundred guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the Duchess of Northumberland, who knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was. She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, she bought the book-case and its contents, and sent it to Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing, that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgment for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*—of all others her favourite poem.

BON MOT OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

A Young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them
upon

upon the circumstance. At last one of them rather impertinently put the question to him, "How he managed to have such good luck?" "Why, madam," says the other, "I knew they could not *live* without contradiction, therefore "I let them go their own way."

ANECDOTES OF A BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

DR. HOUGH, Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his Lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, which the Bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear Sir," says the Bishop smiling, "I think "it is rather a lucky omen:—we have hitherto
" had

“ had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall
 “ have some rain ; for I protest I do not remem-
 “ ber ever to have seen the glass so low in my
 “ life.”

BON MOT OF THE LATE LORD WALDEGRAVE.

SOME time after the late Lord Waldegrave
 abjured the catholic religion, he was sent
 ambassador to France, where he resided several
 years. Being one day at an entertainment where
 his cousin the Duke of Berwick, and many other
 noblemen, were present, the Duke wanting to
 mortify him on the score of religion, asked his
 Lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the
Ministers of the gospel, had the greatest share
 in his conversation ?—“ I am astonished, my lord
 “ Duke,” says Waldegrave, “ how you can ask
 “ me such a question ! do not you know, that
 “ when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion,
 “ I left off confession.”

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF MR. WHISTON.

THE late King being very fond of Mr. Whiston, celebrated for his various strictures on religion, happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton Court gardens, during the heat of his persecution. As they were talking upon this subject, his Majesty observed, "That how-ever right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself." "is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man.—"I really am," replied the King.—"Why then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your Majesty have been at this time?"

REPARTEE OF FOOTE.

SEVERAL years ago, Dr. Arne produced an operetta at Covent-garden theatre, called *The Rose*, which, though there were many scriptural allusions in it, was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance, what

what he really thought of it.—“ Why, abating
 “ the piety of it,” says the wit, “ I must confess
 “ I never saw a piece so justly damned in my
 “ life.”

ANECDOTE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ROCHEFOUCAULT, the French Rochefter of Louis the Fourteenth's court, having offended the King, hired a dung cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his Majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the King's postillions, which occasioned so much noise, that the King put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his Majesty, replied,—“ Nothing at all, Sire, but that *your coachman and mine* have had a fracas together.”

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF A LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

WHEN a certain Nobleman was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, it was hinted to him that the crown would spare him the trouble of looking out for a secretary. His lordship, however, immediately replied, that he had fixed upon one already, an attorney of his acquaintance, whose honour, good sense, and fidelity, he had the greatest assurances of. "Poh, poh! says the officer of the crown, who was speaking to him, all that may be, but then he'll not do for a secretary."—"There you and I differ," says his Lordship ending the conversation, "I know of no place that a man of good sense and integrity is not fit for."

A ROYAL BON MOT.

A CERTAIN Captain, remarkable for his *uncommon height*, being one day in the rooms at Bath, the Princess Amelia saw him, and was surprised with the singularity. Upon enquiry she was told his name and family, and that he had
been

been originally intended *for the church*. “ Rather for the *steeple*,” replied the royal humourist, with her usual complacency.

BON MOT OF DR. JOHNSON TO PROFESSOR SMITH.

PROFESSOR Smith of Glasgow was once enumerating to Dr. Johnson the many fine prospects which were to be seen at Edinburgh and its environs. When he had done Dr. Johnson said, “ I believe you have forgot to mention “ the best prospect of the whole.” “ What is “ that ?” said the professor :—“ The road from “ Edinburgh to London.”

ANECDOTES OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

RELATED BY MR. BRYDONE. A. D. 1776.

AS Malta is an epitome of all Europe, and an assemblage of the younger brothers, who are commonly the best, of its first families, it is one of the best academies for politeness in this part of the globe. Besides, where every one

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is

is entitled by law as well as custom, to demand satisfaction for the least breach of it, people are under a necessity of being very exact and circumspect, both with regard to their words and actions.

All the knights and commanders have much the appearance of gentlemen, and men of the world. We met with no character in extreme. The ridicules and prejudices of every particular nation are by degrees softened and worn off by the familiar intercourse and collision with each other. It is curious to observe the effect it produces upon the various people who compose this little medley. The French skip, the German strut, and the Spanish stalk, are all mingled together in such small proportions, that none of them are striking; yet every one of these nations still retain something of their original characteristic. It is only the exuberance of it that is worn off; and it is still easy to distinguish the inhabitants of the south and north sides of the Pyrenees, as well as those of the east and west side of the Rhine. For though the Parisian has, in a great measure, lost his assuming air, the Spaniard his taciturnity and solemnity, the German his formality and his pride; yet still you see the German, the Frenchman, and the Spaniard. It is only the caricature, that formerly made them ridiculous, that has disappeared.

This

This institution, which is a strong compound of the military and ecclesiastic, has now subsisted for near seven hundred years ; and though, I believe, one of the first born, has long survived every other child of chivalry. It possesses great riches in most Catholic countries of Europe, and did so in England too, before the time of Henry VIII. But that capricious tyrant did not chuse that any institution, however ancient or respected, should remain in his dominions, that had any doubt of his supremacy and infallibility; he therefore seized on all their possessions, at the same time that he enriched himself by the plunder of the church. It was in vain for them to plead that they were rather a military than an ecclesiastic order, and by their valour had been of great service to Europe, in their wars against the infidels. It was not agreeable to his system ever to hear a reason for any thing; and no person could possibly be right, who was capable of supposing the King could be wrong.

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law. As their whole establishment is founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have ever found it too inconsistent with those principles to abolish duelling; but they have laid it under such restrictions as greatly to lessen its danger. These

are curious enough. The duellists are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street of the city; and if any presume to fight any where else, they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, and much more in their favour, they are obliged, under the most severe penalties, to put up their swords, when ordered to do so by a *woman*, a *priest* or a *knight*.

Under these limitations, in the midst of a great city one would imagine it almost impossible that a duel could ever end in blood. However, this is not the case. A cross is always painted on the wall opposite to the spot where a knight has been killed in commemoration of his fall. We counted above twenty of these crosses.

About three months ago, two knights had a dispute at a billiard table. One of them, after giving a great deal of abusive language, added a blow; but, to the astonishment of all Malta, (in whose annals there is not a similar instance,) after so great a provocation, he absolutely refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated and he had time to reflect on the consequences; but still he refused to enter the list. He was condemned to make *amende honorable* in the great church of St. John forty-five days successively; then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years; after which he is to remain

main a prisoner in the castle for life. The unfortunate young man, who received the blow, is likewise in disgrace, as he has not had an opportunity of wiping it out in the blood of his adversary.

This has been looked upon as a very singular affair, and is still one of the principal topics of conversation. The first part of the sentence has already been executed, and the poor wretch is now in his dungeon. Nor is it thought that any abatement will be made in what remains.

If the legislature in other countries punished with equal rigour those that do fight, as it does in this those that do not ; I believe we should soon have an end of duelling. But I should imagine the punishment for fighting ought never to be a capital one, but rather something ignominious ;) and the punishment for not fighting should always be so, or, at least, some severe corporal punishment ; for ignominy will have as little effect on the person who is willing to submit to the appellation of coward, as the fear of death on one who makes it his glory to despise it.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING LORD NORTH.

DURING Lord North's administration, a dispute happened one evening at the *Smyrna*, whether the premier had any honour. A gentleman who had been heartily piqued at a refusal from Lord North, would not allow him any share of it; whilst another as warmly espoused his having in pretensions to every virtue. The subject created much warmth on both sides, and might perhaps have terminated very disagreeably to one or other of the parties, had not one of the company played the mediator, and very archly said,—“There was no doubt of his honour, who had purchased half the honour of the nation.” A general laugh ensued, at which my lord's advocate seemed nettled, and, turning upon his heel, said,—“It was a purchase very easily made.”

ANECDOTE OF LORD HOWE.

DURING the last war with France, Lord Howe was suddenly awakened from his sleep by an officer, who, in haste, told him the
ship

ship was on fire close to the powder-room. His Lordship coolly replies, — “ If it is “ so, Sir, we shall very soon know it.” Some minutes afterwards, the lieutenant returned, and told his Lordship he had no occasion to be *afraid*, for the fire was extinguished. “ *Afraid!*” replied Lord Howe, hastily ;—“ What do you “ mean by that, Sir ? I never was *afraid* in my “ life !”

BON MOT OF DR. BROWN.

THE late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessful ; during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady’s health before that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman, reminded him of it, said, “ Come, Doctor, “ drink the lady, your toast.” The doctor replied, “ I have toasted her for many years, and I can’t “ make her *Brown* ;—so I’ll toast her no longer.”

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT THE NORMAN.

THE following curious anecdote may serve both as a proof and illustration of the wit, politeness, and generosity of the Normans.--When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendor, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and other virtues. Of these, many remarkable examples were related to the Emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view he invited the Duke, and all his nobles, to a feast, in the great hall of the Imperial Palace ; But took care to have all the tables and seats filled with guests before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded to take no notice. When the Duke, followed by his Nobles in their richest dresses, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests ; and that none of them returned his civilities. or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the least appearance of surprise or discomposure, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it ;

in

in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined on such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast was ended, the Duke and his Nobles arose, took leave of the company in the most graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of value, behind them on the floor. The Emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surpris'd at this last part of it; and sent one of his courtiers to entreat the Duke and his followers to put on their cloaks." "Go," said the Duke, "and tell your master, that is not the custom of the Normans to carry about with them the seats which they use at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refusal; or more noble, polite, and manly, than this deportment?

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNON.

WHEN this Nobleman was Ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite dishabille, and with only one servant, when

he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80*l.* a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him, he could pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist.—“I am your man,” says the Duke.—“With all my heart,” says the parson;—“and if you’ll stay and eat pot-luck, I’ll try if I can’t beat you.” The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his family affairs,

—and

—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter ; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet :

“ The Duke of Nivernois’s compliments wait
 “ on the Rev. Mr. —, and as a remembrance
 “ for the *good drubbing* he gave him at chess,
 “ begs that he will accept of the living of—,
 “ worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait
 “ on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday
 “ next, to thank him for the same.—The
 good parson was sometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going ; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF MR. QUIN.

MR. QUIN was the son of an English gentleman, who, in order to improve his fortune, in the early part of his life went over to America, where he married a lady, with whom he

he continued to live for some years ; but having no children, he left her, and returned to England, from whence he went over to Ireland, where he married another lady, his former wife still living ; and by her he had this celebrated actor.

As his father kept his new family entirely ignorant of his former alliance, his son was educated in all that elegance which was supposed necessary for the heir apparent to a pretty estate. He was sent to a grammar school, and afterwards to the university of Dublin, where he continued till his father died, who leaving no will, young Quin came into the possession of the estate, without any opposition at first, but was soon alarmed with a claim from America, the heirs at law to his father grounding their rights upon Quin's being illegitimate. This claim was too well supported and proved, not to succeed ; so that the unfortunate Quin being disinherited, was obliged to go upon the Irish stage.

Very little was expected from his first attempts ; and for want of encouragement, and perhaps desirous of improvement, he came to England. His reception here was not much superior to what he had met with in Ireland. Mean characters only were assigned to him ; such as the Lieutenant of the Tower in Richard the Third, and Banquo in Macbeth.

Thus

Thus he continued for some years, till Booth died, when Cato, which was then a favourite character with the public, being in danger of falling, for want of an actor to support it, Mr. Quin was put into it merely as a case of necessity. The part was therefore printed in the bills of the day, to be *attempted* by Mr. Quin.

The modesty of this invitation produced a full house, and a favourable audience ; but the actor's own peculiar merit effected more. When he came to that part of the play, where the dead son is brought in upon the bier, Quin, in speaking these words, " Thanks to the Gods, my boy " has done his duty," so affected the whole house, that they cried out, with a continued acclamation,—*Booth* outdone, *Booth* outdone.

From that time Mr. Quin became a favourite of the public ; and rose through the gradations of his employment, till he was made manager of Drury-lane play-house.

His skill or his address as a manager, are not much applauded ; but his merit, as an actor, overbalanced that defect, and still kept him in his station. What gave him the severest blow in his profession, was the extreme popularity into which Mr. Garrick came, about the time that he was beginning to decline. In vain did Quin crack his jokes upon his antagonist :—Garrick was followed,

ed, and Quin forsaken:—so that what Quin called an heresy in taste, was at last universally allowed to be a reformation. This gave occasion to the following bon mot, and smart reply. On being told, that Goodman's Fields was crowded every night to see the new actor, Quin said, "that Garrick was a new religion. Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would all come to church again."

Mr. Garrick, who had a quick and happy talent, in turning an epigram, gave this humourous reply to Quin's bon mot :

- " Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
- " Complains that heresy corrupts the town ;
- " Schism, he cries, has turn'd the nations brain ;
- " But eyes will open and to church again
- " Thou great infallible, forbear to roar ;
- " Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more ;
- " When doctrines meet with general approbation,
- " It is not heresy, but reformation."

Mr. Quin, therefore, after reigning many years absolute monarch of the stage, was obliged, reluctantly, to abdicate the throne, and leave "the young fellow" in quiet possession of the stage; convinced, at length, that Garrick was "right, and that the rest of the players had all "been wrong."

Time,

Time, however, enabled him to get better of his chagrin. He even grew fond of "little Davy!" and Davy conceived a sincere regard for Quin; who, indeed, possessed virtues which commanded the esteem of those who intimately knew him.

When Quin retired from the stage, he went to reside at Bath. He had bought an annuity of two hundred a year from the Duke of Bedford, and this, added to about seven thousand pounds more, which his friend Sir Sampson Gideon had amassed in 'Change Alley for him, contributed to make the latter part of his life easy and independent.

He was always addicted to epicurism, and at last became notorious for his fondness of good eating. The fish called John Dory, every body knows, was first introduced by him to the tables of the delicate. He was at the same time an agreeable facetious companion, and many of his jests and bons mots deserve real applause.

He died in the seventy-third year of his age, of a mortification in his arm, occasioned by a slight scratch on his fore-finger. Mr. Garrick wrote an epitaph for his great predecessor, which is engraven on the monument erected to the memory of Mr. Quin, in the abbey-church at Bath;—an epitaph which, substituting the initials D. G. instead

stead of "James Quin," would be equally applicable to the writer,

"THAT tongue which set the table on a roar,
 " And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more ;
 " Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 " Which spake before the tongue what Shakspeare writ ;
 " Cold is that hand, which, living, was stretch'd forth
 " At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
 " Here lies James Quin—Deign, reader, to be taught,
 " Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 " In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
 " To this complexion thou must come at last."

BONS MOTS OF MR. QUIN.

I. **W**HEN Quin was one day lamenting that he grew old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he "was ? I would even submit," said Quin, "to be almost as foolish."

"A young lawyer, who attended the spouting-clubs more than he did Westminster hall, having made a slight acquaintance with Quin, one night frankly told him his design was to come upon the stage, but that he should chuse to have the opinion of a competent judge before he actually put

put his design in execution, and without any more ceremony, began to speak the soliloquy in Hamlet—

' "To be, or not to be—that is the question?"

But this he uttered so very intolerably, that Quin could not help interrupting,—“*No question at all, I can assure you—Not to be, upon my honour.*”

III. Quin, when manager, had kept a poet's tragedy too long. The poet calling often, and being angry, Quin sent him to the bureau, and desired him to take it. After searching for some time among several other plays, and not finding his own—“Well,” said Quin, “take two comedies and a farce for it.”

IV. When Mr. Quin was at Southampton, the temporary Master of the Ceremonies was one of the *Masters of the Mint*. A lady of Quin's acquaintance had taken her place, according to the opinion of the Master of the Ceremonies, improperly, who therefore desired her to move. But Quin interfered, saying she should not stir, and that he would be her bulwark and defence. Whereupon the master of the ceremonies, flew into a violent rage, saying, “Quin was nothing but a stroler and a vagabond, and if it was not for his patent, he would be sent to the house of correction.”—“Aye,” says Quin, “that may be;

“be; and if it were not for your patent, you
“would be hanged.”

V. Mr. Quin was at Tunbridge for his health, when a certain oratorical gentleman burst out into such extravagant fits of laughter, in the assembly-room, that he drew the observation of all the company upon him. Coming up to Quin, he asked him, if he had ever seen a man in such spirits before?—“Yes once,” replied the wit, “but
“then he was in Moorfields.”

VI. Quin being asked what he thought of the conduct of the people of England, with regard to the Bottle-conjurer, Elizabeth Canning, and the Cock-lane Ghost?—“The first,” he answered, “was a proof of their ridiculous credulity;—the
“second, of their extravagant folly;—and the
“last, of their blind superstition.”

VII. Upon his first coming to Bath, Mr. Quin found himself very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and washing. At the end of the first week, he took aside Mr. Nash, Master of the Ceremonies, who invited him to Bath, as being the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. Mr. Nash, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin loved a pun as well as himself, replied, “They
“have acted by you upon truly Christian principles.” How so?” says Quin.—“Why,” resumed

turned Nash, "you was a *stranger*, and they took
 "you in."—"Ay, but," said Quin, "they have
 "fleeced me, instead of *cloathing* me."

VIII. The Master of the Ceremonies was, a few nights after, in company with Quin, when he was in one of his satirical moods, and attempting to take off most of those who were present. Nash expecting to be the next, got up, and was upon the point of retiring. Quin asked him the reason why he went so soon?—To which he replied, "In order to save you the trouble of *taking me off*, I think it is best to *take myself off*."

IX. Mr. Quin, on a certain occasion, was drinking a bottle with Mallet the poet, and having given his opinion rather too freely upon some of the bard's productions, he was so out of temper that Quin could not please him in any thing he said during the remainder of the evening. At length Quin offered to wager a dozen of claret, that Mallet did not contradict the next thing he said.—"What's that?" said Mallet.—"Why," replied Quin, "that you are the *greatest poet* in "England."

X. As Quin and another gentleman were passing one evening through St. Paul's Church-yard, their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were assembled to hear a man relate, "That
 "there had been a chimney on fire in the Bo-
 rough;

"rough; that he had seen, with his own eyes,
 "the engines go, in order to extinguish it; but
 "that it was quite got under before they arrived."
 Upon seeing the attention of such a concourse of
 people attracted by so very unentertaining a detail,
 Mr. Quin and his friend could not help reflecting
 upon the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which
 was excited by the most trifling circumstances;
 and very frequently by no circumstance at all.
 "Let us try," said Quin, "an experiment upon
 "our countrymen's curiosity." This was immedi-
 ately agreed to; and they accordingly repaired to
 the opposite side of the church-yard, where, hav-
 ing taken a convenient stand, and staring up to
 the stone gallery. Quin gravely said, "This is
 "about the time."—"Yes," replied the other,
 taking out his watch, and looking at it under a
 lamp, "this was precisely the time it made its
 "appearance last night." They had now col-
 lected at least a dozen inquisitive spectators, who,
 fixing their eyes upon the steeple, asked, "What
 "was to be seen?" To this Mr. Quin replied,
 "that the ghost of a lady who had been mur-
 "dered, had been seen to walk round the rails of
 "the stone-gallery for some evenings, and that
 "she was expected to walk again to-night."
 This information was presently spread through
 the multitude, which, by this time, was augment-

ed

ed to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed upon the stone-gallery, and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe that they saw something move on the top of the ballustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew, went and passed the evening at the Half-moon Tavern, in Cheapside, and upon their return, between twelve and one, the croud still remained in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

ANECDOTE OF A CLERGYMAN PROMOTED IN A VERY EXTRAORDINARY MANNER.

IN Queen Anne's reign, the British Augustan age, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cause of St. Germain's, was a particular favourite of the Queen, and of the Tory party, who then held the superiority in the court. It happened once that as his Grace, who had been chosen to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was on his passage to undertake his government, he was forced in, by contrary winds, upon the then almost barren island of Ila. There was no place in this
small

small and bleak island where his Excellency could find tolerable accommodation, but a poor clergyman's house, in which were two or three small rooms, and these but very poorly furnished; however these inconveniencies were amply compensated by the chearful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent, hospitality, with which his Excellency was particularly charmed. The wind some days after shifting about, the Duke and his retinue prepared for setting out again on their passage; but before he went on board, being at breakfast, he asked his landlord, what his living was? Only twenty-two pounds, replied Joseph: (for that was his name). At which his Excellency being surpris'd, asked again, how he came to have things so decent and neat on such a small salary? Why, replied he, my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife, and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family; whilst we reserve my twenty-two pounds for cloaths, and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determin'd to give them and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves. Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment, and genuine felicity, which this poor, but generous clergyman enjoyed: and therefore having made the frugal wife a handsome present, he
promis'd

promised to do still something more for Joseph, her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having waited with anxiety, from time to time, to hear of something being done in his favour, in vain, at last took the resolution of going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single chance in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived at Dublin. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the only way to attain his end, would be, if possible, by preaching before his Excellency, and using every stroke of address to make the Duke recollect who he was, and what he had promised : he thought if he could gain his end this way, it would be more successful than by an indelicate bluntness to come to his Excellency's lodgings, and put him in mind of his promise.

Upon this he applied to the Dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral next Sunday. The Dean who knew nothing about him, and never heard of him before, seemed a little surprised at the request, and being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it ; but judging it necessary to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favour, he artfully entered into a conversation with this stranger, upon various subjects,

jects, and finding him to be a man possessed of no contemptible share of both natural and acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach next sabbath forenoon before his Excellency, and both houses of Peers and Commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he chose that remarkable text ;—" But " the chief butler (his grace's name was Butler) " remembered not Joseph, but forgot him." Here he used his utmost efforts to paint out the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions done them on some occasions, by those that even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity ; and having described the inhumanity and injustice of this negligence towards their generous benefactors, he observed, that this negligence often rather took its rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ear poisoned with the fascinating adulations of that servile crowd of flatterers that never fail, on all occasions, to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits—of humanity, benevolence, and compassion—for those of sensuality, intemperance, riot, and debauchery, than from any innate depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person hearing him, felt what he said ; he
fully

fully accomplished his design, by making this striking application:—And now my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves. Did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, and to whom a bountiful providence had not been so liberal, as to wordly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favours—those of a kind, generous and open heart; and like the poor widow in the gospel, that freely gave a mite to the poor, although it was all her living—And have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it seven-fold? Have ever I, in my life, been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin; and did ever any of a low, but contented, station of life, with open arms receive me, and my weather-beaten attendants, into his house, while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs; and with the utmost solicitude, preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm; nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal, but happy, abode, till serener weather, and milder skies, in-

vited our departure, although they had no hopes, or, at least, no certainty of retaliation on my part: and have I, with a baseness of soul, unworthy of my station, allowed such true benevolence to pass unrewarded, and, ashamed to acknowledge my benefactors, have suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and possibly to solicit charity's cold hand in vain?——

Here the Duke, who was all along attention to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and upon recollection, found that he himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this, which had just now been described in so affecting colours; but he was still more affected, when, upon a thorough examination of the parson, he found he bore a striking resemblance to the figure and features of his own hospitable landlord in the island of Ila; and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had inhumanely forgot: upon which he turned to one of his lords, and asked him, if this was not their old landlord in Ila? To which he replied, please your Excellency, I think it is. Cause him, after service, to come and dine with me. Joseph being brought in, and set down, the Duke asked him if he did not come from Ila, and was not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide

provide for him ? Here Joseph blushed, and, with that ingenuity natural to a generous mind, confessed that it was he, and that it really was his sole intention, as he imagined his Excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt of his meanness of life, or from a dishonourable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul like his Excellency's disdained, but from the vast and important concerns of the government, with which he was intrusted, he would account it no matter of surprise, that this like a small receipt amidst a heap of papers, was fallen aside and lost. To which the Duke replied, you are a worthy man ! and immediately after dinner he ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacancy's of the church. The clerks, after searching, told his Excellency there was none but a living of four hundred pounds per annum. His Excellency answered, there is none more deserving of it than this generous, worthy man ; and immediately preferred Joseph from his poor twenty-two pounds a-year, to four hundred pounds. But mark the quick transition of fortune ! The Whig interest getting the superiority, (for jarring interests and faction will always be joined in a free state,) the Duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities, and escaping a trial, by retiring to France, he was fugitated, and

his large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him ; but, alas ! these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant General of her majesties armies, &c. &c. now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death. But how agreeably was he surpris'd to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel. viz. his old friend Joseph !— That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron's and benefactor's misfortunes, thought the least part of his duty was to spare as much as he could out of his benifice, to supply the necessities of that great and good man, from whom he had all his living ; and, therefore, one day taking his wife aside, says to her, Becca, my dear, you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us in our present affluent situation ; and you know very well we can as easily live upon one hundred pounds a-year as one thousand pounds ; what would you think of settling three hundred pounds a-year upon our generous patron, for life ; for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing for real want. Becca readily consented to so noble a proposal, and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the Duke the first quarter

quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his Grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who, although in different interest, yet still preserved the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotions of state, inviolable and secure. Being charmed with such true generosity in a poor man, the courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which made them worth eight hundred pounds a-year; but prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile, so that Joseph, had it now no more in his power to relieve the wants, and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor; for he was now secure from the blustering storms of adversity, in the land of silence, where the weary are at rest.

Every circumstance of this story is founded on reality, which enhances the value of entertainments of this kind. Some years ago, an officer in the army declared that he was the grandson of the hero of our history, and used to divert himself and friends with relating these particulars respecting his benevolent progenitor, Joseph from Illa.

ANECDOTE OF A PERSIAN MINISTER OF STATE.

COSROES, King of Persia, had a Minister of State whose character was so amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was most beloved, the King, or his people. At length this able minister demanded his dismissal. Cosroes, however, unwilling to lose so faithful and wise a servant, desired an explanation. “Why would you desert me?” said the afflicted Monarch. “Have you any cause of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to ask that I can grant? Speak, and you shall be satisfied; only do not think of leaving me.”

——Mitrane, the minister, made this reply:——
“O King! I have served thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou hast most amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the most sacred of its duties.——I have a son, who can only learn from me how to serve thee, or thy successors, as I have done. Let me pursue this private duty, after all my care for the public good.”——Cosroes granted his request; but

but upon this condition, that he should take the young prince with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together.—Mitraneſet out and after five or ſix years abſence, returned, and carried his pupils to court. Coſroes was overjoyed to ſee his ſon again ; but, upon examination, he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the ſame progreſs in his ſtudies, as the ſon of Mitraneſes. In ſhort he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit. The King complained to the Miniſter of this ſtriking difference; and his reply ſhould be a leſſon to all young men of good diſpoſitions.—“ O King ! my ſon
 “ has made a better uſe than your's of the in-
 “ ſtructions I gave to both. My attention has
 “ been equally divided between them ; but my
 “ ſon knows that his dependance muſt be on
 “ mankind, while I never could conceal from
 “ your's, that men would be dependant on him.”

BONS MOTS OF VOLTAIRE, CHARLES
V. LORD CHESTERFIELD, AND
OTHERS.

I. **V**OLTAIRE, during his last residence at Paris, was oppressed with visits from people of all ranks. Among others, a young author of moderate abilities, but excessively vain, thought it his duty to go and pay his respects to this Nestor of literature, and with this design, waited upon him. As soon as he was introduced into the philosopher's study, he began his compliments in the following words :——“ Great man ! to day
“ I have come to salute Homer ;——to-morrow
“ I will salute Sophocles ;——the day after to-
“ morrow Plato ;”——and——he was going to continue in the same strain ; but Voltaire interrupted him, by saying,——“ Little man ! I
“ am very old, and should be glad if you would
“ pay all your visits in one day.”

II. Charles V. Emperor of Germany, passing once by a village of Arragon, one Easter-day, a person met him, who according to the custom of the country, was crowned Paschal King, and said, gravely to him,——“ Sir, it is I that am King.”
——“ Much good may it do you,” says the Em-
peror

peror as gravely ; “ you have chosen a trouble-
“ some employment.”

III. Mr. Quin was one day coming in a chair, from having dined at the sign of the *Three Tuns, Bath*. Lord Chesterfield meeting him, said, that if Quin came from thence, “ there were but two
“ tuns left.”

IV. The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Nash, placed a full length statue of him in the Pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope; upon which occasion the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty epigram:—

“ IMMORTAL Newton never spoke
“ More truths than here you’ll find,
“ Nor Pope himself e’er penn’d a joke
“ Severer on mankind.
“ The picture plac’d the busts between,
“ Adds to the satire strength ;
“ Wisdom and wit are little seen,
“ But folly at full length.”

V. A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the *bottom*.—“ Why,” observed the wit, “ that will suit your genius to a tittle; “ as for my part, you know, I am only for skimming the *surface* of things.”

VI. Oliver Cromwell had nominated a nobleman, of the first distinction, to go over to Madrid in the character of ambassador extraordinary, and demand a categorical answer concerning the behaviour of the Spanish guarda costas in the West Indies ; and, in case of not receiving a satisfactory reply, to inform his Catholic Majesty, that he might expect the walls of the Escorial to fly about his ears in a few months. The nobleman testified his thanks for the great honour the Protector designed him, but excused himself from the errand, saying, it might prove a compliment of too much importance for him to return with the answer.—“ leave that to me,” says Oliver; “ if they touch
“ but a hair of your head, I’ll revenge the insult,
“ by taking off the heads of every Spaniard in my
“ dominions.”—“ But of all these *heads*,” replied the nobleman, “ there may not be one to fit
“ my *shoulders*.”

VII. Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift what people thought of him in Ireland: “ Why,” said Swift, “ they think you are a very *little man*, but
“ a very *great poet*.”—Pope retorted with some acrimony,—“ They think the very reverse of
“ you in England.”

VIII. Louis

VIII. Louis XIV. said one day to father Mafilon, " I have heard many great orators in my chapel, and I have always been well satisfied with them ; but every time I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself."

IX. Mr. Foote used to say, that he always looked upon the theatre as the " main ocean;"—" for," continued he, " when an author writes a piece, here he launches it upon the sea of criticism ; and every one knows this is a most dangerous navigation, full of rocks and shoals, where there are no sure pilots, but Novelty, Wit, and Sense. An actor here, first sets sail for the port of Applause, and if he is lucky enough to double the cape of Approbation, he may weather out a season, and taste the benefit of the April monsoons."

X. It is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and, addressing himself to the Speaker, said, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—but could go no farther ;—then rising again, he said, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—Still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—" Mr. Speaker, I conceive ;"—when a certain young

young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose and said, " Mr. Speaker, " I am very sorry to find that the Honourable " Gentleman over the way has *conceived* three " times, and *brought forth nothing*."

XI. A certain lady had mislaid one of her earrings, which were of some value, and in the heat of her passion, she accused her maid of having got it. The maid protested her innocence.— " Why," continued the lady, " you have not the " face to deny it?—you cannot help blushing at " disowning it !" Foote, who stood by during this controversy, told her very coolly, " She was " quite mistaken, it was only the *reflection of her* " *face*."

XII. A certain genius, who had more wit than prudence, could not avoid observing the great attachment his patron's lady had to vociferous bawling, vulgarly called scolding ; and in one of his scribbling moods he penned an ode to a vixen, which he thought was so good a piece, that he could not refrain shewing it to his friend, who was greatly pleased with the thought, and desired a copy. " Why should you want a copy, Sir," replied the wit, " when you have been so long in " possession of the original."

ANECDOTE OF A CHINESE EMPEROR.

VOUTI, Emperor of China, was passionately fond of the occult sciences. An impostor, availing himself of this foible, brought him an elixir, exhorting him to drink it, and assuring him that it would render him immortal. One of his Ministers, who was present, having in vain attempted to undeceive him, hastily snatched the cup, and drank the liquor. The Emperor, enraged at this insult, ordered the Mandarin to be put to death. The honest Minister, not in the least disconcerted, said to him, "If the elixir bestows immortality, all your efforts to put me to death will be useless; and if it does not, surely you will not be guilty of such an act of injustice for so insignificant a theft."—This speech pacified the Emperor, who afterwards highly commended him for his fortitude in the cause of truth, in opposition to imposture.

A TRAGI-COMIC ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THIS monarch went one day to the college of the empire, and asked for a certain paper which was deposited there. The Secretary, who had it under his care, having sought for it along time without being able to find it, Peter became impatient, condemned the Secretary to be flogged, and ordered two drummers to inflict the punishment. He then mounted a ladder himself, and began to rummage among the papers, in order to find what he wanted. The Secretary embraced that opportunity to escape, and went and threw himself at the feet of the Empress, to whom his sister was chambermaid, begging her to intercede for him. In the mean time, the drummers arrived and having asked what they were to do, the Emperor, without turning round, bid them lay hold of the Secretary, who was there. Unluckily there was another sitting at work; they therefore seized him, and having stretched him out on the floor, executed the orders given them, notwithstanding all his cries and protestations. Scarcely was this business finished, when the Empress arrived and made her request. "You have come too late," said the Emperor, "the affair
" is

“ is over.”—“ That is impossible,” replied she, “ this man has never been out of my presence, “ since he came to beg my assistance.”—“ I, “ however, heard him make a noise without,” returned the Emperor. The sufferer was then called in, who in a plaintive tone related his disaster. “ I am sorry for it,” said the monarch, “ but “ there is no help now ; I shall remember it.”—Some time after, the Secretary having committed a fault, which deserved flogging, reminded Peter of his promise, and the Emperor said, “ Well, “ be it so ; we are now quits.”

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF ROUS- SEAU.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Geneva, in the year 1708, of a family that boasted few other advantages than their virtue and their patriotism. His father was a seller of music, and he himself was bred to the business. He was early taught to regard his country with affection, and to feel that enthusiasm for liberty, which he afterwards contended for. One day, the citizens of Geneva being at their annual exercise, in the evening when it was over, they joined hand and
hand

hand in a dance in the market place, and thus continued for some time in that innocent mirth, which is felt by a conscious communication of pleasure. In this general exultation of the citizens, says Rousseau, my father caught me in his arms, crying out,—“ My son, love your country !” Those embraces, and this exclamation made the strongest impression, so mixing with his tender mind, that what might be reason in others, was almost constitution in him.

The earlier part of his life was past in obscurity, yet not in indolence. Though not professedly bred a scholar, yet he addicted himself to books, and soon attempted to improve these instructions by travel. It was in this time of concealment, that he laid in those stores of knowledge, which were afterwards to be drawn out for the amusement of mankind, and which were to give his works the appearance of solidity. The best knowledge of an author, is almost always acquired before he becomes a professed writer. When unknown and unregarded, he can observe upon mankind at his ease, and without suspicion ; but when once known to be connected with the press, he is regarded as a spy, and all the pictures of the human heart are shut up entirely from his inspection. It was thus, therefore, with silent toil, and attentive contemplation, that Rousseau
went

went from city to city, observed the manners as they rose, and caught the outlines of every future production.

Rousseau was almost thirty-five, before he even thought of commencing author. He preferred, as he tells us, "his repose and his friendships, (the only goods he valued,) to the splendour of reputation, or the painful pre-eminence of being the object of envy." Not indeed that he had never written till that time; but what he had written, was only considered as a private amusement, rather than a work calculated for public inspection. In fact, so early as the age of eighteen, he wrote a little comedy, entitled, "Narcissus, or the Self-Lover;" which, however, was not acted until the year 1752, when it received but very cool approbation.

When he was about thirty-four years of age, we find him at Paris, endeavouring to earn his bread by copying music. This was but a mean profession, for one who took upon him to be the instructor of mankind, and afterwards to stand forth a kind of martyr in defence of his principles.

The first work he published, was called, "The Garden of Sylvia," a small performance, in which the imagination hold the place of sense. He was at that time content, as he tells us, "to walk along the banks of the silver stream, and
" add

add his soliloquies to its murmurs." One thing remarkable in this production is, that he seems to foresee in it, that he should one day stand forth as the champion of liberty, and act a more important character on the stage of life. The event justified the prediction.

Every man, whatever may be his fame, owes a part of it to chance, and a part to abilities. A question happening to be proposed by the academy at Dijon, namely, "Whether the revival of arts and sciences has contributed to the amendment of morals?" Rousseau thought this a fit opportunity to give scope to his paradoxical turn of thinking, and undertook with great spirit, and more eloquence, to prove, "that arts and sciences only contribute to render men more vicious, and more unhappy." The most ingenious things can always be said on the wrong side of every question. Of this our philosopher seemed sensible, when he undertook to maintain, "that the unlettered savage was happier and better than the refined philosopher."

It was, in some measure, counteracting his own attempt, since we could not know this, if it were true, without the assistance of philosophy. But, be this as it will, his discourse had the desired effect. It procured him the prize he contended for. It procured him more, namely, the applause of

of the public. Perhaps this is the only discourse that ever was noticed by the public, in consequence of those annual incitements to young or vain readers, whose productions appear and are soon forgotten. The King of Prussia was among the number of those who thought proper to answer this discourse, which was not the least honour that was done to it. By thus defending, answering, and vindicating this work, our philosopher was involved in a literary warfare, and acquired the reputation of a man of letters, at a period of life when many others begin to think of retiring from the press.

It was about this time that a lady of the first distinction in Paris, was willing to give Rousseau some marks of her satisfaction in his performances. Hearing, however, that he refused all pecuniary offers with some indignation, she sent him some music to copy. Supposing this to be in the way of his profession, she expected that he would not refuse whatever she thought proper to pay him for his labour. Accordingly when the work was done, she sent him a purse of gold ; but from her favour he only deducted a few shillings, which was the real price of his trouble, and sent her back the rest.

In England, a thing of this kind would neither be so strange, nor so praise-worthy, as in France ;
for

for there it had long been the custom for the poet to acknowledge himself as a mere dependent upon the great, whose bounties he solicits without shame, and whose favours he receives as a tribute to his services. In England it is otherwise. Those who write have, in general, other means of support than the nobility ; - and very few receive pecuniary contribution.

Rousseau's discourse upon the origin of the inequality among mankind, may be justly reckoned his greatest and best performance. In this he endeavours to shew, that all men, being originally equal, were necessarily free, and that all social engagements, were but fetters imposed upon the indolence, ignorance, or weakness of humanity. In this perhaps he is right ; but it is very fit that such fetters should be formed, since every animal should, and ought to lose freedom, in proportion to its weakness, and submit to be guided by others, in proportion to its inability of conducting itself. The learned statesman, therefore, should have more liberty than the illiterate peasant, because less apt to abuse it.

It would be tiring the reader to inform him how many contemptible answers this elegant novelty produced. They died as soon as born. The best way to encounter paradoxes is to leave them to themselves. They only subsist by their novelty,

welty, and as they grow older, they grow more feeble.

A letter to d'Alambert, upon theatrical exhibitions, was his next performance. In this he only traced the path of our countrymen, Prynne and Collier; for the French writers often embrace our literary paradoxes, when we begin to throw them aside. He there condemns play-houses with some warmth; but what could such endeavours do, even if he were right. Amusement is what men naturally look for, and perhaps it is our business to amuse each other. The reasoning of this production was copiously and sufficiently answered by d'Alambert and Marмонтel; but people would resort to the play-house, whether they had answered it or no.

The new *Eloisa* next appeared, which did more honour to his genius than his philosophy. In that work vice are treated as frailties, and an excuse made for all the sallies of irregular passion.

The *Social Compact*, and *Emilius*, succeeded; and the liberty which Rousseau has taken in them of distinguishing received opinions, and undermining established doctrines in religion, procured him more formidable enemies than his former mere philosophical paradoxes could have done. His native city thought proper, upon this occasion, to disclaim and banish him; and he afterwards

wards wandered from state to state, exclaiming at the prejudices and malice of mankind, half a philosopher, and half a humourist, drest in an Armenian habit, and mistaking novelty of opinion for justness of thinking.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING ROUSSEAU.

I. **A**MONG the many anecdotes related of M. Rousseau, the following may with certainty be relied on:—In a little country town in France, where he took up his residence when he was persecuted for his opinions, the curate of the parish no sooner heard who he was, than he publicly preached against him, and in several of his sermons branded him with the appellation of an Infidel. The unblameable tenor of his conduct, however, prevented those invectives from taking any effect, and the people in general were regardless about the tendency of his writings, when they found nothing to condemn in his life. The priest, finding that he could do but little in this way changed his battery, and insinuated, wherever he went, that Rousseau had asserted in several

ral

tal parts of his works, that women had no souls. This report gaining an universal belief, “the women, one and all, exclaimed against him as a monster, and never suffered their husbands nor relations to rest, till they had driven him out of the neighbourhood.”

II. A virtuous friendship is the sweetest charm of life ; the source of every thing that is great, good, and excellent on earth.

Rousseau, equally celebrated for his genius and for his misfortunes, was honoured with the patronage of Prince Eugene, who was his zealous protector ; but the friend of his heart was the Count de Bonneval, who, in the sequel, having unfortunately involved himself in a quarrel with the Prince, “the disinterested Rousseau did not hesitate a moment between his patron and his friend. He warmly defended the latter, and lost the favour of the Prince.”

ANECDOTE OF M. LA MOTTE'S PRODIGIOUS MEMORY.

M. LA MOTTE, author of many tragedies, comedies, and operas, and a translation of Homer, in French heroic verse, was remarkable for

for a most retentive memory, of which the following story is a striking instance :—

A young author read a new tragedy to him, which he heard all through with great seeming pleasure. He assured the writer that his piece was excellent, and that he would engage for its success. But, says he, you have been guilty of a little plagiarism. To prove this I will repeat to you the second scene of the fourth act of your play.—The young poet assured him that he was mistaken, for he had not borrowed a line from any body.

La Motte, said, that he asserted nothing which he could not prove; and immediately repeated the whole scene with as much animation, as if he himself had been the author of it. Those who were present looked at one another with astonishment, and knew not what to think. The author himself was more especially disconcerted. When La Motte had for some time enjoyed their embarrassment, he said,—“ Gentlemen, recover “ yourselves from your surprise.”—Then addressing himself to the author,—“ The scene, Sir, is “ certainly your own, as well as the rest of the “ play; but it appeared to me so beautiful and so “ affecting, that I could not help getting it by “ heart, when you read it to me.”

A MOST

A MOST CAPITAL ANECDOTE.

AMONG words which in their present acception, are far remote from their original and rigid meaning, none perhaps are more striking than Deism and Freethinking. The former, which, in its strict import, signifies nothing more than a belief in the existence of the Deity, in opposition to Atheism, is now universally understood of all persons who reject the Christian revelation; and the word Freethinking, which should convey the idea of a man of a liberal and ingenious disposition, free from vulgar prejudices and unmanly bigotry, add investigating truth with virtuous views, and a deep veneration of the Supreme Being, is now commonly appropriated to those persons, who, from a love of singularity, and affectation of superior understanding, or innate malignity of mind, would combat truths the most universally received and revered in all ages and in all countries, and would dissolve those sacred ties by which society is united, and destroy those hopes of immortality which God has given, as incentives to virtue, and the best security of our happiness here and hereafter.

An anecdote of the late Mr. Mallet affords a remarkable instance of the truth of this observa-

tion, and cannot fail to convey some useful advice. This gentleman was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions wherever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house, who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions, would often, in the warmth of argument, say,—“ Sir, we Deists.”

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the Freethinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics, became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow, who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said,—“ I
 “ had heard you so often talk of the impossibility
 “ of a future state, and that after death there was
 “ no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice,
 “ that I was tempted to commit the robbery.”—
 “ Well; but you rascal,” replied Mallet, “ had
 “ you

“ you no fear of the gallows ? ” — “ Sir,” said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, “ what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that ? ”
 “ You had removed my greatest terror ; why should I fear the least ? ”

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

I. **A**T the time the famous Jew Bill was debating in the House of Commons, Mr. Pelham finding the arguments running strongly against him, and that Mr. L——, who had a very happy method of delivery, had made no small impression by his last harangue, rose up and told the following story, — “ I remember,” said he, “ travelling a few years ago, in Somersetshire, with two ladies who were sisters. We were in a very easy carriage, — the roads were remarkably good, — and we went on particularly pleasant. Notwithstanding this, one of the ladies was in continual terror, crying out at every little jolt, — ‘ O, dear Sir, we shall be over ! — We shall certainly be killed ! — I wish I had never ventured on this journey ! — Bless me ! there again : — well, we shall positively never get out alive,’ — “ Finding this lady so extreme-

“ly timorous and apprehensive, I enquired of her
 “sister whether the coachman was a sober man,
 “and understood his business. To which I was
 “answered,”—“She had never seen him intoxi-
 “cated,—that he had driven them for many years,
 “without any accident having ever happened,—
 “and that there was not a more able coachman
 “in the whole country.” I then enquired if he
 “was acquainted with the road? To this I was
 “also answered,”—“No body knew it better, and
 “that he had driven them that very road, at least
 “fifty times.”—“These informations made me
 “greatly astonished at the lady’s terrors, which
 “not only continued; but seemed much increased.
 “Her sister, perceiving my surprise at her beha-
 “viour, desired me—to *make myself quite easy*, for
 “that her sister was *really under no apprehensions*;
 “but that *fancying herself possessed of an agreeable*
 “*voice, she took every opportunity of hearing it.*”

II. The following anecdote relates to that
 great and good man Philip Lord Wharton, who
 had a considerable hand in bringing about that
 glorious Revolution, and is a proof of his high
 regard for religious liberty.

It happened, while Mr. Philipps was a domes-
 tic chaplain of Lord Wharton’s, that a living in
 his lordship’s gift became vacant by the death of
 an incumbent. A clergyman applied for it,

“to

to whom his Lordship said,—“ Sir, it is my custom to dispose of the livings of which I am patron, to those who perform these three conditions, viz. In the first place, the minister must pray in my family ; I don’t mean, *read* prayers ; for any one of my servants is able to do that. In the next place, he must *preach* in my family, that I may have a specimen of his gifts in that way. Then he is to go to the vacant parish ; and if the people approve of him, the living is his.”—The worthy clergyman accordingly fulfilled the conditions to the satisfaction of the parties, and was inducted.

Comparing present with ancient things, one can hardly forbear exclaiming in the words of Virgil,—*Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides !*

III. King James used to say that he never knew a modest man make his way in a court. As he was repeating this expression one day, a David Floyd, who was then in waiting at his majesty’s elbow, replied bluntly,—“ Pray, sir, whose fault is that ? ” The King stood corrected, and was silent.

IV. When his present grace of Northumberland was only Earl Percy, and commanded the fifth regiment of foot at Limerick in Ireland, after many rubs and hints in the newspapers, he consented to give the officers in garrison a dinner ; which he did at a tavern, ordering it for fifty per-

sons, at eighteen-pence per head. The officers hearing this, were resolved to shew him the superior generosity of their own minds ; for which purpose they went to the tavern-keeper, and desired him to prepare the dinner at one guinea per head, and they would make up the difference. When the company were called into the eating-room, they found a first course of all that the season could afford,—a second still more costly,—and a desert of the most expensive kind. The noble Earl was astonished ; and his astonishment grew greater, when Champagne, Burgundy, and other the most costly wines appeared on the board. But he durst not make a remark. The company drank his health, admired the splendour and magnificence of the entertainment, which, they said, was worthy of the house of Percy ;—and so well did they enjoy it, that they sat to the bottle till eight the next morning, breaking and spilling more than they drank, in order to swell the amount. The noble earl retired early, sent for the landlord, and asked him the reason of such a dinner. The landlord telling him the truth, his lordship appeared much ashamed of his penurious conduct, desired the whole bill to be brought in next day, and with a sigh discharged it.

V. The late Sir John Barber, whose virtues are too indelibly written in the hearts of honest men ever to be erased, was a man of real wit, divested

vested of that ill-natured asperity, which is too often mistaken for it, and very often said things which would have done honour to a Chesterfield.

The following little anecdote will serve to illustrate this character. Sir John had a son, whose resemblance to his father was but very faint. In a course of extravagance, he had tired himself of this kingdom ; and, as it was likewise the *fashion* to travel, he accordingly demanded an audience of Sir John, to whom he communicated his intention, and asked the Knight's assistance to enable him to perform it in *taste*. "I wish," added he, "for nothing more, than an opportunity of "seeing the world." Sir John listened to him with great attention, and replied,—"Indeed Jack, "I am much pleased with your intention, and "have not the least objection to your travelling "and *seeing the world*, provided *the world could "not see you.*"

VI. Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, was a great enemy to the doctrines of the Fatalists, which he called cruel, unpitying, and tending to plunge their votaries into despair ; and in order to combat these doctrines, he consulted his heart more than his theology.—"What a terrible Being," said he, "do they make of God ! For "my part, I consider him as a Good Being, "and I never can consent to regard him as a "tyrant, who having fettered us, commands us

“ to walk, and then punishes us, because we cannot obey him.”

VII. When Mahmoud, Sultan of Chesna, conquered India, he had distressed the people greatly by plundering, as well as by the contributions and taxes which he imposed. Whilst he was one day sitting in his divan, in conversation with his nobles, a fool wandering into the hall, and staring wildly around, spoke much to himself, but took no particular notice of any person. The Prince, observing him, desired his officers to ask him what he wanted. He said, that he was hungry; and wished, of all things, to eat a roasted sheep's tail. The Sultan, in a frolic, ordered them to cause a particular kind of radish to be roasted, much resembling in shape those tails, which in several eastern countries are very fat, and of an extraordinary size. It was accordingly presented to the fool, who devoured it voraciously. The Sultan then asked him, how he liked it? To which he answered, “ That it was exceedingly well dressed; but he could easily perceive, that, under his government, the sheep's tails had no longer the fatness, nor the excellent flavour, for which they were famous in former times.”

Mahmoud felt the poignancy of the answer, and gave immediate orders to relieve the people of many burdens under which they groaned. Eccentric

centric sayings, indeed, from eccentric men, we shall often find, will more powerfully influence a haughty prince, than the most serious remonstrances of his ministers, or the loudest murmurings of his people.

From such slight matters as these, we shall often judge more truly of the genius of a people, than from more solid objects.

VIII. Donatello, a celebrated sculptor, when giving the last stroke with his mallet, called out to the statue, "Speak!"

IX. Soon after the accession of King James to the crown of England, in one of the tours he made round his Kingdom, he was entertained by the Earl of Scarborough, at his seat at Lumley Castle. A right reverend bishop, a relation of his Lordship, who was there on a visit at the same time, thinking, no doubt, to possess his Majesty with a grand idea of the importance of the family of his noble relative, began to make his Majesty acquainted with a genealogical detail of every person who had existed in a long continued line of his Lordship's progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period so remote, that it exceeded every degree of credibility. The King, whose patience was at length quite exhausted, stopped short the reverend genealogist's narration, by saying, "Dear Sir!—go no

“ farther ;—let me digest this knowledge I have
 “ gained ;—for upon my honour, I never knew
 “ before that Adam’s surname was *Lumley*.”

X. Francesco Francia of Bologna, struck with the fame of Raphael, conceived a violent desire of seeing some of the works of that celebrated artist. His great age prevented him from undertaking a journey to Rome. He resolved, therefore, to write to Raphael, and to inform him how great an esteem he entertained for his talents, after the character which had been given of him. Reciprocal marks of friendship passed between these two artists, and they carried on a regular correspondence by letter. Raphael having about that time finished his famous painting of St. Cecilia, for the church of Bologna, sent it to his friend, begging him to put it in its proper place, and to correct whatever faults he might find in it. The artist of Bologna, transported with joy at seeing the work of Raphael, began to consider it with attention ; when perceiving the great inferiority of his own talents to those of Raphael, melancholy took possession of his heart.—“ He fell into a
 “ deep despondency, and died of grief, because he
 “ found that he had attained only to mediocrity
 “ in his art, after all his labour.”

XI. Sir Robert Walpole was fond of billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Monsey, very much excelled

called him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?"—"they get," said the doctor, "places; I get"—"a dinner, and praise."

XII. During the war between the Portuguese and the inhabitants of the island of Ceylon, Thomas de Sufa, who commanded the European forces, took prisoner a beautiful Indian, who had promised herself in marriage to an amiable youth. The lover was no sooner informed of this misfortune, than he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his adorable nymph, who, with transport, caught him in her arms. Their sighs and their tears were mingled, and it was some time before their words could find utterance to express their grief. At last when they had a little recovered, they agreed, that since their misfortunes had left them no hope of living together in freedom, to partake with each other all the horrors of slavery.

Sufa, who had a soul truly susceptible of tender emotions, was moved at the sight.—"It is enough," said he to them, "that you wear the chains of love. You shall not wear those of slavery. Go, and be happy in the lawful embrace of wedlock."

The

The two lovers fell on their knees. They could not persuade themselves to quit so generous a hero, and thought themselves happy in being permitted to live under the laws of a nation, who so nobly knew how to make use of victory, and so generously to soften the calamities of war.

XIII. When Dr. Goldsmith, who was infected with the conscious importance of being a great author, used, in the summer season, to retire to some distance into the country, that he might pursue his studies without interruption, he would often desire a friend to accompany him into the neighbouring fields, strictly charging him not to lead him near any houses. The gentleman, one Sunday evening, inattentive to this restriction, conducted the Doctor through a populous village, where every body in their holiday cloathes were at their doors. The Doctor expressed extreme displeasure. He did not wish to be seen.—“ Dear Doctor,” answered the other, “ be not displeased; I am here as great a man as yourself.”

XIV. When the infamous Catharine of Medicis had persuaded Charles IX. of France to massacre all the Protestants in the kingdom, that detestable Prince sent orders to the governors of the different provinces, to put all Hugonots
to

to death in their respective districts.—“Sire,” answered one Catholic governor, who will ever be dear to humanity, “I have too much respect for your Majesty not to persuade myself that the order I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid, it should be really your Majesty’s order, I have too much respect for your Majesty to obey it.”

XV. One night before the publication of his Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson supped with some friends in the Temple, who kept him up, “nothing loth,” till past five the next morning. Much pleasantry was passing on the subject of commentatorship; when, all on a sudden, the Doctor, looking at his watch, cried out.—“This is sport to you, gentlemen; but you do not consider that there are at most only four hours between me and criticism.”

XVI. While Mr. Fox was at Eaton, though he did not prosecute his studies with perseverance, what he read he made his own; and was famous for performing his exercises in a style which no other boy in his time arrived at. A very great share of liveliness, vivacity, wit, humour, and *jeu-d’esprit*, threw an embellishment over the youth, which promised something uncommon, and he once obtained a premium in discussing a theme,—“for which he never read one line!”

A SMART

A SMART REPARTEE OF A LADY TO
DR. SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a Reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven ?

There are no women he replied ;—
She quick returns the jest ;—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest

ANECDOTE OF AMANDA, THE MIS-
TRESS OF THOMSON.

EVERY one will recollect the Amanda, whom
Thomson introduces as the companion of
his rural walks, in the following lines, in which
the poet and the lover are equally happy :

And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song !
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself !
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure that deeply pierce the soul,
Where with the light of thoughtful reason mixt,
Sits lively Fancy, and the feeling Muse !

This

This lady herself encouraged the addresses of Thomson; but the prejudices of her mother were not to be overcome. "What!" she would say, "shall my daughter marry a poet!"—She was at breakfast with her one morning, when a gentleman came in who was unacquainted with their connections. On their enquiring the news of the day, he answered, "Mr. Thomson is dead."—"What Thomson?" exclaimed Amanda.—"The poet," "Madam," he replied. The presence of her mother no longer awed her. She fainted away.

Amanda, however, though the mistress of a poet, does not appear to have been too romantic, and was for many years after happily married to a gallant Admiral, who yet survives her.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF A DECAYED GENTLEMAN.

THE consciousness of being beloved, softens our chagrins, and enables a great part of mankind to support the misery of existence. The affections must be exercised upon something; for not to love, is to be miserable. "Were I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not
do

“ do better I would fasten them upon some sweet
 “ myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to
 “ connect myself to. I would court their shade,
 “ and greet them kindly for their protection. I
 “ would cut my name upon them, and swear they
 “ were the loveliest trees throughout the desert.
 “ If their leaves withered, I would teach myself
 “ to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would re-
 “ joice with them.” But the following anecdote
 will illustrate this reasoning better than the most
 beautiful reflections.

A respectable character, after having long fi-
 gured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length
 compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city,
 the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes.
 He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an
 allowance from the parish. Every week a quan-
 tity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his sup-
 port; and yet, at length, he demanded more. On
 this the curate sent for him. He went. “ Do
 “ you live alone ?” said the curate.—“ With
 “ whom, Sir,” answered the unfortunate man,
 “ is it possible I should live ? I am wretched.
 “ You see that I am, since I thus solicit charity,
 “ and am abandoned by all the world.—But, Sir,
 continued the curate, “ if you live alone, “ why
 “ do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for
 “ yourself ?”—The other was quite disconcerted,
 and

and at last with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, Sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?"—The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "Take *this*, Sir," said he;—"this is mine—this I *can* give."

ANECDOTE OF LORD GEORGE GERMAINE.

LORD George Germaine, through the application of some of his relations, procured a living for a gentleman, whom he had not the honour of knowing. For this civility the gentleman waited on his Lordship to return him thanks. His Lordship being inclined to make his situation as easy as possible, acquainted him, that since he had procured the living, a second of equal value was within his gift, and he begged to recommend it to him in preference to the other, which was unluckily situated close to a *powder mill*. The
young

young parson, desiring to express a sense of his gratitude, and also to give his Lordship a specimen of his wit, unfortunately answered, that he was much obliged to his Lordship for this second mark of his favour, *for he had as great an aversion to powder as Lord George Sackville.*

His Lordship, unruffled, replied, with the highest courtesy—"In that particular, Sir, you may find, upon mature consideration, that common fame has deceived you," without ever betraying to the flippant priest, that Lord George Germaine had been Lord George Sackville.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT FRENCH KING.

NOTHING can more endear a monarch to his subjects, or render him more illustrious in the estimation of the thinking and the good in all countries, than when he dispenses his bounties with a single eye to the claims of humanity, uninfluenced by the ignoble views of party, or the interested solicitations of the great and affluent. Of this his most Christian Majesty has lately given an instance, which, while it bespeaks the goodness of his heart, cannot fail to give him the noblest

blest right to the appellations of the *great* and the *well-beloved*, with which adulation had dignified his two immediate predecessors.

The Prince de Mont Barey lately presented a list to his Majesty of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the vacant places in the military school. A great number, on this list, were very strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank. The King, pointing to the names of those who could not boast of such recommendations, said—"Since those have no protectors, I will be their friend;" and he immediately gave the preference to them.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH LADIES.

RELATED BY DR. ANDREWS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the devotion which Frenchmen profess for the fair sex in all countries indiscriminately, there are no people apter to complain of their power and influence. While, on the one hand, they patiently submit to the whim and capriciousness of woman-kind, on the

the other, they are everlastingly declaiming against tyranny.

The women of their own country, however, are the principal object of their complaints.

There is hardly a failing or miscarriage in any sort of business, which the men of this country do not readily impute to the women.

As these have doubtless much to say and to do in most houses and families, there may be some truth in these imputations. But as in France, as well as else where, affairs of various denominations are exclusively managed by the men, there is certainly much more of petulance than of truth in these invectives.

But if they carry their accusations against the sex beyond the bounds of equity in some things, there are others whereon they are possibly better founded.

Though the women here abstain from meddling with the business of those counting-houses, where the greater concerns of the mercantile world are adjusted, in that part which relates to the detail, they are the busiest individuals in all France.

The management of every shop in the kingdom, seems to be a department, which they have in a manner monopolized. Their acuteness and industry, in the business transacted there, cannot be

be exceeded by the men or women of any country.

The shops in Paris, and in every town in France, are absolutely under the government of the women. Their husbands are so conscious of their superior dexterity, that they trust all things here implicitly to their vigilance and accuracy.

In the art of sale or purchase, their talents, are unbounded. Their quickness in perceiving advantages, or in discovering flaws—their agreeable manner of putting off what they wish to dispose of—the sprightliness they entertain you with while bargains are going forward; these, and a variety of other methods they possess, of recommending themselves, render them completely qualified for the task they have undertaken.

It cannot therefore be for their interference in such matters, that their countrymen are entitled to censure them. No women in Europe, not even the Dutch, so renownedly expert in the science of shop-keeping, can surpass them in these branches.

It is in affairs of a higher class, and of far other importance, that their countrymen so often find fault with them for assuming too much influence and authority.

Women, in short, if you will believe a Frenchman, are the *primum mobile*, of all that is planned
or

or executed in that kingdom, relative to its government and politics, as well as to internal concerns of inferior moment.

Their intriguing disposition renders them mistresses of every secret. They pry into every scheme of consequence, whether of public tendency, or of a private nature; whether it relates to the state, or to the church.

This versatility of temper leads them into an endless maze of business. It occupies their faculties in transactions of the most serious, as well as of the most airy complexion, and gives them an interest in all affairs, that keeps their abilities perpetually on the stretch.

No Frenchman of rank is without a female favourite. The natural volatility and talkativeness of this nation is such, that the wisest of them partakes of it. Now a French lady delights in exacting from her admirers a detail of what they are doing in the world. Of course, a man will endeavour to give her some satisfaction on this score. But, let him be ever so discreet, when once engaged in topics of this sort, it will be difficult for him to preserve his discretion so inviolate, as not to drop some hint that will, in spite of himself, lead to a clue, which female cunning will either unravel itself, or prevail upon him imperceptibly to unfold.

By

By such means the mysteries of state are handed about among the great. The minister cannot totally conceal them. We will suppose that his years or gravity preserve him from female snares; but then his assistants and dependents necessarily participate in his knowledge; and if but one only of these communicates any part of it, the rest is, by inference, and conjecture, soon explained.

Such are the grievances a Frenchman complains of; but who is to blame in all this but himself? His blind homage to the sex, renders him a willing subservient to all their demands. He knows, that unless he unbosoms himself on every occasion, he runs the chance of being discarded. This no Frenchman will submit to, while he is able to avert such an humiliation. He therefore sacrifices all considerations to enjoy the smiles of the lady, to whom, for the time, he has thought proper to devote himself.

Cardinal Richlieu, it is said, was so justly aware of this being the character of his countrymen, that he always enjoined it to his intimates, on whose attachment and fidelity he could depend, to ingratiate themselves with those ladies, who were known to be the favourites of the principal personages in the kingdom. By succeeding in their applications of this kind, many of his dependents rose to great preferments, through the utility

lity they were of to their master, in disclosing the secret machinations of those counsellors who were averse to his measures, and sought to overturn his authority.

His successor, Cardinal Mazarine, was not wanting to himself in this important particular, and trod successfully in the footsteps of his predecessor. His genius, tutored betimes in the school of Italian subtlety, knew by his own experience, of what service a woman can be in effecting discoveries, when she has once obtained an ascendancy over the man from whom they are to be expected.

The French are absolutely infatuated in their notions of the omnipotence of women. It is especially in disasters that befall the public, they are principally inclined to criminate them.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the high credit of Madam de Maintenon with that monarch was of greater disadvantage to him with his subjects, than all the misconduct, unskillfulness, or misfortunes of his ministers or generals. Whatever they did wrong, was imputed to that lady's ill advice to the King in counselling him to employ them.

No accusation was ever more untrue, or more ill-founded. Louis employed the best ministers, and the best generals that his Kingdom afforded ;
but,

but, unluckily for him, they had to deal with more able ministers, and more able generals.

This, however, the French either did not, or would not perceive. *Des Ministres et des Generaux a la Maintenon*, was the word at Court among the discontented, and was the cry of the ignorant multitude throughout the nation.

In later times, even our own, the same infatuation prevailed, if possible, in a more absurd degree. While our fleets and armies, during the late triumphant war with France, were astonishing the whole world with the greatness and perpetuity of their success, the French were exclaiming against Madam de Pompadour, and reviling her in the most scandalous manner, for betraying her King and country to the enemy. They did not limit themselves to general assertions. They particularized her perfidy. But the instances they mentioned were so unaccountable and incredible, that no person in his senses could believe them.

It is not only among the vulgar that reports of this absurd kind are eagerly received and disseminated. They seem to have gained ground even among many of the better sort. Often have I heard our victories ascribed to the gold thrown into the lap of that celebrated lady; and the many defeats of the French by sea and land, laid to her charge in the most circumstantial manner.

As a sample of the amazing credulity of the French in these matters, I recollect, that being once in the company of some French officers, and the discourse turning on the events of the last war, one of them a gentleman of good sense in other respects, roundly asserted, that in a certain naval engagement, (which I now forget the French commander had positive and explicit orders in his pocket, procured avowedly by Madam de Pompadour, to suffer himself to be beaten and taken. What can one say to people who are determined to give credit to such absurdities ?

ANECDOTE OF AN ENSIGN.

AT the time the English army were in Portugal, under Lord Townshend and Count de Lippe, the following adventure happened to an Ensign of a regiment there:—One morning, as he was at breakfast, a friar waited on him, and, after the usual jargon of poverty and penance, told him, that he had a letter for him from one of the sisterhood of his convent, which he brought out of pure charity, supposing it contained some wholesome admonition, tending to reform him. The young gentleman opened the letter with great eagerness,

gerness, and to his utmost surprize found, it written in English, and from a lady, begging in the most earnest terms, that he would contrive to deliver her from the miseries of her confinement. The officer, thinking his fair incognita was well acquainted with her messenger, before she would have trusted him, asked the friar, “ if he could see the lady ? ” — “ Not unless you put “ on the habit of our order,” replied the priest, “ which I have prepared for you.” It may be imagined our gallant Englishman complied ; for, in about half an hour, he was introduced to a most lovely young creature, who, with tears and blushes, “ hoped he would forgive the method “ she took to obtain his protection ;—adding, “ that she was an English woman, and second “ daughter to a Roman Catholic merchant of “ immense fortune, who took her, as it were, “ upon a visit of pleasure to Lisbon, and then “ buried her in a monestry, in order to gratify his “ ambition in the matching of her elder sister. “ The friar is an Irishman, she continued, and “ knows my family. He will do all in his power “ to effect my escape, as, if it be effected, I can “ amply reward him.”

A council of war was now called on the means of getting out of the convent; when it was agreed that the friar should let them out at midnight, and,

in order to prevent enquiry or pursuit, report, that she had drowned herself;—a death which foreigners think happens every day in England to young women disappointed in love, or wounded deeply by other strong passions. The plot succeeded and the officer was married next morning to the fair apostate. However it was thought most advisable, while the troops continued in Portugal, for the lady to appear in man's apparel. Upon her return to England, she found her elder sister dead, and her father in despair, for being, as he supposed, the cause of his second daughter's making away with herself. She waited upon him with her husband, and a new relation he had never seen. The old man fainted with surprize and joy in his daughter's arms; but this meeting terminated in the reconciliation and happiness of all parties.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED COLUMBUS.

WHEN Columbus, after having discovered the Western hemisphere, was, by order of the King of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was intimately

intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge, and abilities, offered to free him from his fetters, and make his passage as agreeable as possible. But Columbus rejected his friendly offer, saying.—“ Sir, I thank you ; but these
 “ chains are the rewards and honours for my
 “ services, from my King, whom I have served as
 “ faithfully as my God ; and as such I will carry
 “ them with me to my grave.”

A STRIKING ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT KING OF SWEDEN.

THE following little narrative, which exhibits to the reader of sensibility a lively portrait of filial affection on the one hand, furnishes, on the other, a trait highly expressive of that benevolence, which so eminently distinguishes the character of the illustrious Prince, who knew so well how to reward it.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death, as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment.

His son, a youth of about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprized of that predicament to which the wretched author of his being was reduced, than he flew to the judge, who had pronounced the fatal decree, and throwing himself at his feet, preyed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he adored, and whose loss he declared it was impossible for him to survive.

The magistrate was tunderstruck at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and could hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied however, that the young man actually wished for nothing more ardently than to save his father's life, at the expence of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the King; and the consequence was, that his Majesty immediately dispatched back the courier with orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his incomparable son.

This last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave with all humility to decline; and the motive for his refusal of it was not less noble, than the conduct by which he had deserved it was generous and disinterested.

“Of what avail,” exclaimed he, “could the
 “most exalted title be to me, humbled as my fa-
 “mily already is in the dust!—Alas! would it
 “not

“ not serve but as a monument, to perpetuate in
 “ the minds of my countrymen the direful re-
 “ membrance of an unhappy father’s shame !”

His Majesty actually shed tears when this mag-
 nanimous speech was reported to him; and, send-
 ing for the heroic youth to court, he appointed
 him directly to the office of his *private confidential*
Secretary.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF ENGLISH- MEN SETTLED AT BRUSSELS :

IN A LETTER FROM MR. THICKNESSE TO HIS
 FRIEND IN LONDON. A. D. 1784.

I HAVE your letter, Sir, upon my table,
 wherein you tell me, that, from the reiterated
 intreaties of the younger part of your family, you
 are actually in the contemplation of a design to
 pass a winter upon the Continent; and, at the
 same time desire me to give you my opinion as
 to the eligibility of Bruffels for your place of resi-
 dence.

I shall not enter into the trifling minutiae of
 comparative expence between London and this

place. Your fortune has raised you above the misery of such an enquiry. Nor shall I fill four pages with an account of amusements that are not worth four lines. To yourself these things are nothing ; to the rest of your family novelty would make them every thing. But to my purpose.

Brussels is a large handsome town, and the upper part of it possesses some magnificent features. The public walks are elegant, the ramparts are extremely pleasant, and the environs exhibit a varied scene of splendid cultivation. I need not tell you, that it is the residence of the governors-general of the *Austrian Netherlands*, who maintain a court in ease and elegance ; and to which the *King of Great Britain*, though without any the least apparent necessity, sends a residential representative. There is a French comedy throughout the year, with *ridotto's*, concerts, &c. during the winter. The post comes from England as regular twice a-week, as winds and waves will permit ; and I have very frequently received letters from London early on the fourth day. These advantages naturally induce many of our countrymen, whom the impulse of curiosity, domestic imprudence, or the frowns of fortune, have urged from their native shore, to reside in this city ; and I do assure you, that for an English family, this circumstance alone is the ultimate and insurmountable grievance of a *Brussels residence*.

I shall

I shall not anticipate your feelings on this assertion, but relate the facts as they are, and the disagreeable circumstances which will befall every one who remains for any time in this place, and enters into a social intercourse with the British part of it.

The English here consist of the following classes ; with a few exceptions only :—

1. Ruined or deranged nobility.
2. Ditto ——— gentry.
3. Persons of small fortunes.
4. Ditto, who having but little fortune to give their children, are resolved to give them a good education, which they believe to consist of French, dancing, a tincture of foreign manners ; all which may be obtained upon much more moderate terms than in England.
5. Young men on travelling excursions.
6. The unfortunate and indigent.
7. Now and then a family of good fortune venture upon a winter here ; but I never heard of one who did not quit the place with more than common dissatisfaction.

Indeed, I know one Instance of a London bankrupt, of infamous character, who has contrived to set up a trade here, and by giving credit to one or two needy families of rank, and keeping

a convenient house, has erected himself into consequence, and finds admittance where honest men and gentlemen are received with coolness.

Such are the characters that compose the little British colony of this place. It might indeed be supposed, that one cause, operating in a greater or less degree upon them all, would annihilate the nonsense of empty distinction, assimilate them to each other by one common tie, induce them to live as it were under the same roof, and to form one general, friendly, and uninterrupted society.

Such a society might be arranged without difficulty, in which not only the comforts, but some of the elegant pleasures, might be enjoyed at a small expence. But truth presents a very different picture; and it is my duty to copy the original as it exists, and not to give you such a one as my heart might wish to see in its place.

There is, however, a line of distinction, which, by many of our amiable country-folks, is considered as exclusive, and that is, *the being present at court*. Now I will venture to assert, that such riff-raff English have been admitted there, as to take away all ideas of honour from such a ceremony. Nevertheless, it has proved a groundwork of no small pride to several, who should know better wherein the dignity of an English gentleman consists. I do not believe, that be-
sides

sides the British minister, and two or three more families of fashion, there is a single English subject, who now attends the levee of their Royal Highnesses, who has ever been present at that of his Britannic Majesty*.

As for the women, there are of them who attend the winter balls of the Brussels court, that never advanced farther at St James's, than to see, beneath the arm-pits of a beef-eater, the Sunday procession of our Royal Family to and from the chapel-royal. Some of these poor people are driven almost to *starvation*, in order to furnish the necessary decorations of a court appearance; though, for the comfort of their purse, and the consolation of their stomachs, it requires nothing more than the common dress of genteel life. The condescending disposition of their Royal Highnesses has exerted itself so far, as to invite such people as these to a dinner, when, for want of manners and language, they exhibit a scene distressing to every body.

Two antiquated ladies, *late of the Pump-room, Bath*, are of this number, without a fortune to bear it, or a word of the language to support it. They were presented! It was very cold weather;

* Since the writing of this letter, I am informed, that the *Archduchess* has desired the *British Minister* to present no persons whatever to her court, who have not been presented at the court of St. James's

and, as the weather is always a subject for strangers to begin with, the Archduchess observed, that it was very cold, and repeated the words *bien froid*, two or three times over, lest they did not understand her. At length one of the ladies believing, that the Archduchess asked them to *stay dinner*, and that it was a nice fry they were to participate of, curtsied, and replied, that whether it was *fried or boiled*, so they had the honour of dining at court, it was quite equal to them! The Archduchess *did not cry* at this *eclaircissement*.

Were you determined, my friend, to pass a winter here, you would bring with you every object that could awaken the envy, ill-nature, and malice of most of the English established here before you. Your companions would be affluence, understanding, character, and two beautiful daughters. Those young ladies, whose personal charms, however transcendant, from the least part of their merit, would, by the lustre of their beauty, the elegance of their manners, the variety of their accomplishments, and the extent of their information, make the fairest of their transmarine countrywomen hide their diminished heads, and of course call forth every secret effort of their malice; and it would be very unpleasant to such feelings as theirs, to be the objects of a malicious spirit however vain and ineffectual its utmost

utmost exertions must prove on their subject: To shew politeness to every body, would be to please very few, and offend the multitude; and to enter into the miserable distinctions, which, from various quarters, would be recommended to you, is not in your disposition;—so that you would leave the ease, the elegance, and the abundant satisfaction of your own home, to be placed in a nest of British hornets. They would not, indeed, be able to sting you; but your humanity would be wounded in seeing their malicious efforts to sting one another.

The man of philosophic cast and character may live here in great comfort, and see, with compassion, the war of those petty passions which do not ruffle the composure of his life; but your object is variety, novelty, and amusement; and these social enjoyments are essentially requisite. Among those of your own countrymen you will find little to your satisfaction; and the best society of the natives affords nothing but one uniform, unvaried course of ceremony and cards.

The prepossession in favour of Brussels, as a place of education, has already been, and will I fear continue to be very unfortunate to many an English miss. Parents, of little fortune, frequently bring their daughters here to acquire common

mon accomplishments at a cheap and easy rate*; and if common accomplishments alone were acquired, all might be well. But it often happens in the carnival, that the Flemish nobility, who are disposed to form groupes of characters, either for balls or public processions in the streets, &c. &c. cannot find a sufficient number of their own class and country to make up the show. *From a mere dearth*, therefore, and to *fill up the gaps* of these entertainments, the English young ladies are invited. Proud of this little distinction, they are arrayed in all their finery, and find themselves elevated at once from the common society of their own station, to the company of Dukes, Princes, Marquisses, Counts, Viscounts, Barons, Chevaliers, &c. &c. Neither they, poor things, nor their mothers can reason upon the business; the vanity of the moment bears away every thing before it. They are raised, they know not where; and, by a continuation of these subservient honours, they acquire notions, to say no worse, beyond their situation.

• The peace, however, has lessened the emigration to this place. A provincial French town furnishes cheaper and better means of exterior education.

A VERY

A VERY AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

AN inhabitant of a village in the circle of Suabia was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal ; and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused, with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.

The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. “ Dearest husband,” said the distracted mother, “ shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish ? Have we given them birth, only to behold them die of hunger ? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love ! Behold their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death ! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas ! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own ! Run—fly to the next town, —speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them !—Every moment you lose, is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched by our miseries. You
 “ may

“may find some good hearted person, who may yet relieve us.”

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. No one would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred. A pedlar passing by, he stopped him. The pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.

No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and, returning to the pedlar, threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. “Take back your money,” said he;—“believe how much it has cost me, before I could be resolved to commit this crime. My heart has been unused to guilt. Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive,—you will pity me,—you will be my benefactor, my preserver.”

The

The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitations, or rather, yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter the ruinous habitation ! How moving every object ! The children almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger,—and the mother, a picture of the deepest distress.

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife: “ You know,” said he, “ with what eagerness I “ went to the town, in the hope of finding some relief. But, ah ! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating “ what they already have, in luxury and idle expences. Refused by all—desperate—furious— “ I went into a neighbouring wood :—Can you “ believe it ?—I have dared to lay violent hands “ on this good man ;—I have dared—Oh ! I cannot tell you.”

“ Pity my poor babes,” exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the pedlar : consider our miserable situation. “ Alas ! poverty hath not altered our sentiments. “ In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband ; “ —I implore your compassion for these wretched “ infants.”

The

The good pedlar, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor people. "I am your friend," said he. "Take these twenty crowns,—I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future."—"What!" answered the peasant, "instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to be my protector?—Would you be my preserver?—Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take this money."—The pedlar insisting still, compels him to take it. The whole family kiss the benevolent hand which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only on every face can speak their grateful hearts, and the pedlar retires with that sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Oh ye! on whom Fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor pedlar, can your hearts be ever inaccessible to pity? Can you henceforth behold, unmoved, the sufferings of your fellow-creatures? Fortune is inconstant. Enjoy her present favours; but forget not this important truth,—that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

ANECDOTE OF METASTASIO.

METASTASIO, so much and so justly distinguished through Europe, was, at his outset, an *improvvisatore*, or extempore poet. It is not long since he was asked by a friend, if he did not think the custom of inventing and reciting extempore, which he practised when a boy, might not be considered as a happy beginning of his education? “On the contrary said he,” “I think it
 “was a disadvantage to me; for, by that habit,
 “I acquired a carelessness and incorreclness
 “which cost me much trouble to overcome, and
 “to substitute in its place a totally different habit,
 “that of thinking with selection, and expressing
 “myself with correctness and precision.”

ANECDOTE OF THE FAMOUS EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE general character of this Nobleman, who is equally celebrated for his bravery and his parts is well known. He wrote those exquisitely neat and elegant lines in Pope's and Swift's Miscellany, beginning with, “I said to me heart be-
 “tween

“tween sleeping and waking,”—four letters in Pope’s Collection, and a few other things of small account, mentioned in Mr. Walpole’s Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who knew him very well, used to relate the following singular anecdote of him, which she had from his own mouth.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he affected his purpose; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman,—
“I would have bought that bird of you, and you
“refused

“refused my money for it ; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it.”—“ Indeed, Sir,” answered the woman, “ I am not ; nor would I take any sum for him ; for, would you believe it ? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note.”

ANECDOTE OF FEMALE GENEROSITY.

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry IV. being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty courtiers where he could procure some. The courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife, a zealous royalist, who very probably might assist him. The monarch advised his confidant to pay a visit immediately to the lady, and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from Marli, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in question, resided.

They were most hospitably received; and, after the usual congratulations on the success of the King's army, the courtier, affecting an air of deep sorrow, began, “ Alas! Madam, to what
“ purpose

“ purpose are all our victories ! We are in the
 “ greatest distress imaginable. His majesty has
 “ no money to pay his troops. They threaten to
 “ revolt, and join the leaguers. Mayenne will
 “ triumph at last.” — “ Is it possible ! ” exclaimed
 Madame le Clerc. “ Let not that, however, af-
 “ flict our gracious sovereign. He will still find
 “ new resources. He fights for too glorious a
 “ cause to be abandoned. Many other persons
 “ will follow my example.”

On saying this she quitted the room, and re-
 turned with many bags full of gold which she laid
 at their feet. “ This is all I can do for the pre-
 “ sent,” added she gracefully. “ Go, and relieve
 “ the Prince of his anxiety. Wish him, from
 “ me, all the success and happiness he deserves.
 “ Tell him to be confident that he reigns in the
 “ hearts of his subjects, and that my life and for-
 “ tune are, and will be ever, at his disposal.”

Henry could not conceal himself any longer.
 “ Generous woman,” cried he, “ my friend has
 “ no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the ex-
 “ cellence of your heart. Here he stands before
 “ you, and is a witness to the effusions of your
 “ sensibility ! Be assured, that the favour will be
 “ indelibly engraved on Henry’s heart.”

Madame le Clerc fell at the monarch’s feet,
 without being able to utter a word. The confi-
 dent

gent wept, and Henry joined in the sweet emotions.

But the time was too precious to devote it solely to friendship and gratitude. For want of money, the troops were ready to revolt that very morning. Henry and his friend took leave of the lady, and went to the army; who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, "Vive le Roi!—Long live the King!"

From that time, success attended every one of that monarch's enterprizes; and, after having subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, he sent for Madame le Clerc one day, when the Court was very brilliant and full. In presenting her to the nobility, "You see this lady," said he, "a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the success of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me considerable sums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops threatened to abandon me. She shall be reimbursed with more than lawful interest, and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour."

"Ah, Sire," interrupted Madame le Clerc, "do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and have ever since felt, in contributing to the happiness and success of my sovereign? That is the only interest that belongs

"to

" to me, and the only reward my ambition aims
 " at.

The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist.

ANECDOTE, CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF MACARONISM.

FOLENGIO THEOPILUS, of Mantua, known also by the title of Merlin Coccaye, an Italian poet, gave name to a poem, which has been adopted ever since for all trifling performances of the same species, consisting of buffoonery, puns, anagrams, wit without wisdom, and humour without good sense. His poem was called "The Macaroni," from an Italian cake of the same name, which is sweet to the taste, but has not the least alimentary virtue. On the contrary, it palls the appetite, and cloyes the stomach. These idle poems, however became the reigning taste in Italy and in France. They gave birth to Macaroni Academies, and reaching England, to Macaroni Clubs ;—till at last, every thing insipid, contemptible, and ridiculous, in the character, dress,

dress, or behaviour of both men and women, is now summed up in the despicable appellation of "A Macaroni."

ANECDOTE OF MR. HUME.

IN A LETTER FROM HIMSELF TO DR. CAMPBELL. A. D. 1762.

IT has so seldom happened, my dear Sir, that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks for the civil and obliging manner in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed, or explained away, or atoned for by civilities, which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to.

It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your

M arguments,

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The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist.

ANECDOTE, CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF MACARONISM.

FOLENGIO THEOPILUS, of Mantua, known also by the title of Merlin Coccaye, an Italian poet, gave name to a poem, which has been adopted ever since for all trifling performances of the same species, consisting of buffoonery, puns, anagrams, wit without wisdom, and humour without good sense. His poem was called “ The Macaroni,” from an Italian cake of the same name, which is sweet to the taste, but has not the least alimentary virtue. On the contrary, it palls the appetite, and cloyes the stomach. These idle poems, however became the reigning taste in Italy and in France. They gave birth to Macaroni Academies, and reaching England, to Macaroni Clubs ;—till at last, every thing insipid, contemptible, and ridiculous, in the character, dress,

dress, or behaviour of both men and women, is now summed up in the despicable appellation of "A Macaroni."

ANECDOTE OF MR. HUME.

IN A LETTER FROM HIMSELF TO DR. CAMP-
BELL. A. D. 1762.

IT has so seldom happened, my dear Sir, that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks for the civil and obliging manner in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed, or explained away, or atoned for by civilities, which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to.

It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your

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arguments,

arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

I consider myself as very much honoured, in being thought worthy of an answer from a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps, in strictness, you might have ventured to neglect.

I own to you, that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself, as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence. But, as I had fixed a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherwise my silence, on any future occasion, would be construed into an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majesty, generally after dinner, made it a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth. In passing through the chambers to her apartment one evening, only preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropt, when one of them rolled in under a closet where wood was generally kept for the use of his bed-chamber. After the King had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea, and judging where it went—"Come," says he to the page, "we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood." The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it.—"Well," says the King, "you have wrought hard, there's the guinea for your labour; but I would have nothing lost."—*No bad example in the higher departments of state.*

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

KAMHI, Emperor of China, was always careful to have his table served with European wines. Having one day ordered a Mandarin, his most faithful favourite, to drink with him, the Prince got drunk, and afterwards fell into a profound sleep. The Mandarin, who dreaded the consequences of this intemperance, passed into the lodge of the eunuchs, and told them "that the Emperor was drunk; that it was to be feared he might contract the habit of drinking to excess; that wine would still more irritate his temper, which was already too violent; and that, in this state, he would not even spare his dearest favourites. To remedy so great an evil," added the Mandarin, "you must load me with chains, and put me into a dungeon, as if the order came from the Emperor."

The eunuchs approved of this scheme, for their own interest. The Prince surprised to find himself alone at waking, asked what became of his table companion? He was answered, that having had the misfortune to displease his Majesty, he was led, by his orders, into a close prison, where he was to be put to death.

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The Monarch appeared, for sometime lost in thought, and at length gave orders for the Mandarin to be brought before him. He appeared, loaded with irons, and threw himself at his master's feet, as a criminal, waiting the sentence of his death.

"What brought thee into that condition?" said the Prince to him. "What crime hast thou committed?"—"I am ignorant of my crime," answered the Mandarin; "all I know is, that your Majesty had commanded me to be thrown into a dark prison, and there to be delivered over to death."

The Emperor, becoming more thoughtful than before appeared to be surprised and troubled. At last, imputing to the fumes of drunkenness aviolence which he had not the least remembrance of, he had the Mandarin's irons struck off, and it was observed,—"that he, ever after, avoided an excess in wine."

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF THE ITALIANS.

RELATED BY DR. MOORE.

TRAVELLERS are too apt to form hasty, and, for the most part, unfavourable opinions of national characters. Finding the customs and sentiments of the inhabitants of the foreign countries through which they pass, very different from their own, they are ready to consider them as erroneous ; and conclude, that those who act and think in a manner so opposite to themselves, must be either knaves, fools, or both. In such hasty decisions they are often confirmed by the partial representations of a few of their own countrymen, or of other foreigners, who are established in some profession, or business, in those countries, and who have an interest in giving bad impressions of the people among whom they reside.

That the Italians have an uncommon share of natural sagacity and acuteness, is pretty generally allowed ; but they are accused of being deceitful, perfidious, and revengeful ; and they frequent assassinations and murders, which happen in the streets

streets of the great towns in Italy, are brought as proofs of this charge.

I have not remained a sufficient length of time in Italy, supposing I were, in all other respects, qualified to decide on the character of the inhabitants ; but from the opportunities I have had, my idea of the Italians is, that they are an ingenious sober people, with quick feelings, and therefore irritable ; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition, and less subject to avarice, envy, and repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most other nations. The murders, which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and some very impolitic customs, which have, from various causes, crept in among them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree, in some other countries. I beg you will keep in your mind, that the assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever may have been the case formerly, are now entirely confined to the accidental squabbles which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens ; and with regard to the stabbings, which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate im-

pulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge.

I do not know whether the stories we have of mercenary bravos, men who formerly are supposed to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth ; but, I am certain, that at present there is no such trade in this country. That the horrid practice of drawing the knife, and stabbing each other, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, I am persuaded, is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates against the peace of society, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom in two different manners. First, it increases the criminal's hopes of escaping ; and, secondly, it diminishes, in the vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime. When the populace see a murderer lodged within the sacred walls of a church, protected and fed by men who are revered on account of their profession, and the supposed sanctity of their lives, must not this weaken the horror which mankind naturally have for such a crime, and which it ought to be the aim of every government to augment ?

Those who are willing to admit that this last consideration may have the effect I have ascribed to

to it, on the minds of the vulgar, still contend, that the hopes of impunity can have little influence in keeping up the practice of stabbing ; because, as has been already observed, these stabbings are always in consequence of accidental quarrels and sudden burst of passion, in which men have no consideration about their future safety. All I have to say in answer is, that if the observations I have been able to make on the human character are well founded, there are certain considerations, which never entirely lose their influence on the mind of men, even when they are in the height of passion. I do not mean that there are not instances of men been thrown into such paroxysms of fury, as totally deprive them of reflection, and make them act like madmen, without any regard to consequences ; but extraordinary instances, which depend on the peculiarities of constitution, and very singular circumstances, cannot destroy the force of an observation which, generally speaking, is found just.

We every day see men, who have the character of being of the most ungovernable tempers, who are apt to fly into violent fits of passion upon the most trivial occasions, yet, in the midst of all their rage, and when they seem to be entirely blinded by fury, are still capable of making distinctions ; which plainly evince, that they are not

so much blinded by anger, as they would seem to be. When people are subject to violent fits of choler, and to an unrestrained licence of words and actions, only in the company of those who, from their unfortunate situation of life, are obliged to bear such abuse, it is a plain proof, that considerations which regard their own personal safety, have some influence on their minds in the midst of their fury, and instruct them to be mad *certa ratione modoque*.

This is frequently unknown to those choleric people themselves, while it is fully evident to every person of observation around them. What violent fits of passion do some men indulge themselves in against their slaves and servants, which they always impute to the ungovernable nature of their own tempers, of which, however, they display the most perfect command, upon much greater provocations given by their superiors, equals, or by any set of people who are not obliged to bear their ill humour.

How often do we see men who are agreeable, cheerful, polite, and good-tempered to the world in general, gloomy, peevish, and passionate, to their wives and children? When you happen to be a witness to any instance of unprovoked domestic rage, into which they have allowed themselves to be transported, they will very probably lament

lament their misfortune, in having more ungovernable tempers than the rest of mankind. But if a man does not speak and act with the same degree of violence, on equal provocation, without considering whether it comes from *superior, equal,* or *dependant*; he plainly shews that he can govern his temper, and that his not doing it on particular occasions, proceeds from the basest and most despicable of all motives.

I remember, when I was on the continent with the English army, having seen an officer beat a soldier very unmercifully with his cane. I was then standing with some officers, all of whom seemed to be filled with indignation at this mean exercise of power. When the person, who had performed this intrepid exploit, came to join the circle, he plainly perceived marks of disapprobation in every countenance; for which reason he thought it necessary to apologize for what he had done. “Nothing,” says he, “provokes me so much, as a fellow’s looking saucily when I speak to him. I have told that man so fifty times; and yet, on my reprimanding him just now, for having one of the buttons of his waistcoat broken, he *looked saucily* full in my face; which threw me into such a passion, that I could not help threshing him. However, I am sorry for it, because he has the character of being

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“ing an honest man, and has always done his
 “duty as a soldier very well. How much,”
 continued he, “are those people to be envied,
 “who have a full command of their temper !”

“No man can command it more perfectly
 “than yourself,” said a gentleman, who was then
 in the foot guards, and had since been a general
 officer.

“I often endeavour to do it,” replied the
 choleric man, “but always find it out of my
 “power. I have not philosophy enough to check
 “the violence of my temper when once I am
 “provoked.”

“You certainly do yourself injustice, Sir,” said
 the officer. “No person seems to have his pas-
 “sions under better discipline. With your bro-
 “ther officers, I never saw you, in a single in-
 stance, break through the rules of decorum, or
 “allow your anger to overcome your politeness.
 “to them.”

“They never provoked me,” said the passi-
 onate man.

“Provoked you !” rejoined the other ; “Yes,
 “Sir, often ; and in a much greater degree than
 “the poor soldier. Do not I, at this moment,
 “give you ten thousand times more provocation
 “than he, or any of the unfortunate men under
 “your command, whom you are so apt to beat

“and

“and abuse, ever did?—and yet you seem perfectly master of your temper.”

There was no way left by which the choleric man could prove the contrary, except by knocking the other down; but that was a method of convincing his antagonist which he did not think proper to use. A more intrepid man, in the same predicament, would very probably have had recourse to that expedient; but, in general, mankind are able, even in the violence of passion, to estimate, in some measure, the risk they run; and the populace of every country are more readily kindled to that *inferior* degree of rage, which makes them lose their horror for the crime of murder, and disregard the life of a fellow-creature, than to that *higher* pitch, which deprives them of all consideration for their own personal safety.

In England, Germany, or France, a man knows, that if he commits a murder, every person around him will, from that instant, become his enemy, and use every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execration of his countrymen. Impressed with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder, which such sentiments augment, the populace of those countries hardly ever have recourse to stabbing in their
accidental

accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage. The lowest blackguard in the streets of London, will not draw a knife against an antagonist far superior to himself in strength. He will fight him fairly with his fists as long as he can, and bear the severest drubbing, rather than use a means of defence which is held in detestation by his countrymen, and which would bring himself to the gallows.

The murders committed in Germany, France, or England, are therefore comparatively few in number, and happen generally in consequence of a pre-concerted plan, in which the murderers have taken measures for their escape or concealment, without which they know that inevitable death awaits them. In Italy the case is different. An Italian is not under the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder. He is at less pains to restrain the wrath, which he feels kindling within his breast. He allows his rage full scope ; and, if hard pressed by the superior strength of an enemy, he does not scruple to extricate himself by a thrust of his knife. He knows, that if some of the *Sbirri* are not present, no other person will seize him ; for *that* office is held in such detestation by the Italian populace, that none of them will perform any part of its functions.

functions. The murderer is therefore pretty certain of gaining some church or convent, where he will be protected, till he can compound the matter with the relations of the deceased, or escape to some of the other Italian states ; which is no very difficult matter, as the dominions of none are very extensive.

Besides, when any of these assassins has not had the good fortune to get within the portico of a church before he is seized by the Sbirri, and when he is actually carried, it is not a very difficult matter for his friends or relations to prevail, by their entreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals or Princes, to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If this is the case, and I am assured from authority which fully convinces me, that it is, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians. This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict, which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stilet-
to ;

to; and the Florentine populace now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I am afraid you will think I have been a little prolix on this occasion; but I had two objects in view, and was solicitous about both. The first was to shew, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is, like most other national reflections, ill founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes. The second was to demonstrate to certain choleric gentlemen, who pretend to have ungovernable tempers, as an excuse for rendering every creature dependant on them miserable, that in their furious fits they not only behave*ridiculously, but basely. In civil life, in England, they have the power of only making themselves contemptible; but in the army or navy, or in our islands, they often render themselves the objects of horror.

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A VERY CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

MADAME DE L'ENCLOS was always much caressed, on account of the charms of her wit, and the happiness of an amiable disposition. Without being the paragon of beauty, she commanded all the respect that is generally paid to it. The sweetness and equality of her character, a probity sincere and natural, a resolute soul, and a heart as tender as it was faithful, procured her admirers, even when she was very far advanced in life.

The account, which her biographer gives of the Abbot of Gedoy's attachment to her, is truly singular. This abbey was presented to him, when he was twenty-nine years of age, and Ninon approached her eightieth. However, whether it was through the caprice of love, or an inconceivable enchantment, the Abbot became passionately fond of her, and was so ardent in his solicitations, that Ninon consented to listen to him; but she would not consent to make him happy till the end of a certain period, which she fixed.

The time arrived. He threw himself on his knees, and conjured her in the name of love to keep the promise she had made. The Abbot
soon

soon ceased to solicit. Enchanted with his good fortune, he asked her, why she had suffered him to languish so long,—“Alas, my dear Abbot,” replied Ninon, “my tenderness has suffered as much as yours; but it was the effect of a spark of vanity. I was desirous, for the novelty of the case, to wait till I had reached my eightieth year, which I did last night.”

ANECDOTE OF A SPIRITED ENGLISHMAN.

NO man would submit to the payment of taxes, if he knew how, consistently with the duty of a good subject, he could possibly avoid it; and though an Englishman, oppressed as he is with a still increasing catalogue of national burthens, *at home*, may consent to bear them without much murmur, as being an unavoidable effect of the embarrassments of the state, yet his very soul revolts at every imposition in the form of taxation, to which he may find himself exposed by the *despotic police* of a foreign power—a power especially, which he has always been taught to consider as the *natural enemy of his country*, and the determined subverter of all its dearest interests.

Thus

Thus it happened lately in the streets of Dunkirk.—A gentleman of the navy,—one who, like his royal master, “ born and bred in this country, “ glories in the name of BRITON,” on landing at this paltry town,—the nest of such outlaws, swindlers, and other vagrants, as England daily drives from her with scorn, and as France still blushes not to protect,—found himself surrounded with a parcel of half-starved, chop-fallen wretches, who, stiling themselves *officers*, begged to have the honour to convey his trunk, portmanteau, and other baggage, to the *Douane*, or the custom-house, for the purpose of being *examined*.

As chance would have it, the packages of our countrymen were found to contain nothing that the laws of the *Grand Monarque* declared contraband, except twelve pair of silk stockings, which had been purchased by him but the week before at Nottingham, and innocently intended for his own wear, during a short trip over the Continent.

For these stockings, however, he was ordered to pay three livres a pair.—Three livres !—The exaction was enormous, and consequently refused with disdain by the indignant Englishman.

“ But, after all, gentlemen,” said he, “ you will allow that the stockings are mine ?”

“ O yes, Sir, we entertain no kind of doubt in that respect.”

“ Then

“ Then, returned he, “ you can also entertain
 “ no kind of doubt but that, as being my *property*,
 “ I have a right to do with them what I please.”
 —To this question having also received an answer
 in the affirmative, he counted over the stockings
 one by one, and having previously cut them in
 pieces, he very deliberately, in the presence of
 an astonished multitude, trampled them under his
 feet in the kennel, declaring,—“ that he would
 “ travel over the whole kingdom bare-legged,
 “ rather than have it said, that he had purchased
 “ from a French King the privilege of wearing
 “ what *stockings* he liked.”

A CAPITAL BON MOT OF VOLTAIRE.

THE late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at
 a route in France, where Voltaire was one
 of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing
 about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire
 thus accosted him:—“ My Lord, I know you are
 “ a judge ; which are more beautiful, the Eng-
 “ lish or French ladies?”—Upon my word,” re-
 plied his Lordship, with his usual presence of
 mind, I am no connoisseur in paintings.”—Some
 time after this, Voltaire being in London, hap-
 pened

pened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated."—"My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF PETER THE CRUEL.

RELATED BY MR. DILLON.

PPETER, King of Castile, universally branded with the epithet of Cruel, was the son and heir of Alfonso XI. King of Castile, by Maria, daughter of Alfonso, King of Portugal. Peter, when only fifteen years old, succeeded his father, who in 1530 died of the plague before Gibraltar, which he was endeavouring to retake.

The Duke of Bourbon had an accomplished daughter named Blanche, whom Peter demanded and obtained in marriage. But, before he could arrive in his dominions, being at the house of his
prime

prime minister Albuquerque, he accidentally saw, and immediately became enamoured of a very handsome woman, named Donna Maria de Padilla. While he was spending his time in fond dalliance with his beautiful favourite, news was brought that Blanche of Bourbon was arrived at Valladolid, where the queen-mother resided. This information gave the amorous monarch great uneasiness, and it was not without much entreaty, that Albuquerque prevailed upon him to fulfil his engagement, and espouse the daughter of the Duke of Bourbon. Three days, however, after his nuptials, he deserted his new queen, and returned to the arms of his mistress, while the unfortunate Blanche, attended by the queen-mother, retired to Otordefillas, where she wasted her youth in affliction, without any other consolation than that of being lamented by those who knew the cruel treatment she had met with.

Peter, like most tyrants, was capricious and fickle ; for being struck with the charms of Jane de Castro, a widow, he publicly married her, and caused her to be proclaimed Queen of his dominions. With this lady, however, he remained only a very short time ; and, leaving her to fortune, again returned to the deserted Padilla, who, in reality, had the chief share in his affections.

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At length, by the instigation of this woman, whom he wished to raise to the throne of Castile, he ordered Queen Blanche to be poisoned; who accordingly fell a sacrifice to the wanton caprice of this brutal tyrant, in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

Padilla did not long enjoy her triumph. She was soon after seized with a fit of illness, which carried her off in the Alcazcar of Seville, to the great grief of her paramour, who caused her to be interred with great pomp in a monastery of her own founding.

Among many other acts of cruelty, Peter ordered his two bastard brothers to be put to death, the eldest of whom was only nineteen, and the younger no more than fourteen years of age; but after an unfortunate reign, he himself was murdered by his bastard-brother Henry, count of Trastamara, who had taken up arms against him.

The body of Peter was left for three days unburied, exposed to the people out of policy, that all ranks might be certain he was no more. With this unfortunate Monarch there also fell two gallant Englishmen, who were slain for having drawn their swords in his defence, when grappling with Henry. These were Sir Ralph Holmes and James Rowland, whose spirit and bravery deserved a better fate.

Peter

Peter the Cruel was handsome in person, and of a fair complexion. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and rather stammered. What is singular, the same defect is attributed to his cotemporary Peter, King of Portugal. His constitution was robust, and free from infirmities, enduring all manner of fatigue without the least inconvenience. Like his father, he was fond of the chace, which was the reigning passion of the age. He was of an amorous disposition, suspicious, covetous, and sanguine; valiant withal in the field, in contradiction to the general habits of those vices. Historians have said, that he was a strict dispenser of justice;—that the country was free from robbers during his reign;—that evil-doers stood in dread of him, and many quitted the kingdom; for which his countrymen ought to have acknowledged some obligation in that ferocious age, when robbery and plunder were so common in Europe, and scarcely considered as offences.

ANECDOTE OF THE ASTONISHING EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

SULTAN AMURATH, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it gave orders for putting 30,000 Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted, and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him with his intreaty; and, being brought before the Emperor, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltery, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side; and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones, and exulting sounds, which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intention. In consider-

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ation of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those prisoners, who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING A NOBLE DUKE.

SOME years ago, a farmer, who lived near the seat of a naval Duke, not over fond of close quarters and great guns, made complaint that his Grace and servants rode over his fields, which they considerably damaged ; and told his Grace that he was very sorry he should have any reason to complain. The Duke, in a haughty and contemptuous manner replied,—“ What do you mean Sir, by interrupting me in this manner ? ” “ I and my servant shall ride over them again.” —The farmer astonished at such an unsatisfactory answer, said,—“ I am very sorry, my Lord Duke that I must take some method to keep your Grace and servants off:—I'll put a French man of war just at the entrance of the field.”—The poor Duke walked off, without returning an answer.

A SINGU-

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian Envoy informed his Majesty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himself, had retired into England, and that his friends requested he might be searched for, and sent back as soon as possible.

The Prince hearing of it, made himself known to the King, acquainting him that he lived twenty-five miles from town, in a country retreat, with his beloved Jacinta, and if his Majesty would afford them his protection, he should be happier there, than in the possession of a crown.

The King put a stop to any further searches of the Envoy, and the enamoured Prince lived unknown with his Jacinta till their deaths, which happened within six months of one another.

ANECDOTES OF MR. STERNE.

MR. Sterne, being in company with three or four clergymen, was relating a circumstance which happened to him at York. After

preaching at the cathedral, an old woman, whom he observed sitting on the pulpit stairs, stopt him as he came down, and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Mr. Sterne, having mentioned the place where he was to exhibit, found her situated in the same manner on that day, when she put the same question to him as before. The following Sunday he was to preach four miles out of York, which he told her; and, to his great surprise, he found her there too, and that the same question, was put to him as he descended from the pulpit. On which, adds he, I took for my text these words, expecting to find my old woman as before :—" I will grant the request of this poor widow, lest by her often coming she weary me."—One of the company immediately replied,—“ Why, Sterne, you omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is,—Though I neither fear God nor regard man.”—This unexpected retort silenced the wit for the whole evening.

ANECDOTE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE late Dr. Stukely, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there ; but as it was near his dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time, a boiled chicken, under a cover, was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl ; and, covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added,—“ Give me but leave to take my “ short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I “ am fatigued and faint.”—Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile,—“ See,” he says, “ what we studious people are !—I forgot that I “ dined.”

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

A SLAVE of Amrou Léits ran away, but being pursued, was brought back ; and that King's Grand Vizier, who hated the slaves, solicited Amrou to put him to death, suggesting to him, that it would be an instance to deter others. Hereupon the slave, casting himself on the ground before the King, said,—“ Whatever your Majesty shall be pleased to order, as to my destiny, must be done; for a slave cannot find fault with the judgment of his lord and master. But, because I have been brought up in your palace, as a mark of my gratitude, I could wish that you might not answer for my blood at the day of judgment ;—and, therefore, if you desire I should be killed, let it be under pretence of justice.”—Amrou asked him what he meant by that pretence?—“ Suffer me,” answered the slave “ to kill the Vizier, and then you will be in the right in taking away my life, to avenge his death.”—Amrou laughed at the conceit, and asked the Vizier what he thought of it? The Vizier answered, “ I advise your Majesty to forgive the wretch. He may draw some misfortune upon me. I have deserved that answer ; not considering, that when we design to kill another,

we

“ we expose ourselves to be killed, as much as
“ him, whom we intend to murder.”

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF PETER
THE GREAT.

RELATED BY MR. STÄHLIN.

I. **D**URING the first residence of the Czar in Holland, no one could doubt, who saw him employed in learning the art of ship-building at Sardam, and endeavouring every where to obtain instruction concerning the ways and means of exciting a spirit of commerce, of establishing manufactures, and of working up raw materials ; no one could doubt, I say, that his principal object, the end of all his labours, was the establishment of manufactures in his own dominions.

As he was likewise very eager to engage foreign artists, artisans, and manufacturers to settle in Russia, granting them entire liberty and various privileges, the Jews of Amsterdam thought they might derive advantage from this disposition.

For this purpose, they applied to the celebrated De Witson, burgomaster of Amsterdam, the

Duchman whom Peter honoured with the greatest share of familiarity, and begged of him to endeavour to prevail on his Czarian Majesty to permit the Jews as well as other foreigners, to settle in Russia to trade, and establish manufactures. They did not forget to set forth the great advantages that would result to his empire from the extensive sale of its productions, which the Jewish merchants would procure; and they offered to present the Monarch with the sum of one hundred thousand florins, as the first mark of their gratitude.

De Witson suffered himself to be persuaded, and promised to embrace the first opportunity of speaking to his Majesty. He kept his word, and laid his demand before him in a very circumstantial manner. The Czar visited De Witson familiarly every day; held this honest man in high estimation, consulted him about every thing, and considered him as the best master he could have in a variety of matters. It was, therefore, painful to send him away with a refusal. However, after having listened with the most serious attention to the proposals, he answered, with a smile, “ Myn-
 “ heer Witson, you know the Jews, and the spi-
 “ rit of my people. I am acquainted with both.
 “ It is not yet time to open a passage to the Jews
 “ into my country. You will, therefore, tell
 “ them from me, that I thank them for their of-
 “ fers,

“ fers, but that if they fettled in my dominions
 “ at present, I should not be able to repress my
 “ pity. Though they are reputed to have the se-
 “ cret of deceiving all the world, I fear that my
 “ Russians would make them dupes in their
 “ turns.”

II. The Czar Peter was too wise a monarch to lose sight for a moment of so important an object as agriculture. Whatever part of the world he visited, nothing relative to that science escaped his attention. In all his travels, whether through France, Holland, or Germany, when he saw the country people at work, on the right or left of the road, he left his carriage to observe them, and generally conversed with them on the subject of their occupations. He frequently entered their houses, examined every thing, particularly their utensils of husbandry, of which he sometimes made drawings on the spot, and always wrote down his remarks on tablets he carried about with him for that purpose. It was more especially his amusement at each stage, while the horses were changing.

As he was passing through a village, on his return to Paris, he saw a man, dressed very differently from the peasants, at work in a garden of moderate extent. Finding, on enquiry, that this laborious cultivator was the vicar of the place,

he entered the garden, which he perceived to be well stocked with handsome fruit trees, the house being situated in the middle, and a little forest of mulberry trees behind. The Czar conversed with him a full half hour, and learned, that the greatest part of the trees had been planted by the vicar himself, who still continued to prune them with his own hands. The Prince asked, with astonishment, why he was obliged to submit to such laborious occupations, and if his parishioners never gave him their assistance?—"Very seldom, Sir," answered the vicar. "When any of them have a few moments leisure, they do not want a good inclination; but they have always so much business themselves, that they have little time to spare to do mine. However, the duties of my office leave me sufficient for the cultivation of my little piece of ground; and, if the season is favourable, I always make a few hundreds a year, by the sale of my fruits and silks, which are a very necessary addition to my slender allowance."

The Russian Monarch was enchanted, and wrote down the name of this worthy pastor on his tablet. Then turning to the companions of his travels;—"Observe this worthy ecclesiastic," said he:—"The labour of his hands supplies him with cyder, wine, and ready money
 " into

“ into the bargain. Do not fail to remind me
 “ of him when we return to Russia. I’ll try if
 “ there are any means to animate our village-
 “ priests to cultivate their glebes, in order to de-
 “ liver them at once from poverty and sloth.”

III. When Peter and his consort dined or sup-
 ped alone, which often happened, they had only
 a very young page, and favourite chambermaid of
 the Empress, to wait on them. And when he
 had several of his ministers, or general officers,
 at his table, he was only attended by his chief
 cook, and two very young pages, who had orders
 to retire as soon as the desert was put on the table,
 and a bottle of wine had been set before each guest.

No laquey ever made his appearance during
 his repasts, except when he ate in public. “ I
 “ have no occasion for them,” he often repeated,
 “ to make their observations on me, when I give
 “ a loose to my conversation.”

He said one day, at table, to the old Baron of
 Mardfeldt, envoy from the court of Prussia—
 “ Hirelings and lacqueys never lose sight of their
 “ master’s mouth. They are spies on all he says,
 “ misconstrue every thing, and consequently re-
 “ peat every thing erroneously.”

IV. Among the remarkable things that attract-
 ed the Czar’s attention at Amsterdam, the assem-
 blage of all the religions of the earth was that
 which

which struck him the most forcibly. He could not divest himself of astonishment on seeing, that none of the many different religious ceremonies, which were publickly performed, was ever interrupted or molested; and that no quarrel ever arose, either from conversation, or writing, on these delicate matters.

He was one day talking on this subject with one of the magistrates, who observed to him that the port of Amsterdam was open to all the nations of the universe, and that here every one enjoyed the free exercise of his religion. The belief of those who come to reside among us, continued he, and their religious ceremonies, are of little consequence to the state, if they contain nothing contrary to our laws. — “ This system of government,” answered the Czar, “ is highly favourable to commerce. It contributes greatly to the influx of foreigners into Amsterdam, and consequently increases the public revenue. I cannot give sufficient praise to a conduct, which it is fully my intention to imitate in my city of Petersburg.”

Peter, in reality, executed this noble project. He not only tolerated every sect of Christians, but also granted them the liberty to elect an ecclesiastical council, to decide in all cases relative to marriages and religious matters, each according to its respective laws and customs; and without

out being subject to the controul of the synods of the Russian clergy, or any court of justice whatever.

V. Several anecdotes of the life of the Czar prove, that he was brought up in the principles of religion. From his infancy he had the fear of God before his eyes, and preserved it as long as he lived. He had a profound respect for the name of the Deity, for his commandments, and for the purity of the doctrine of the Christian religion. Though an enemy to fanaticism and superstition, and indifferent to all that relates to usages and forms of worship, he was not, therefore, the less zealous, when his indignation was excited by public impiety. He used to say, that impious men are a disgrace to a state, and cannot be tolerated ; because by sapping the foundations of religion, they make a jest of oaths, on which all social obligations depend.

Being informed one day, that a man who had publicly pronounced some impious words had been in prison, he immediately ordered him to be loaded with chains, as a madman——adding, “ Had he possessed the smallest spark of reason, “ he would not have forgot, for a moment, the “ respect he owed to the Divinity by whom he “ was created, and who can destroy him at pleasure ; much less would he have spoken of him “ in injurious terms.”

It

It was represented to the Czar, in order to soften his severity, that the culprit would not have been guilty of such a fault, if he had not been in liquor at the time. "It is for that very reason," returned he, in anger, "that he deserves double chastisement; for his impiety, and for his drunkenness, which occasioned the loss of his reason." The Czar was, with difficulty, prevailed on, by the most pressing solicitations, to consent that his tongue should not be cut out, and to content himself with sending him to a monastery in Siberia. There he was obliged to turn the winch of a hand mill, to perform other laborious offices, and to attend divine service punctually every day, at a very early hour in the morning and very late in the evening, that by this penitence, he might acquire a better way of thinking.

VI. This wise and sensible monarch, when speaking of wits, and other persons, who turn religion into ridicule, said, that he was one day in a company at Amsterdam, where he met with several people of this description. "I heard them display all their learning," continued he; "but they appeared to me so weak, and so ignorant, that they excited my contempt rather than admiration. These men, who pretend to be wiser than their fellows, do not see, that by their licentious discourse, they only betray their impiety,

“ piety, ignorance, and pride ;——their impiety,
 “ by their affected contempt of the holy scrip-
 “ tures, and revelation, which are the basis of
 “ religion ;——their ignorance, by discovering
 “ that their understanding is too confined to
 “ comprehend the truths religion inculcates ;
 “ —and their pride, by their endeavouring to ap-
 “ pear wiser and more enlightened in conversati-
 “ on than other men, and more learned than
 “ those who have proved these same truths in
 “ their writings. They even think themselves
 “ superior to the councils composed of the fathers
 “ of the Church. However, the meanest of the
 “ latter had more wisdom, than the silly multi-
 “ tude of these self-created apostles of folly,
 “ whose precepts tend only to introduce licenti-
 “ ousness and disorder.”

VII. The Czar, though very exact in the con-
 duct of his affairs, and slow in making pecuniary
 presents, never parted with those who had served
 him faithfully, whether Russians or foreigners,
 without giving them a recompence, as a mark of
 his satisfaction. The presents he generally made
 to his officers were estates in the conquered pro-
 vinces, which still remain in the possession of
 their descendants.

Even the widows and orphans of sea and land
 officers received pensions, the former during life,
 and the latter till they were able for employment.
 This laudable regulation is still in force.

The

The college of finance consulted him about a very aged foreigner, who had served thirty years, and was no longer able to discharge the duties of his post, desiring to know whether he might be permitted to retire on half pay. This question distressed the Czar. "What!" cried he, "shall
 " a man who has spent his youth in my service be
 " exposed to poverty in his old age? No; give
 " him the whole of his pay as long as he lives,
 " without requiring any thing from him, since he
 " is unable to serve. But take his advice in what-
 " ever relates to his profession, and profit by his
 " experience. Who would sacrifice the most
 " valuable years of life, if he knew he was doom-
 " ed to poverty in his old age, and that he, to
 " whom his youth was devoted, would neglect
 " him when worn out?"

VIII. When the Czar heard of the death of Charles XII. killed at Frederickshal in 1718, he could not refrain from tears. Feeling them streaming down his cheeks, he retired to wipe them away; and when he rejoined his attendants, he exclaimed in a sorrowful voice, "My dear
 " Charles, how much I pity you!"

IX. When any one was speaking ill of another in his presence, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him—"Is there not," said he, "a fair side also to the character of the
 " person

“ person of whom you are speaking ? Come, tell
 “ me what good qualities you have remarked
 “ about him.”

X. Peter, in the midst of continual wars, and the cares of government, seldom neglected to attend divine service in public. He was not more averse to all superstition and popular prejudice, than zealous for those things which constitute the essence of Christianity, and full of veneration for the scriptures. He tried to inspire his subjects with the same sentiments, and suffered no one to work publicly on Sunday. It was in the most pressing necessity only, that, on that day, he suffered ship-building and other public works to be carried on. He often said, that “ he, who for-
 “ gets God, works without profit, and will ne-
 “ ver obtain the blessing of Heaven !”

XI. However great the Czar's attachments may have been to his favourites, he never carried his infatuation so far, as to exempt them from doing their duty, in the different affairs in which they were employed.

The conversation, one evening, turned on a certain monarch's favourite, whose power was unbounded at the court of his master. “ It is he
 “ then who governs,” said the Czar, “ and not
 “ the King. Such people would not suit me.
 “ the most honest, the most able, and most use-
 “ ful

“ful men, are my only favourites ; and my only
 “female favourite is my Catharine.”

XII. As Dutch customs were particularly suited to Peter's genius, the chimes which he heard in almost all the towns of Holland, pleased him much ; but those of Amsterdam, that rung while business was transacting on the exchange, were most grateful to his ear. He ordered similar chimes to be cast for the cathedral of Petersburg, and the church of St. Isaac.

XIII. The conversation turning one day on œconomy and unnecessary expences, the Czar shewed his stockings, which were mended in several places. One of the company observed, that it was not necessary his Majesty should wear darned stockings. “Why not ?” answered the Czar. “Why should I leave off stockings, “which, by mending, would last me a year ?”—“By way of encouraging the manufactures,” replied the other, laughing. “They are not able,” said the Czar, “to furnish sufficient for my dominions, and prevent our having recourse to foreign markets. When they accomplish this point, I shall easily find means to send the surplus to our neighbours, and even beyond sea ; and to procure in exchange money, or other merchandize, of which our country is in need. “untill they have attained that degree of perfection
 “tion

“ tion, even suppose they furnish the quantity
 “ we are in want of, we shall be like the inhabi-
 “ tants of the little Imperial cities, who work re-
 “ ciprocally for each other, to earn a livelihood.
 “ They all remain poor, and never increase the
 “ riches of their country.”

XIV. The Czar being one day at dinner at a foreign merchant's, whose daughter was very beautiful, fell violently in love, and pressed her to make a return to his passion. But the young lady, as virtuous as beautiful, firmly refused the most seducing offers, and, dreading his solicitations, resolved to leave Moscow by night, without acquainting her parents. Taking some provisions and a little money with her, she travelled several miles on foot, and at last reached a small village, the abode of her nurse. She discovered herself to her foster sister, whom she informed of her intention to remain concealed. Her nurse's husband, a carpenter by trade, conducted her to a neighbouring wood, where, on a little rising ground, surrounded by a morass, he hastily built a hut for her residence.

The day after her flight, the Czar sent for her parents, who were inconsolable for her loss. He at first thought it a concerted scheme; but the violence of their grief undeceived him, and he promised a large reward to any one who should discover

cover the fugitive. All search, however, was vain, and her parents went into mourning.

A year after, an accident a little uncommon occasioned her discovery. A colonel, who was absent from his regiment on leave, made his way into the midst of the wood in pursuit of game, came to the morass, and met the lady. Struck by her beauty, he became immediately enamoured of her, and, after a few questions, found that she was the person, whose loss had made so much noise. He consoled her, by telling her that the Czar's heart was engaged elsewhere; offered to wait on her parents, and concert with them the means of taking her from her solitary abode. She consented to his proposal, and accepted his assistance with gratitude, that led the way to softer emotions. Her parents, overjoyed at finding their daughter, determined to apply to Mrs. Catharine; for this was the name then given to the celebrated woman, who Peter afterwards placed upon his throne.

Catharine spoke to the Czar, and represented, in such lively colours, all that a delicate girl must have suffered, shut up for a whole year in a hut in the midst of a morass, that he was much affected, reproached himself severely with the pain he had given her, and determined to make her amends. He desired to see her, her parents, and her deliverer; to the latter of whom he presented her.—

“Receive,

“ Receive from my hand, “ said he, “ the most
 “ amiable and virtuous of women. I settle upon
 “ her and her heirs three thousand roubles a-
 “ year.”

This respectable woman went often to court, in full possession of his favour, and the veneration of the public.

XV. Peter rose always very early in the morning; even in winter, at four o'clock. Almost immediately after, he received reports of public affairs, made a light breakfast, and at six went to the admiralty, senate, &c. After his dinner, which was always at one o'clock, he took his morning gown, and lay down to sleep for two hours on his couch. At four he returned to the business he had laid aside in the morning, or examined what he had ordered to be done.

His table was frugal, and he loved only plain dishes, such as soup; with four cabbages in it, gruel, pig, with sour cream for sauce, cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers, or salad, lemons, lampreys, salt meat, ham, and Limbury cheese, of which he was exceedingly fond.

Before he sat down to table, he took a little aniseed water, and after the repast, drank a kind of Russian beer, called *quafs*, or else Hungarian or red French wine.

Whenever

Whenever he went out in his carriage, he always carried some cold provisions with him, because he ate little at a time, and often. Although the Czar never supped, the Empress always sat down to table in the evening with the family.

ANECDOTES OF LINNÆUS.

RELATED BY MR. COXE.

THE botanical garden of Upsala in Sweden, to which place I had the pleasure of being accompanied by the son of Linnæus, is small, but laid out with judgment; and the collection of plants, particularly exotics, is numerous. I could not avoid regarding, with enthusiasm, this spot of ground, rendered celebrated by the residence of Linnæus; of whom it may be said, without exaggeration, that, in the natural history of the globe, he left nothing unexplored.

I flatter myself that many of the following authentic anecdotes, are entirely new to the English reader.

Carl. Von Linnè, or, as he is more known to foreigners, Linnæus, the eldest son of Nils Linnæus, a Swedish divine, was born on the 24th of May,

May, 1707, at Rasbult, in the province of Smöland.

His inclination for the studies in which he afterwards made so wonderful a progress, commenced at a very early period of his life; and took its rise from the following circumstance:—His father used to amuse himself in the garden of his parsonage with the cultivation of plants and flowers. Linnæus, while an infant, was soon led to take a share in this entertainment; and, before he was scarcely able to walk, expressed extreme satisfaction when he was permitted to accompany him into the garden. As his strength increased he delighted in digging and planting; and afterwards obtained, for his own use, a small portion of ground, which was called Charles's garden. He soon learnt to distinguish the different flowers; and, before he attained the tenth year of his age, made small excursions in the neighbourhood of Rasbult, and brought many indigent plants into his little garden.

Being sent, in 1717, to school at Wexio, under the tuition of Lanarius, by whom he was indulged with the permission of continuing his excursions, he passed his whole time in collecting plants, talking of them, and making himself acquainted with their names and qualities. He was so absorbed in this favourite pursuit, as totally to disregard

disregard his other studies; and made such an inconsiderable progress, that, upon his removal, in 1724, to the *Gymnasium* in the same town, his new master repeatedly complained of his idleness.

Urged by these remonstrances, his father conceived his son to have no taste for literature, and proposed to bind him apprentice to a shoemaker. This destination would have taken place, if a neighbouring physician, whose name was Rothman, struck with the boy's great genius, had not predicted, that he would, in time, become deeply skilled in a science, to which he seemed naturally inclined.

This sagacious observer, having prevailed upon the father of Linnæus to continue his son's education, took the boy into his house, supplied him with botanical books, and instructed him in the first rudiments of physic, in which he soon made a considerable progress. When his father had assented to this advice, he had designed him for the church; and was not, without great difficulty, induced to agree, that he should apply himself to the study of botany and physic.

In 1727, he was sent to the university of Lund; where he acquired, under the celebrated Stobæus, the first systematic principles of natural history. Being lodged in that professor's house, he enjoyed many opportunities of improvement; and particularly

larly from a curious collection of fossils, shells, buds, and plants.

In 1728, he was removed to the university of Upsala; where his narrow circumstances involved him at first in distresses unfriendly to the pursuits of science, but which did not, however, obstruct his usual exertions. About this period he began to arrange his *Bibliotheca Botanica*, his *Classes*, and *Genera Plantarum*; from whence we may collect, how early he had fixed the principles of that method, which he afterwards carried to such perfection.

His knowledge was considerably improved by a journey into Lapland in 1732, to which he was deputed by the Royal Society of Sciences at Upsala, in order to investigate the natural history of the unknown region. But as he received only a gratuity of about eight pounds towards defraying this expence, he was obliged to travel almost the whole way on foot, which he performed with great alacrity and spirit.

He commenced this expedition on the 11th of May, 1732; staid some time at the mines of Fahlain; visited various parts of Lapland; underwent many hardships; escaped imminent perils; and returned to Upsala in the month of October of the following year, after having traversed near 4000 miles.

In 1741 he at length obtained the object of his warmest ambition, the professorship of botany in the university of Upsala. He turned his principal attention and care to the regulation and improvement of the botanical garden; which, at the time of his appointment to the professorship, scarcely contained forty exotics; but produced, in 1748, notwithstanding the obstructions arising from the severity of the climate, 1100 species, exclusive of indigenous plants and varieties.

By his incomparable lectures, he raised the university to the highest repute; and induced many foreigners to resort to Upsala. He was always attended by a numerous audience, and his great art was not only in satisfying the curiosity, but in gaining the affection and esteem of the students. His lectures were distinguished by the conciseness and precision so conspicuous in his works; and yet were delivered with a spirit and animation, which irresistibly caught the attention of the hearers; for he spoke with a persuasion, which was inspired by his deep insight, his just conceptions, and his zealous ardour for the knowledge of nature. He diffused a sudden spirit of enquiry, and kindled among his students—a new zeal for the study of natural history.

During the first year of his residence at Upsala, he gave public herborising lectures in the spring and summer. In these botanical excursions

sions he was attended with a band of trumpets and French-horns, and sallied out at the head of 200 or 300 students, divided into detached companies. When Linnæus was inclined to explain any curious plant, bird, or insect, which had either fallen under his own notice, or was brought to him by any of the students, the stragglers were called together by the sound of music, and, crowding round their master, listened in respectful silence, while he offered his observations.

His reputation was now so widely spread in foreign countries, that he received the most flattering invitations to Petersburg, to Gottingen, and particularly to Madrid, where he was offered by the king of Spain a very considerable stipend, the rank of nobility, and the toleration of his religion. But the prospect even of the most splendid advantages, could not seduce him from his native country, where he had acquired the esteem of his sovereign, and the general respect of his countrymen, which he maintained until the day of his death.

His services in promoting every branch of natural history, were acknowledged in the fullest manner, and every assistance afforded to his endeavours to improve and diffuse his favourite science. A new house was raised for him at the public

expenſe, cloſe to the phyſic-garden. He was occaſionally deputed by the ſtates to make excuſions into various parts of Sweden, with a view to the advancement of natural hiſtory. For this purpoſe, he, at different times, viſited the iſlands of Gothland and Oeland; the provinces of Skone and Weſt Gothland; and communicated to the public, in his native language, the itineraries of his travels, which are ſaid to be replete with curious and philoſophical obſervations; the general purport of which was principally directed in adapting natural hiſtory to œconomical uſes.

Many of his ſcholars were alſo, under his auſpices, diſpatched to various parts of the world, at the expenſe of the public, or of particular ſocieties, and they all ſeem to have caught from their beloved maſter a ſpirit of emulation and zeal for ſcience. The communications, which he received from their unremitted labours, furniſhed him with ſuch information, as enabled his comprehensive mind to appropriate, as it were, their diſcoveries, and to “exemplify in a more perfect and detailed manner his ſyſtem of nature.” Thus his genius may be ſaid to have diffuſed itſelf through the moſt diſtant regions of the globe; and his ſpirit ſtill continues to animate the zealous diſcipline of the Linnæan ſchool.

In the year 1776, a paralytic stroke deprived Linnæus of the use of his right side, and confined him wholly to his bed. His strength gradually forsook him; his mental faculties were impaired; and an ague, attended by a dropsy, brought on a tranquil dissolution on the 10th of January, 1778. in the seventy-first year of his age.

His remains were interred in the cathedral of Upsala, with all the funeral honours which gratitude and respect could inspire. The king of Sweden ordered a medal to be struck, expressive of the dejection of Science upon the death of Linnæus, and a monument to be erected over his ashes. His Majesty also attended the meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in which his commemoration speech was delivered; and, as a still higher tribute to his memory, lamented, in a speech from the throne to the diet of 1778, the irretrievable loss which Sweden had suffered from his death.

To the honour of his country and the present age, Linnæus reaped the advantage of his superior genius, by the unsolicited accumulation of wealth and honours. In 1753, he was created a knight of the Polar-star, and ennobled in 1756.

His writings brought him, on account of their number, no inconsiderable emolument; while his salary as professor, his practice as a physician,

and the presents which he occasionally received from his scholars, rendered him easy and independent. He purchased in the neighbourhood of Upsala two estates, at Hanmarby and at Sæfja; at the former of which he built a villa; and at his decease bequeathed an ample provision to his widow and children. He left four daughters and one son, Charles Linnæus, who succeeded him in the professorship, and died on the 1st of November 1783.

The name of Linnæus may be classed amongst those of Newton, Boyle, Locke, Haller, and other great philosophers, who were friends to religion. He always testified in his conversation, writings, and actions, the highest reverence for the Supreme Being; and was so strongly impressed with the idea of Omnipresence, that he wrote over the door of his library, *Innocui vivite, numen ad est.*

The great merits of Linnæus, as a naturalist, are to be estimated from the rude state in which he found all the branches of natural history, and the perfection to which he carried them, in drawing order out of confusion, perspicuity from darkness. His understanding comprehensive, yet accurate, was capable of combining and arranging an almost infinite variety of objects, which the magnitude of the greatest could not fatigue, nor the insignificance of the smallest elude. The
mere

mere catalogue of his works would make an ordinary pamphlet ; and it would require no small volume to trace even the outlines of his system, now distinguished by the appellation of Linnæan, which new-methodized and reformed the whole compass of natural history.

In these extensive and various pursuits, we know not which to admire most ; his intimate knowledge ; his fertility of invention ; his indefatigable industry ; his scientific arrangement ; or that wonderful exactness in discriminating, where the minutest shades of difference are scarcely perceptible.

The reader, who is desirous of further intelligence concerning this great naturalist, will find his curiosity amply gratified, from the perusal of Dr. Pulteney's " General View of the Writings of Linnæus." In that excellent publication, the ingenious author has detailed a list of his numerous works, methodically classed according to the æra of their appearance ; to which is subjoined a critical account of their general contents. He has also traced the progress, and laid open the leading principles of the Linnæan system, with a masterly precision and accuracy which could only be derived from the most perfect knowledge of the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

RELATED BY M. LA TROBE.

I. **T**HE Bishop of Ermeland lost a great portion of his revenues, in consequence of the occupation of part of Poland by the King of Prussia. Soon after this event, in the year 1773, he waited upon his majesty at Potsdam, and the King asked him, "if, after what had happened, he could have still any friendship for him?"—"Sire," said the prelate, "I shall never forget my duty as a good subject to my sovereign."—"I am," replied the King, "still your very good friend, and presume likewise much upon your friendship for me; for should St. Peter refuse me entrance into paradise, I hope you will have the goodness to hide me under your mantle, and to take me along with you."—Sire, returned the Bishop, *that will scarce be possible; your Majesty has cut it too short, to admit of my carrying any contraband goods under it.* The King felt the reproof, but shewed no mark of displeasure, by which the good humour of the company could be interrupted.

II. The

II. The King of Prussia had heard that a corporal in his regiment of body-guards, who was well known as a remarkably handsome and brave young man, wore out of vanity a watch chain, suspended from a leaden bullet in his fob. He had the curiosity to enquire into the circumstance himself; and an opportunity was contrived, that the King should meet the corporal as by chance, without his suspecting any design. Apropos, corporal," said the King, "you are a brave fellow to have spared enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch."—"Sire, replied the corporal, "I flatter myself that I am brave; but as to my watch, it is of little signification."—The King, pulling out a gold watch set with diamonds, said,—"By my watch it is five; what o'clock are you, pray?"—The corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied;—"My watch neither tells me five or six, but shews me clearly the death I am to die in your Majesty's service."—"Well then, returned the King, that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve, in which you are to die in my service, I will give you mine."

III. General Winterfield was, as it is well known, one of the first generals of the late King. He was once ordered upon an expedition of great

importance, and the King promised him an army of not less than 40,000 men for the undertaking. But upon mustering his troops, Winterfield found that there were hardly 12,000 effective men. He complained, therefore, to the King; but Frederic answered:—"Your army is, in my opinion, strong enough; when I consider that *you* are at the head of it,"

IV. The King marched forward with his army, and left General Winterfield behind him. He had already taken leave of the General, had mounted his horse, and rode on to a considerable distance, but suddenly he turned back, and alighted, he embraced him, and said:—I had almost forgot to give you the only instructions you stand in need of: they are, that you preserve your life for my sake." But a few days after, the General died upon the bed of honour, and the King felt his loss severely.

V. The ladies of the two Presidents of the court of justice, and revenue, at Cleve, were continually disputing about their respective ranks; and the lady of the President of the court of justice insisted, that in all public places, she was entitled to a rank superior to the other. This enraged her rival to such a degree, that she wrote to the King, and prayed that he would decide which

which of the two ladies had a right *to go first*. The King wrote back to her the following laconic answer :

“ The greatest fool goes first.

“ FREDERIC.”

VI. During his Majesty's last painful illness, that eminent physician, Dr. Zimmerman of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majesty, the King said to him,—“ You have, Sir, I suppose, helped many one into another world.”—“ Not so many,” replied Zimmerman, “ as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.”

VII. While the King was laying out his garden at Sans-Souci, a mill was in his way, and he ordered the miller to be treated with for the purchase of it. The miller was loth to sell his mill, and the King offered to build him another in any part of the country he should chuse. But all was in vain; the miller would not part with the old family mill. “ Don't you know,” said the King, “ that if I please I may take your mill, turn you out and not pay you a farthing for it?—“ Aye,” replied the miller, “ that you might, if there was no such thing as a supreme court of justice at Berlin.” The King laughed heartily, left him his mill, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

VIII. The King once rang the bell in his cabinet; but as nobody answered, he opened the door

door of the antichamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to wake him; but coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out; and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows;—

“ She returned her son many thanks for the
 “ money he had saved out of his salary, and had
 “ sent to her, which had proved a very timely as-
 “ sistance. God would certainly reward him for
 “ it; and if he continued to serve God and his
 “ king faithfully and conscientiously, he could not
 “ fail of success and prosperity in this world.”—

Upon reading this, the King slept softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang so long till the page awoke and came into the closet. “ You have been asleep, I suppose,” said the King. The page could not deny it; stammered out an excuse; put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the King with tears in his eyes. “ What's the matter with you?” said the King. “ Oh!” replied the page, “ somebody
 “ has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this
 “ money.”—“ *What God bestows,*” returned the
 King

King, "*he bestows in sleep* * . Send the money
 " to your mother ; give my respects to her, and
 " inform her, that I will take care of both her
 " and you."

IX. When Voltaire was at the Prussian court, and peaceably enjoyed the highest admiration and praise that superior talents and wit could insure, an English gentleman arrived at Berlin, who had so extraordinary a memory, that he could repeat a long composition, in prose or verse, if once read or recited to him, without missing a word. The King had the curiosity to put him to the test. The Englishman appeared, and succeeded to the astonishment of the whole court. It happened, that immediately after this trial, Voltaire sent the King word, that with the King's permission, he should do himself the honour to read to him a poem he had just finished. The King gave him permission to come ; but at the same time resolved to divert himself at the expence of the poet. He accordingly placed the Englishman behind a screen, and ordered him to pay particular attention to what Voltaire should read. Voltaire came, and read his poem with much emphasis, in hopes of obtaining the King's warm

* A German proverb.

approbation.

approbation. But, to his great disappointment, the King seemed perfectly cold and indifferent to what he was reading. The poem was finished. Voltaire asked the King his opinion of it, and received for answer;—"That his Majesty had lately observed, that Monsieur Voltaire fathered the works of others, and gave them out for his own. This was a degree of effrontery he should not have thought him capable of, and he could not but be highly displeased at it."

Voltaire was astonished. He complained that he was wronged, and declared that he did not deserve the reproach. "Well then," said the King, "come forth, Sir, and repeat the verses of which Voltaire pretends to be the author."—The Englishman came forward, and, with great composure, repeated the poem, without missing a single passage. "Now," cried the King, "are you not obliged to confess that my accusation is founded in truth?"—"Heavens!" cried Voltaire, "why sleeps your lightning! Why is your vengeance withheld from punishing the crimes of a miscreant, who dares to rob me of my laurels! Here sorcery is employed, and I am driven to despair!"—The King laughed heartily at this scene of poetic fury, and rewarded the Englishman liberally for the amusement he had procured him.

X. The

X. The day before the bloody, but decisive, battle at Leuthen, in which the Austrian army, commanded by Charles, Prince of Lothringia, was very superior in number to the Prussian forces, the King ordered all his officers to attend him, and made the following speech to them:—

“ Gentlemen, I intend to march against the
 “ enemy to-morrow, and to give them battle. As
 “ the success of the whole campaign depends en-
 “ tirely upon the event of this battle, and as it
 “ will decide who is to be the future master of
 “ Silesia, I have ordered you to attend me, in or-
 “ der to tell you, that I expect every one of you
 “ to do his duty in the strictest manner, and to
 “ exert himself to the utmost of his power.

“ I desire that every one of you, in his parti-
 “ cular post, attend to the word of command,
 “ and lead on his troops with undaunted courage
 “ and bravery; in short, that every one approach
 “ the enemy with fixed resolution to conquer or
 “ die. If all of you, without exception are of
 “ my mind, I am sure of victory.

“ I am perfectly well informed where the
 “ strength and where the weakness of the enemy
 “ lies; and I shall therefore place every corps in a
 “ situation in which it will fight with advantage
 “ to itself. It will then only depend on you, to
 “ fight

“ fight with manly courage, and old Prussian
“ bravery.

“ If any one of you is a coward ; if any one is
“ not determined to sacrifice his life for his
“ country, let him step forward, before he makes
“ others as cowardly as himself ! Let him step
“ forward, and he shall immediately receive his
“ discharge, without ceremony or reproach.”

After a short pause, one of the staff officers
said, with enthusiasm in the name of all the rest,
“ We are all ready to sacrifice our lives for your
“ Majesty.”

The King then concluded his speech with apparent composure and satisfaction as follows :

“ I see there is none amongst you who does
“ not possess true heroism. But though I am
“ convinced of this, I shall take particular notice whether each of you fulfils his promise,
“ and does his duty faithfully ; I shall be in the
“ front, and in the rear. I shall fly from one
“ wing to the other. No squadron, no company, will escape my strictest attention ; and
“ whomsoever I then find exerting himself, and
“ doing his duty to the utmost of his power, upon him will I heap honour and favour, and I
“ shall never forget it ; but whoever neglects his
“ charge may go about his business, and never
“ again shew himself before me.”

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The glorious victory which crowned the bravery of the Prussians in the battle which ensued, is well known ; and it was followed by the subjection of all Silesia.

XI. A short time before the King's death, a good appointment had been given to a subaltern in his army. The warrant was, as usual, laid before the King for his approbation and signature; but, instead of signing it, he drew under it a man hanging upon a gallows ; having recollected some particular occurrence in which he had behaved improperly, and rendered himself unworthy of promotion.

XII. When in the Bavarian war, the King of Prussia retired with his army out of Bohemia, the Prince of Prussia* conducted the division under his command, with so much skill, courage, and success, that the King expressed his admiration and satisfaction in the warmest terms. He afterwards went to meet him, and said to him,—
 “ From this day I shall no more look upon you as my nephew.” The Prince was struck at being addressed in this manner ; but the King soon relieved him, by adding,—“ I shall in future consider you as my son. You have done every thing that the most experienced of my

* The present King.

“ generals,

“ generals, every thing that I myself could have done upon the occasion.”

XIII. When the King of Prussia and the Emperor met at Neisse, they once happened to come together to the bottom of a flight of stairs, and neither would go up first, and take precedence of the other. They stood and bowed, and scraped, and complimented, and each politely wished to give way to the other. At last the King of Prussia got behind the Emperor, and pushed him forward. “ Ho ! ho ! ” said the Emperor, “ if you begin manoeuvre with me, I must unavoidably go where you please ! ” and walked up first.

XIV. A French nobleman, who waited upon the King at Sans-Souci, expressed his astonishment at seeing the Emperor's portrait in every apartment of the palace, and asked the King what might be the reason of his thus honouring the portrait of his greatest enemy ? — “ Oh ! ” said the King, “ the Emperor is a busy and enterprising young monarch, and I find it necessary always to have an eye upon him.”

ANECDOTES CONCERNING SHAKE- SPEARE'S JUBILEE.

REMARKABLE events have been indebted for their origin to very unpromising incidents.

A wealthy clergyman purchased the house and garden's of Shakespeare, at Stratford upon Avon. A man of taste in such a situation, and master of so enchanting a spot, would have congratulated himself on his good fortune, and have deemed himself the happiest of mortals. But the luckless and ignorant owner trod the ground, which had been cultivated by the first genius of the world, without feeling those emotions which arise in the breast of the generous enthusiast.

The mulberry-tree, planted by the poet's own hand, became an object of dislike to this tasteless owner of it, because it overshadowed his window, and rendered his house, as he thought, subject to damps and moisture. In an evil hour, the unhappy priest ordered the tree to be cut down.

The people of Stratford, who had been taught to venerate every thing which related to the immortal Shakespeare, were seized with grief and astonishment when they were informed of the sacrilegious deed; and nothing less than the destruction

tion of the offender, in the first transports of their rage, would satisfy them. The miserable culprit was forced to sculk up and down, to save himself from the rage of the Stratfordians. He was obliged at last to leave the town, amidst the curses of the populace, who solemnly vowed never to suffer one of the same name to reside in Stratford.

The mulberry-tree, thus cut down, was purchased by a carpenter, who, knowing the value which all the world professed for any thing which belonged to Shakespeare, very ingeniously cut it into various skapes of small trunks, snuff boxes, tea-chests, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, &c. The corporation of Stratford bought several of this man's curious manufacture of the mulberry-tree; and, influenced by good sense and superior taste, they inclosed the freedom of Stratford in a box made of this sacred wood, and sent it to Mr. Garrick; at the same time they requested of him, in very polite terms, a bust, statue, or picture of his admired Shakespeare, which, they informed him, they intended to place in their town-hall. In the same letter, with equal politeness, they assured him they should be no less pleased, if he would oblige them with his own picture, to be placed near to his favourite author, in perpetual remembrance of both.

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This judicious and well timed compliment gave rise to the Jubilee of Shakespeare. In September 1769, an amphitheatre was erected at Stratford, upon the plan of Ranelagh, decorated with various devices. Transparencies were invented for the town-house, through which the poet's most striking characters were seen. A small old house, where Shakespeare was born, was covered over with a curious emblamatic transparency. The subject was the sun struggling through clouds, to enlighten the world,—a figurative representation of the fate and fortunes of the much beloved bard.

The Jubilee lasted three days ; during which time, entertainments of oratorios, concerts, pageants,* fire-works, &c. were presented to a very brilliant and numerous company, assembled from all parts of the kingdom. Many persons of the highest quality and rank, of both sexes, some of the most celebrated beauties of the age, and men distinguished for their genius and love of the elegant arts, thought themselves happy to fill the grand chorus of this high festival.

Mr. Foote indulged in the sallies of that wit, which seemed to please all by sparing none. Mr. Colman, by a chearful vivacity and ready urbanity, engaged the attention of all about him. The historian of Corsica, and the friend of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, a man as much celebrated for
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his humanity, as known for his romantic turn of mind, distinguished himself by the name of Corsica Boswell, which words were inscribed on the outside of his hat in large letters.

No company so various in character, temper, and condition, ever, formed, at least in appearance, such an agreeable groupe of happy and congenial souls.

Mr. Garrick's ode on Shakespeare was that part of the general exhibition, which most excited the regard and gained the applause of the candid and judicious part of the company.

Mr. Garrick, who always joined the strictest economy to the most liberal expenditure, brought Shakespeare's Jubilee from Stratford to Drury-lane. The public was so charmed with this uncommon pageant, which was ingeniously contrived and judiciously managed, that the representation of it was repeated near one hundred times.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF THE MODERN ASIATICS.

RELATED BY M. VOLNEY.

WHEN an European arrives in any part of the eastern world, what appears the most extraordinary to him, in the exterior of the inhabitants, is the almost total opposition of their manners to his own. It seems as if some premeditated design had determined to produce an infinity of the most striking contrasts, between the people of Asia and those of Europe. We wear short and close dresses; their's are long and ample. We suffer our hair to grow, and shave the beard; they let the beard grow and shave the head. With us, to uncover the head is a mark of respect; with them, a naked head is a sign of folly. We salute in an inclined posture; they upright. We pass our lives erect; they are almost continually seated. They sit and eat upon the ground; we upon raised seats.

With respect to language, likewise, their manner of writing is directly contrary to ours; and the greatest part of our masculine nouns are feminine with them. To the bulk of travellers these contrasts only appear whimsical; but it may be interesting to philosophers to enquire into the causes
of

of so great a diversity of habits, in men who have the same wants, and in nations which appear to have the same common origin.

Another distinguishing characteristic, no less remarkable, is that religious exterior observable in the countenances, conversation, and gestures of the inhabitants of Turkey. In the streets, every one appears with two strings of beads. We hear nothing but emphatical exclamations of *Ya Allah!* O God! *Allah akbar!* God most great! *Allah taala!* God most high! Every instant the ear is struck with a profound sigh, or noisy eructation, which follows the pronouncing of some one of the ninety-nine epithets of God; such as *Ya rani!* Source of riches! *Ya sobhan!* O most to be praised! *Ya masfour!* O impenetrable! If a man sells bread in the streets, he does not cry bread, but exclaims *Allah Kerim;* God is liberal. If he sells water, he cries *Allah djawad;* God is generous; and so of other articles. The usual form of salutation is, *God preserve thee;* and of thanks, *God protect thee* — These men then are very devout says the reader? Yes; but without being the better in consequence of this devotion; for their zeal is no other than a spirit of jealousy and contradiction, arising from the diversity of religions; since in the Christian, a profession of his faith is a bravado, an act of independence; and in
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the Mahometan, an act of superiority and power. This devoutness, therefore, merely the offspring of pride and profound ignorance, is no better than a fanatic superstition, and the source of innumerable disorders.

There is still another characteristic in the exterior of the Orientals, which attracts the attention of an observer ;—I mean their grave and phlegmatic air, in every thing they do or say. Instead of that open and cheerful countenance, which we either naturally possess or assume, their behaviour is serious, austere, and melancholy. They rarely laugh ; and the gaiety of the French appears to them a fit of delirium. When they speak, it is with deliberation, without gestures, and without passion. They listen without interrupting you. They are silent for who'e days together ; and by no means pique themselves on supporting conversation. If they walk, it is always leisurely and on business. They have no idea of our troublesome activity, and our walks backwards and forwards for amusement. Continually seated, they pass the whole day musing, with their legs crossed, their pipes in their mouth, and almost without changing their attitude. It should seem, as if motion were a punishment to them, and that, like the Indians, they regard inaction, as essential to happiness.

With respect to their indolence, it is not surprising that the inhabitants of the cities and the country, fatigued with labour, should have an inclination to repose. But it is remarkable, that when these people are once in action, they exert themselves with a vivacity and ardour almost unknown in our climates. This is more particularly observable in the sea-ports and commercial towns. An European cannot but admire, with what activity the sailors, with their naked arms and legs, handle the oars, bend the sails, and perform every manœuvre; with what ardour the porters unload a boat, and carry the heaviest couffes. Always singing, and answering by couplets, to one who directs their labour, they perform all their motions in cadence, and redouble their exertions by making them in time.

A source of gaiety among us is the free intercourse between the two sexes, which prevails more particularly in France. The effect of which is, that even without any particular views, the men endeavour to obtain the good opinion of the women, and study to acquire the manners most likely to ensure it. Now, such is the nature, or such the education of the sex, that the first merit in their eyes, is to be able to amuse them; and nothing is so certain of succeeding with them, as sprightliness and mirth. Hence we have contracted a habit of trifling,

trifling, politeness, and frivolity, which is become the distinguishing character of the French nation in Europe.

In Asia, on the contrary, the women are rigorously excluded from the society of men. Constantly shut up in their houses, they have no communication but with their husband, their father, their brother, or at most with their cousin-german. Carefully veiled in the streets, they dare hardly speak to a man even on business. Every body must be strangers to them; and they must be allowed to pass, as if there were something contagious in their nature. And indeed this is nearly the idea of the Orientals, who entertain a general sentiment of contempt for that sex. It may be asked, what is the cause of this? The same which operates on every thing—the laws and government. They are denied the possession of any landed property, and so completely deprived of every kind of personal liberty, as to be left dependant all their lives on a husband, a father, or a relation. In this state of slavery, having nothing at their disposal, we cannot suppose it very necessary to solicit their favour, or to adopt that gaiety of manners they find so captivating. The government and laws are, no doubt, the efficient cause of this sequestration of the women; and, perhaps, were it not for the facility of divorces,

and the dread of seeing a wife or daughter carried off by some powerful man, the Asiatics would be less anxious to conceal them from strangers.

The situation of the women among the Orientals, occasions a great contrast between their manners and ours. Such is their delicacy on this head, that they never speak of them ; and it would be esteemed highly indecent to make any enquiries of the men respecting the women of their family. We must be considerably advanced in familiarity with them to enter into a conversation on such a subject ; and when we then give them some account of their manners, it is impossible to express their amazement. They are unable to conceive how our women go with their faces uncovered, when, in their country, an uplifted veil is the mark of a prostitute, and the signal for a love adventure.

When Montesquieu assigns polygamy as one of the causes of depopulation in Turkey, he is in the right ; but it is one of the least considerable, as there are few but the rich who allow themselves a plurality of women. The common people, and especially those in the country, content themselves with one ; and persons are sometimes to be met with, even among the higher ranks, who are wise enough to imitate their example.

What we are able to learn of the domestic life of the husbands, who have several wives, is neither

ther calculated to make their lot envied, nor to give a high idea of this part of Mahomet's legislation. Their house is a perpetual scene of tumult and contention. Nothing is to be heard but quarrels between the different wives, and complaints made to the husband. The four legal married women complain that their slaves are preferred to them ; and the slaves, that they are abandoned to the jealousy of their mistresses. If one wife obtains a trinket, a token of favour, or permission to go to the bath, all the others require the same, and league together in the common cause. To restore peace, the polygamist is obliged to assume the tone of a despot, and from that moment he meets with nothing but the sentiments of slaves, the appearance of fondness, and real hatred. In vain does each of these women protest she loves more than the rest ; in vain do they fly, on his entering the apartments, to present him his pipe and his slippers, to prepare his dinner, to serve him his coffee ; in vain, whilst he is effeminate'y stretched out upon his carpet, do they chase away the flies which incommode him ; all these attentions and caresses have no other object, than to procure an addition to their trinkets and moveables, that if he should repudiate them, they may be able to tempt another husband, or

find a resource in what becomes their only property. They are merely courtezans, who think of nothing but to strip their lover before he quits them ; and this lover, teazes by feigned fondness, and tormented with all the listlessness of satiety, is far from enjoying, as we may well imagine, an enviable situation.

In the cities where we see most activity, Aleppo, Damascus, and Cairo, all their amusements consist in going to the bath, or meeting together in coffee-houses, which only resemble ours in name. There, in a large room, filled with smoak, seated on ragged mats, the wealthier class of people pass whole days in smoaking their pipes, talking of business in concise phrases, uttered at long intervals, and frequently in saying nothing. Sometimes the dullness of this silent assembly is relieved by the entrance of a singer, some dancing girls, or one of those story-tellers they call *nashid*, who, to obtain a few paras, relates a tale, or recites verses from some ancient poet. Nothing can equal the attention with which they listen to this orator. People of all ranks have a very extraordinary passion for this species of amusement.

A European traveller is not a little surprised to see the Turkish sailors, when the weather is calm, assemble on the deck, and attentively listen for two or three hours together to a declamation, which
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the most unexperienced ear must at once perceive to be poetry, from the exactness of the measure, and the continually recurring rhymes.

It is not in this alone that the common people of the East excel ours in delicacy. The populace even in the great cities, notwithstanding the turbulence of their disposition, are never so brutal as we frequently see them with us; and they have the great merit of not being addicted to drunkenness, a vice from which even our country peasants are not free. Perhaps this is the only real advantage produced by the legislation of Mahomet; unless we may add the prohibition of games of chance, for which the Orientals have therefore no taste. Chess is the only amusement of this kind they hold in any estimation; and we frequently find among them very skilful players.

Of all the different species of public exhibitions, the only one they know, and which is common at Cairo alone, is that of strollers, who shew feats of strength like our rope dancers, and tricks of flight of hand like our jugglers. We there see some of them eating flints, others breathing flames, some cutting their arms, or perforating their noses, without receiving any hurt, and others devouring serpents. The people, from whom they carefully conceal the secrets of their art, entertain a sort of veneration for them, and call these ex-

traordinary performances, which appear to have been very ancient in these countries, by a name which signifies prodigy or miracle. This propensity to admiration is a remarkable feature in the character of the Orientals.

The conversation of these people appears at first to have a sort of coldness; but when we are more accustomed to it, we find ourselves greatly attached to them. Such is the good opinion with which those who have had most communication with them have been impressed, that the greater part of our travellers and merchants, who have known them best, allow that they find in them a people of a more humane and generous character, and possessing more simplicity, and more refined and open manners, than even the inhabitants of European countries.

A CURIOUS AMERICAN ANECDOTE:

RELATED BY DR. BURNABY, A. D. 1764.

THE character of the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay, is much improved in comparison of what it was; but puritanism, and a spirit of persecution, is not yet totally extinguished. The
gentry

gentry of both sexes are hospitable, and good-natured. There is an air of civility in their behaviour, but it is constrained by formality and preciseness. Even the women, though easiness of carriage is peculiarly characteristic of their nature, appear here with more stiffness and reserve than in the other colonies.

The lower class of people are more in the extreme of this character; and which is constantly mentioned as singularly peculiar to them, are impertinently curious and inquisitive.

I was told of a gentleman of Philadelphia, who, in travelling through the provinces of New England, having met with many impertinences from this extraordinary turn of character, at length fell upon an expedient almost as extraordinary to get rid of them. He had observed, when he went into an ordinary*, that every individual in the family had a question or two to propose to him relative to his history; and that, till each was satisfied, and they had conferred and compared together their information, there was no possibility of procuring any refreshment. He, therefore, the moment he went into any of these places, enquired for the master, the mistress, the sons, the daughters, the men-servants, and the maid-ser-

* Inns are so called in America.

vants ; and, having assembled them all together, he began in this manner:—" Worthy people, I am B. F. of Philadelphia, by trade, a ———, and a bachelor. I have some relations at Boston, to whom I am going to make a visit. My stay will be short, and I shall then return and manage my business as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you of. I beg, therefore, that you will have pity upon me and my horse, and give us both some refreshment."

AN EXTRAORDINARY AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

RELATED BY DR. BURNABY.

I CANNOT take leave of the province of Massachusetts Bay, without relating a very extraordinary story, communicated to me by persons of undoubted credit, as it further tends to illustrate the character and manners of its inhabitants.

Some years ago, a commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war, being stationed at Boston, had orders to cruise from time to time, in order

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to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday; and as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ship's arrival, she hastened down to the water-side, in order to receive him. The captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection: This, as there were several spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the Sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped. The captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible; and as the punishment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any great degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends. At length the time of the station expired and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and that they might spend one more happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal magistrates and select men to dine with him on board his ships upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and
convivial

convivial than the entertainment which he gave them.

At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them. The anchor was a-peak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the boatswain and crew were in readiness to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance; and to which he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which, as it was in his power, so he meant most fully to recompence them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and ordered the crew to pinion them, had them brought, one by one, to the gangway, where the boatswain stripped off their shirts, and with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back of each forty stripes, save one. They were then amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats; and the captain, immediately getting under way, sailed for England.

ANECDOTE OF SIR GEORGE
RODNEY.

DURING Sir George Rodney's late residence in Paris, so great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur de Sartine, no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron, to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence.

The Duke, in consequence of this, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently sounded him with great delicacy on the subject ; but not being able to make himself properly understood, he at last openly declared to him, “ that as his Royal Majesty meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and take upon him the command of a French squadron.” Sir George after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made him this answer :—“ Sir, my distresses it is true, have driven me from the bosom

"bosom of my country; but no temptation
 "whatever can estrange me from her service.
 "Had this offer been a voluntary one of your
 "own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I
 "am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quar-
 "ter that *can do no wrong!*" The Duke de Biron
 was so struck with the public virtue of the old
 British Tar, that he instantly exclaimed,—“It
 “is a pity so gallant an officer should be lost to
 “his country. Will a thousand Louis d’ors ena-
 “ble you to revisit it, and tender your service to
 “your Sovereign?” The other replied they
 would. The Duke immediately advanced him
 the sum, with which Sir George set out the next
 day for England, where he had not arrived a
 week, before he returned the Duke’s loan, ac-
 companied with the most grateful letter, for the
 singular obligation he had so politely conferred
 upon him.—“This man may be trusted by his
 “country!”

ANECDOTES CONCERNING FOREIGN TRAVEL.

RELATED BY MR. SHERLOCK.

MANY people say travel is useless; many more say it is pernicious. I never knew any person who had travelled, an enemy to travel; and I do not think that any one else can judge.

But what can be the use of it, says they? May not a man eat, drink, sleep, perform all the animal functions of life, and be a very honest worthy character, without ever visiting France or Italy? He may, not only without seeing Italy or France, but without ever learning to read.

The principal objection is, that a young man's morals will be corrupted. Were this assertion to be advanced by an inhabitant of a village in Switzerland, or by a father in a very remote provincial town of England, who never meant that his son should quit the place of his birth, I should readily acquiesce with him. But to imagine that there is more vice in any capital in Europe than there is in London, is indeed a very mistaken notion.

The three chief rocks on which youth is wrecked, are women, wine, and play. A drunkard is a character

character unknown in France. If a man, only flushed with liquor, came into company, the men would look coldly on him, and the women would not speak to him. That door would never be opened to him again. Drinking is considered as a vice so low and disgusting, that it is held in contempt even by the common people. That vice then a man could never learn there. If he were unhappy enough to be addicted to it, and had any sense of shame, travel would be a very probable means to cure him.

I have known Englishmen abroad lose a great deal of money at play; but, nine times in ten, it was playing with Englishmen. If a man has that vice constitutionally, and brings it from home with him, he will seek houses of play; which, by the way, are infinitely less numerous there than here. If he seeks bad company, he may find it every where; and if he gets into a playing set in France, he is sure to be plundered without mercy. Pretty women and deep sharpers (some of them men of rank) labour together to heat his head, while they keep theirs cool; and when they deprive him of his understanding, which they always affect by one means or other, they massacre him without compassion. But, I repeat it, these houses are scarce; and no man will get into them that does not seek them.

To

To say the truth, in point of gaming, the English corrupt the French, rather than the French the English. Witness horse-racing, which they have introduced among them. Gaming, indeed, is a national vice in England; the common people are continually making bets; and it is a trait by which an Englishman is remarked abroad, that when he is pressed in an argument, he always supports himself by *Je parie que si*; to which a Frenchman, who has not generally so much money to risk, answers with a gentle air, *Non, Monsieur, je ne parie pas*.

As to women—I must tell a story upon that. I was one night at a supper in Paris, where there was a German baron just arrived from his own country. He was pretty dull, and very pert; and a wit, who undertook to *persister*, and to divert the company at his expence, asked him, among other questions,—“Pray, Sir, are there any women in Germany?” The baron answered with grave eagerness, that there were a great many. I think one might ask the same question of a person who objected to a young man’s travelling for fear of the fair sex; “Pray, Sir, are there any women in London?”

Do I then assert, that there is no danger from women abroad? I do *not*. Do I assert, that there is *little* danger from them? I *do*. Danger, like every

every thing else, is relative ; and I do affirm very positively, that a young Englishman will be infinitely less danger from French or Italian women, than he will be from English women. What the reason of it is, I shall not pretend to say ; but it is a certain truth, that young Englishmen in general, do not like the women of France or Italy.

Pleasing in conversation abroad, depends on two points: one, expressing agreeable ideas with ease and elegance ; the other, relishing the delicacy of wit, and of expression of the person with whom you converse. In these two articles, the young travellers is totally deficient. He has never thought of looking for agreeable ideas. He expresses himself with difficulty ; and he never thinks of the language of the person who speaks to him. He looks only for the idea. The idea will often be common ; good for nothing ; but there will be a *finesse*, and a grace in the expression of a Frenchwoman, that will charm a man of the country, and which a foreigner scarce ever feels. Their conversation then soon becomes disagreeable to each other ; their tastes in every thing are opposite ; and so long he will please, and so long only, as he supports himself by dint of presents. This is a mortifying commerce, and it soon disgusts him.

In

In all this I have supposed a young man his own master, which no young man ought to be. If he has a person to take care of him, who knows his duty, it is next to impossible that he can get into any vice, unless he was corrupted before he left home, or unless he is naturally very ill disposed.

I always keep my strongest argument for the last ; and I mention now, in support of what I have advanced, *positive fact*. I assert, that young Englishmen are not corrupted by travel. Let any man, recollect, among the number of his travelled acquaintance, what they were before they went abroad ; and what they were at their return. He will see on that survey, that there is not one in a hundred, who has not been a positive gainer ; and among the very small number who have miscarried, he knows that they were not well disposed before they left home. I declare, that during the time I was abroad, I knew and heard of near three hundred Englishmen, of whom there were but two that misbehaved. They were both dissolute before they left England ; one of them particularly addicted to wine ; the other to play. I do not wish to mention any name disadvantageously ; and I wish less to mention theirs, because they were both men of high rank, and are neither of them now living.

That

That there is now and then a man corrupted in foreign countries, is what I believe ; that the number is exceedingly small, is a point of which I am firmly persuaded. I do not, however, decide on this more than any other subject. I assert positively only what fell within the compass of my own knowledge ; for the rest I appeal to every man's experience.

As to the advantages of travel, they are many and great. Virtue and honour are out of the question. If a man has not his principles fixed before he travels, he will never have any during his life. No man was ever sent abroad to learn proper sentiments. Every person well born, is supposed to have those inculcated into him from his infancy. When he looks on the world with the eye of a man of sense, he will be confirmed in his good principles ; for he will see in every country in Europe, that a man of honour and virtue is esteemed and respected, and that a vicious character is avoided and despised.

The great objects of travel, are to form the manners, to acquire knowledge, to strengthen the judgment, and to refine and enrich the imagination. A young man, by being in company with people of the highest rank, princes and princesses, kings and queens, acquires a habit of respectfulness and ease, a possession of himself, and a degree

gree of polished attention for others, that renders him highly amiable and interesting. Politeness is not one of the cardinal virtues ; but it is the very first of those of the second order. It is, if I may so say, the younger sister of humanity, and contributes infinitely to the happiness of society. In a certain degree, it resembles mercy. “ It is “ twice blessed ; it blesteth him that gives, and “ him that takes.” Every one feels a pleasure in giving pleasure to others ; and what pleases all the world more than being treated with politeness ?

Life is crowded with sorrow and calamity. Can a man have too many sources of innocent pleasure, to soothe his sufferings, and to render his pilgrimage here as little painful as possible ? The pleasures of the senses cannot always be gratified. How happy then to be able to enjoy those of the imagination ! There are few men who do not feel a certain pleasure in looking at a beautiful horse. If then a man can acquire a degree of pleasure in looking at the picture of that horse, does he not multiply his enjoyments ? A taste for the arts can scarce be acquired but in Italy ; and every new taste is a new source of delight. The number of beautiful images, both from art and nature, with which a man enriches his fancy, is incredible to those who have not seen Rome, and the Kingdom of Naples.

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I need not say any thing in favour of a taste for letters; for there is no country in Europe in which classical learning is so justly or so highly esteemed as in England. If then Greek and Latin merit ten years attention, surely French and Italian merit some months. But they, you will say, may be acquired here. To a certain degree, and with much time and labour, they may. But do you think that a Frenchman can get as just an idea of Milton at Paris, or an Italian of Shakespeare at Rome, from reading those poets with some forlorn outcast of England, as he could at London, after he had learnt to speak the language, and had an opportunity of conversing on what he had read, with persons of taste and knowledge? Believe me, a man will understand Racine and Tasso by six months reading and conversation at Paris and Rome, better than he would by so many years study of them at home; and much better than it is possible for him ever to understand Homer and Sophocles.

As the fancy can only acquire polish and delicacy from contemplating a variety of images; so the judgment can only obtain a certain degree of accuracy and strength from repeated comparisons. A man cannot have, but by travel, such a number of occasions for exercising his judgment, nor in so short a space of time. Every day gives him new ideas. Every conversation

tion rectifies some notion in his head. Books give some knowledge. But clear and certain knowledge is not to be had but by experience. An author can never give but partial ideas. It is impossible for him to present every face of a subject, be his talents what they may. If he attempted it, he must be minute to a degree that would kill his reader ; and even after that, his labour would be vain. The thing is impossible. I never read a description that gave me a just idea of the thing described. My fancy worked upon my author's words. I formed an image to myself. I saw the object after. My image was always false. I read my author over again ; he had said nothing but truth. Twenty volumes written on mount Vesuvius, would never give a man so clear an idea of it as a morning's excursion from Portici. The Bay of Naples, and St. Peter's church, cannot be described. No man, without living with the French, can have an idea of French politeness.

As to having a just notion of the character of a nation, I defy any man breathing to collect it from books. Some general positive ideas, he may have ; particular ones, he cannot. Nations are discriminated from each by shades and tints that evade the power of language. The French are a mild people ; the Italian's are a mild people.

No

No two ideas differ more than French and Italian mildness. The Italians are reserved; the English are reserved; yet light pink-colour does not differ more from crimson, than the reserve of an Englishman does from the reserve of an Italian. What is the difference? Let those describe it who can. I can not. It is a tint, a shade; language cannot paint it. It must be seen, to be felt; and when it is felt, it cannot be described.

But it is useless to dispute, unless we agree on principles. Do you admit that this line,

“ The proper study of mankind, is man,”

contains just and solid sense. If you do *not*, there is an end of our argument. If you *do*, I may safely affirm, that a man learns to know the world better by a few years travel, than he can by a number of years spent at home. At home, his faculties often sleep; abroad, they are always awake. The great variety of characters that pass through his hands, keeps his parts continually in exercise. He is perpetually studying, even without thinking that he is studying. The variety of comparisons he has occasion to make, gives a surprising quickness and justness to his discernment. He lives much in little time. He acquires experience early, and with ease. He learns to set a just value upon men, and to distinguish their
different

different degrees of merit. Every hour lets in new light on his mind. He judges to-day; he finds to-morrow his judgment was erroneous. That teaches him diffidence of himself; and makes him less hasty in determining again, and more acute in seeking surer grounds to decide on than those he had believed before to be sufficient. He finds a tone, a change of countenance, a sudden word, to be surer indications of a man's inside, than long set speeches, or laboured dissertations. He learns to judge when a man is natural, and when he is acting a part. He learns to read the soul through the eye, and to interpret the language of silence.

If all this be true, say you, travellers ought to be prodigies. All this is true; but nature furnishes materials for few prodigies. My assertions go no farther than to say, that natural faculties are brought to their highest degree of perfection in a quicker and surer manner by travel, than by any other means. And if it be certain that the perfection is quickened, the combining and comparing power strengthened, the judgment rendered more solid, the imagination more vigorous and active, the taste refined, the manners polished, and the understanding stored with new and clear ideas, I believe *that* is sufficient to

Q

make

make us conclude, that every *man of parts*, who is able to afford it, ought to make the tour of Europe.

The word *parts*, is plural. It implies a number of singulars ; which I take to be perception, judgment, memory, imagination, powers of combining and comparing, &c. As imagination is the rarest, most shining, and most delightful of these several powers, by a *man of parts*, is generally meant, a man who possesses this single faculty in an eminent degree.

It is pretty evident that those who are peculiarly gifted by nature, will gain *most* by travel ; but every man of good common sense, who wishes to improve himself, will profit amazingly by it. I do not dare here to advance so violent a paradox ; but I am firmly persuaded, in my own soul, that one may give almost any man parts by *education*.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING THE MNEMONIC ART.

THE knowledge of the means that may serve for perfecting the memory, is called the Mnemonic Art. Four of these means are usually admitted.

admitted. We may either have recourse to such physical remedies as have been thought proper for fortifying the mass of the brain ; or to certain figures or schematisms, which imprint things on the memory ; or to technical terms, which easily recall what has been learned ; or, lastly, to a certain logical arrangement of ideas, by placing each so as that they may follow in a natural order.

As to what regards physical remedies, it is not to be doubted, but a regimen of life well observed, may greatly contribute to the preservation of memory ; as, on the contrary, excess in eating, drinking, and pleasures, must weaken it. But the same cannot be said of other remedies recommended by certain authors, such as powders, the use of tobacco, cataplasms applied to the temples, potions, purgations, oils, baths, and strong odours. All these remedies are very justly suspected ; it being found by experience that their use was often more pernicious than salutary ; as it happened to Daniel Heinsius and others, who, far from receiving any advantage from these remedies, found, at last their memory so impaired, that they could not remember their own names, nor those of their domestics.

Others have had recourse to schematisms. It is well known that we retain a thing more easily when, by means of the external senses, it makes

a more lively impression on our mind. For this reason some have endeavoured to help the memory in its functions, by representing ideas under certain figures, which may in some measure be expressive of them. Thus it is, that children are taught not only to know the letters of the alphabet, but also to make familiar to them the principal events of sacred and profane history.

Some authors also, by a singular predilection for figures, have applied these schematisms to philosophical sciences. Winckleman, a German, has published all Aristotle's logic in figures. The title of this book is, "Memorative Logic; by the help of which, a compendium of the Peripatetic Logic may, in a very short time, be committed to memory."

It being certain that our imagination is of great assistance to memory, we cannot absolutely reject the method of schematisms, provided the images having nothing extravagant nor puerile in them, are applied to things that are not in the least susceptible thereof. But herein several have failed in many respects; for some would fain have specified, by figures, all sorts of moral and metaphysical things. This is absurd; because these things require so many explanations, that the labour of memory is thereby doubled.

The

The same may be said of what is called technical memory. Some have proposed the imagining of a house or town, and of representing to themselves therein the different parts, in which were placed the things or ideas they designed to remember.

Others, instead of a house, or town, made choice of certain animals, of which the initial letters composed a Latin alphabet. They divided each member of every one of these beasts into five parts, to which they affixed ideas.

Many have had recourse to certain words, verses, and the like: for example, to remember the words Alexander, Romulous, Mercury, and Orpheus; they take the initial letters that form the word "Armo."—All that can be said on this head is, that those words and technical verses appear more difficult to be retained, than even the things themselves, of which they are designed to facilitate the study.

Logic furnishes us with the surest means of perfecting the memory. The more clear and distinct the idea is we have of a thing, the more easily we shall remember it. If there be many ideas, they should be disposed in their natural order so as to have the principal idea followed by the accessory idea as so many consequences; and, with this, some other contrivance may take place.

For instance, if any thing is composed, to be got afterwards by heart, care should be taken to write it down distinctly, to mark the different parts by certain separations, and to make use of initial letters at the beginning of a sentence. This is what is called local memory. To get by heart, retirement into some silent and sequestered place, is next recommended; and there are some who make choice of the night, and even get to bed.

We find some mention made of the Mnemonic Art in several passages of the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Cicero attributes the invention of it to Simonides.

This philosopher, being in Thessaly, was invited to an entertainment by Scopas. When the guests were at table, two young men desired Simonides to be called out to speak to him in the yard. Simonides had scarce accosted him, when the dining-room where the others remained, fell in and killed them. When their friends wanted to bury them, they were so disfigured that they could not be distinguished. Then Simonides, recollecting the place where each person sat, named them one after the other; which made known, says Cicero, "that order is the principal thing
"in helping the memory."

SINGULAR ANECDOTES OF VOL-
TAIRE.

FROM THE LETTERS OF THE CHINESE SPY.

I AM just returned from a journey I took to Geneva. The desire of seeing an European, who is reputed the greatest genius of his age, was the occasion of my undertaking it.

This great man does not reside in the city of Geneva, but in a handsome castle at some distance, where he keeps an excellent table, and where strangers, who come to admire him, are admitted. This is the first time, it is said, since the revival of arts in Europe, that a poet has been seen to keep a cook.

His castle is of singular advantage to him, from the security it affords his person; for this great luminary has embroiled himself with all the luminaries of Europe, by endeavouring to eclipse them. It was his good fortune to find out a little neutral country on the earth to receive him; otherwise he might have been forced to end his existence for want of a place to exist in.

His castle is built on the ground of two foreign sovereignties that bound each other; and thus he may be said to be placed riding on two powers;

so that if he happened to be pursued by one or other potentate, he need only escape into one of his opposite chambers, to be immediately in a foreign country. This is no bad fancy in an author, who may dread the resentment of princess, that in Europe violate all things, except the frontiers of states.

I came to this castle the day after I arrived, and had immediate admittance, on sending in my name and country. The sight of him really frightened me. I thought I saw a spectre; for indeed I never saw a man so like death. This European mummy has scarce six ounces of flesh on his bones. Having no body, he must surely exist as a spirit. You may think he is old, as there never was a young phantom.

I had a long conference with him on Asia; and he put several questions to me on the Chinese government. Ye gods! how little are the great European genuises, when they are examined by their books!

No author ever published so many works, or brought forth so many volumes. He is continually agitated by the demon of his ideas. He is neither asleep nor awake, but thinks. His understanding has continual bickerings with his imagination. he spends his life in hatching. He often brings forth and many twins too; for his memory often betrays

betrays his intellects. By frequent child-births, he is often delivered of the same productions.

He lets no thought escape him. All is fish that comes in his net. In no respect is he wanting to himself; the public enjoy the whole extent of his genius. He will leave himself entire to posterity. He will play his part in the scene of fine genius, so long as wit can furnish him with productions; and he will not die till he has nothing more to say.

He is rich contrary to all the rules of literature. He has traded for full half a century in genius. He passes for one of the greatest dealers in wit in Europe. He has sold to the value of 400,000 livres of his ideas to booksellers; and to get rich as fast as possible, he has often sold twice the same commodity.

I shall say nothing to you of the Republic of Geneva, for my design is not to entertain you with the atoms of the European political governments. The power of this government is confined to a city, and this city has no power. The neighbouring sovereigns would have already seized it, if it could contribute to their grandeur; but its conquest would make no addition to their power. The Genevans have no faith in either the mass or Pope; and they are, therefore, very active, very laborious and their population is numerous. Their

genius is turned to clock-work. Their industry is to the minute. They shew the time of day to all Christian nations. In short, this Republic may now be considered as the dial of Europe.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCH INN-KEEPER.

THE Czar, who always observed the strictest incognito in his travels, on his second journey to Holland in 1716, entered Nimeguen, with his little suite, at the close of the day. He went to an inn, and wishing to go to bed early, that he might set off at break of day, ordered only a few eggs, and some butter and cheese for supper. A few bottles of red wine were drank at table, and his suite retired to rest. The following morning, the horses were ready at dawn of day; but before the Czar made his appearance, his purveyor, Andreitch Chapeloff, called for a bill. The inn-keeper's demand was an hundred ducats.—Chapeloff, astonished, thought it necessary to remind the landlord, that their supper had only consisted of a dozen eggs, and a little butter, cheese, and bread.—“It does not signify,” answered mine host, “I must have an hundred ducats before you leave
“ the

“ the house.” Chapeloff’s rhetoric was thrown away : he would make no abatement. That officer, afraid to insert so weighty an article in his disbursements, without his master’s knowledge, went and informed the emperor. Well persuaded that he was not known, he came down, as if accidentally into the court yard, the gates of which he found shut by the inn-keeper, whom he asked in Dutch, in his way, how he could presume to ask so large a sum for such slender fare ?——“ An hundred ducates a large sum !” said the landlord : If I was Emperor of Russia, I would “ give a thousand !”——On hearing this, the Czar turned his back, without saying a word, made a sign to the purveyor to pay and walked away. The Dutchman would not open the gates of the yard, till he had received his hundred ducats, and wished the gentlemen a good journey.

A SKETCH

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

BY M. LATROBE.

THE great Frederick was rather under the common size. In his younger years, his figure and deportment were elegant and graceful. His countenance was full of fire and expression. His eyes were large, blue, and extremely lively. But many years before he died, age and fatigue had bent his body forward, and his head leaned towards his right side.

He spoke much, and with great fluency. The succession of his ideas was rapid; and he was never at a loss for proper and well adapted expressions.

He possessed in an uncommon degree, the talent of quick repartee; and his answers to his friends were always pertinent, witty, or contained a well turned compliment.

He is well known not to have been very partial to the fair sex; but in the company of ladies, who, in his opinion, possessed talents and good sense, he was lively, polite, and entertaining. There were a few ladies who possessed his friendship in a high degree, especially Madame de Camas, who was about ten years older than himself. His
letters

letters to this lady, which have been published in French, are written with an uncommon warmth of affection and respect.

In the beginning of his reign, his dress was remarkably neat and elegant ; and on court days, and occasions of particular ceremony, rich and splendid. But after the second Silesian war, he became more negligent in this respect.

Frederick's private company was always select, and consisted of men of wit and learning. In this circle of friends, he wished entirely to unbend his mind ; and putting off the monarch, to introduce a perfect equality, and freedom of conversation. None understood the art of keeping up a lively and interesting conversation better than himself ; and he even allowed others (contrary to the maxims in general established among princes) the privilege of being witty, as well as himself.

He may be said to have had favourites ; but if this term is confined to such persons as possess the friendship of their prince in a degree that influence the actions of their government, Frederick had none. He had, what few monarchs can boast, intimate friends. But of all the persons whom he admitted to any degree of intimacy, General Count Rothenburg had the honour of possessing his fullest confidence, and warmest affection ;

tion ; and as long as the General lived, they seemed to be inseperable.

The astonishing exploits of Frederick prove him the greatest general of his time. With an army, raised in his own small dominions, he fought at once, and conquered Swedes, Russians, Poles, Saxons, Austrians, the army of the empire, and the French, with no ally but the English, who, from the nature of circumstances, could afford him little or no assistance in his own dominions, where he had to bear the fiercest attack. To an uncommon skill in manœuvre, he joined personal bravery, undaunted by any danger ; but his courage was cool and deliberate. In the midst of the noise and tumult of battle, he was calm ; he directed every attack ; he always kept sight of his main plan, and observed every advantageous circumstance.

The indefatigable attention of the King of Prussia to business, the unremitting ardor with which he pursued the plans he had formed, and the uniformly continued exertion of his powers, during a reign of forty-six years, is one of the most striking features in his character. During this long period, neither pleasure nor fatigue, neither success nor disappointment, could induce him, for a single moment, to remit his attention to the great objects he had in view.

The

The history of mankind teaches, that ambition has been a chief ingredient in the character of every warrior ; but we commonly find, that a course of carnage and victory, has ended in the total ruin and devastation of the countries conquered, in the misery of thousands of their inhabitants, or in the slavery of the native country of the hero. The ambition of Frederick was more exerted in defending the subjects he had already, and making them happy, than in increasing his dominions ; and he was, with equal glory, the champion and the father of his country.

The encouragement Frederick gave to the arts and sciences, was not only liberal, but splendid. Men of learning, and artists of merit, did not merely live upon his smiles and approbation, but his treasury gave them more substantial support. Merit, wherever he found it, was not suffered to struggle with poverty, or to pine in obscurity ; and, though the many demands upon his finances did not suffer him to give to all abundantly, he took care that no man of genius should *want*.

It is not difficult to account for the great preference he gave to the French language and literature, above that of his own country. At the time, in which he chiefly applied to the acquirement of literary knowledge (which was before his father's death,

death, and in the first year of his reign) the German language lay totally neglected; and it was thought a mark of great barbarism in any author, to write any work of literary consequence in his mother tongue. Latin seemed the only language fit to convey German ideas. German poetry was still in its infancy. Its language was rough, uncultivated, and loaded with innumerable foolish and unnatural conceits. French was then the language of the court, and the young king naturally acquired a taste for the works of the elegant French writers of that, and the former periods; which was by time established into a rooted prejudice, and almost an aversion to German literature. Some few years before his death, he wrote a small book upon the subject*, which proves that he was totally unacquainted with the more modern poets, and other authors of Germany; and had read little or nothing of their works for the space of forty years. He decides therefore peremptorily; and, like a monarch, declares the whole German language to be barbarous, and

* In this work he informs us, that the poetry of Shakspeare is, to use his own words, "abominable jargon." Perhaps he had his information from Voltaire.—After the publication of this work, he altered his opinion a little in favour of the German language, upon reading a translation of Tully's Offices, by professor Garve.

sulted to the unpolished strains of their bards ; and all the remonstrances of his friend and minister Hertzberg, could not induce him to soften his decision.

But, notwithstanding his personal partiality for French literature, he encouraged Germans who possessed skill or learning, by giving them appointments and pensions, though he did not read or admire their works.

Musie, painting, and architecture, found in him a munificent patron ; and in these arts his countrymen enjoyed an equal share of his approbation with foreigners. The streets of Berlin and Potsdam, and the magnificent palaces he erected, will remain indelible proofs of his good taste in design and architecture ; and the collection of paintings at Potsdam and Sans-Souci, show the knowledge he had of the excellent and beautiful in this art, as they are all of his own choice, in which he was not guided by the name of the painter, but by the merit of the picture.

The great partiality of Frederick for dogs, has been frequently the subject of ridicule. His great attention to those faithful and innocent companions of mankind, may perhaps be attributed to the goodness of his heart ; and even a weakness arising from that source, is amiable.

He had several of these animals, of which he was particularly fond ; and in all his rooms were
a number

a number of small leather balls, for the purpose of playing with them. One of them, called *biche*, was his particular favourite, had been his companion in many of his campaigns, and at her death, he erected a small monument to her memory in his gardens at Potsdam.

The character of this great prince is best illustrated by the events of his history. This cannot be said of all, or of many princes. The fame and honours of a Justinian, or a Lewis XIV. more properly belong to the great statesmen and generals they had the good fortune to have in their service. But Frederick reigned himself. The praise due to every meritorious action, or the disgrace incurred by any misconduct or injustice, belongs not to his ministers, but to himself.

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF THE FIRST EMPRESS CATHARINE OF RUSSIA.

IT is well known, that the birth of this celebrated woman was so obscure, that she did not even know the authors of her existence. She remembered, only, that she had a brother; but was ignorant where, or in what situation he was. She became the wife of Peter the Great, after having been

been his mistress for a long time: but scarcely was she raised to this supreme dignity, when a remarkable circumstance happened, the relation of which will no doubt afford considerable entertainment.

An envoy extraordinary from Poland to the court of Russia, returning to Dresden, stopped at an inn in Courland, where he was witness to an interesting quarrel between one of the hostlers and several of his comrades, who were inebriated. One of them swore much, and threatened, in a low tone of voice, to make his antagonists repent of their insolence, having relations sufficiently powerful, he said, to punish them.

The minister, surprized at the decisive manner in which the domestic spoke, enquired his name, and past condition; and was told, that he was an unfortunate Polander, named Charles Scorowski, whose father, supposed to have been a gentleman of Lithuania, dying early, had left his son in a miserable situation, with a daughter, who had been for some time lost.

This answer excited curiosity in the minister, who imagined he perceived, in the rustic features of this hostler, some resemblance to those of the Empress Catharine, which were nobly formed, according to universal report.

This adventure struck the Polish minister so forcibly, that he jocularly wrote an account of it to a friend who resided at the Russian court.

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It is not known how this letter fell into the hands of the Czar ; but it is certain that he took a memorandum of it in a small book, which he always carried to assist his memory. He sent an order to Prince Repnin, governor of Riga, to discover Charles Scorowski ; to entice him to Riga under some fair pretence ; to seize him, without offering the smallest insult ; and to send him, under a strong guard, to the Chamber of Police, which he had ordered to revise a decree passed against this imaginary prisoner.

This order, which appeared like an enigma to the governor, was punctually executed ; Charles was brought prisoner, and the Chamber pretended to proceed against him, with all the forms, of law, as against a quarreller and a promoter of strife. He was afterwards sent to court, under a guard, with the supposed informations which substantiated the offence of which he had been accused.

Scorowski, under great apprehension for his fate, though he believed himself to be perfectly innocent, was presented to the judge, who lengthened out the process, in order that he might more easily examine the prisoner, whom he had orders to sound thoroughly. The better to succeed in this design, he kept spies around him, to catch any marked word that might escape ; and private inquiries were made in Courland, which proved
most

most clearly that this domestic was the brother of the Empress Catharine.

The Czar, convinced of the truth of this circumstance, caused it to be intimated to Scorowski, that, as the judge was not disposed to treat him with much indulgence, he could do nothing better than present a petition to his Sovereign; and that the means of doing this would be rendered easy, as not only access to the throne would be procured for him, but also protectors sufficiently powerful to ensure the success of his requests. Peter, who had artfully contrived every thing for a scene amusing to himself, but humiliating to the pride and haughtiness of Catharine, sent word, that on a certain day he would go incognito to dine with Chapelow, the steward of his household, and that after dinner he would give an audience to Scorowski.

When the appointed time arrived, this rustic did not appear intimidated at the Majesty of the Monarch; he boldly presented his petition; but the Czar paid most attention to his figure and appearance. He asked him a number of questions, to which the rustic replied with so much precision, that it appeared Catharine was really his sister. Nevertheless, to remove all suspicion, the Czar left him abruptly, desiring that he would return next morning at the same hour; and this order was accom-

panied

panied with a promise, that in all probability he would have no cause to be displeased with his expected sentence. The Czar, supping with the Empress that evening, said to her, "I dined to-day with Chapelow, and made a most excellent repast; I must take you thither some day." "Why not to-morrow?" she replied. "But," rejoined the Czar, "we must do as I did to-day; surprise him when he is about to sit down to dinner, and dispense with our attendants." Next day Peter and Catharine being accordingly at dinner with Chapelow, the petitioner was introduced, who approached with more timidity than he had shewn before. The Czar affected not to recollect the subject of his prayer, repeating the questions of the preceding day; but Scorowski returned the like answers.

Catharine, reclining on a sofa, listened with the greatest attention; every phrase of Scorowski vibrated on her ears; and the Czar still more aroused her, by saying, in a tone which indicated that he was interested in the conversation. "Catharine, attend to that! do not you comprehend?" Catharine on this changed colour, her voice faltered, she could scarcely reply. "But," added the Czar with emotion, "if you do not comprehend, I do. In a word, this man is your brother!—Come," said he to Charles, "kiss

“ kiss the border of her robe, and her hand, in
 “ quality of Empress ; after which embrace her
 “ as thy sister !” At these words, Catharine,
 grew quite pale ; the power of speech forsook her ;
 and she remained for some time in a state of in-
 sensibility. When she recovered, Peter affecti-
 onately said, “ What great harm, then, is there
 “ in this adventure ? Well, I have found a bro-
 “ ther-in-law ! If he is a man of merit, and has
 “ any abilities, we shall make something of him.
 “ Console yourself, then, I beg of you ; for I see
 “ nothing in all this that ought to give you a
 “ moment’s uneasiness. We are now informed
 “ of an affair which has cost us many enquiries.
 “ Let us depart.”

Catharine rising up, requested to embrace her
 brother ; and begged the Czar to continue his
 kindness both to him and to his sister.

It is not known by what accident Scorowski
 discovered that his sister had risen to the throne.
 The emperor assigned him a house and a pension ;
 he was required to keep himself quiet, and to en-
 joy his fortune in private. Catharine was not
 much pleased, however, with the circumstance
 that conducted to this developement. She felt
 herself internally humbled, by a discovery which
 pride and self love considered as a degradation to
 the exalted dignity of her station.

F I N I S.



